




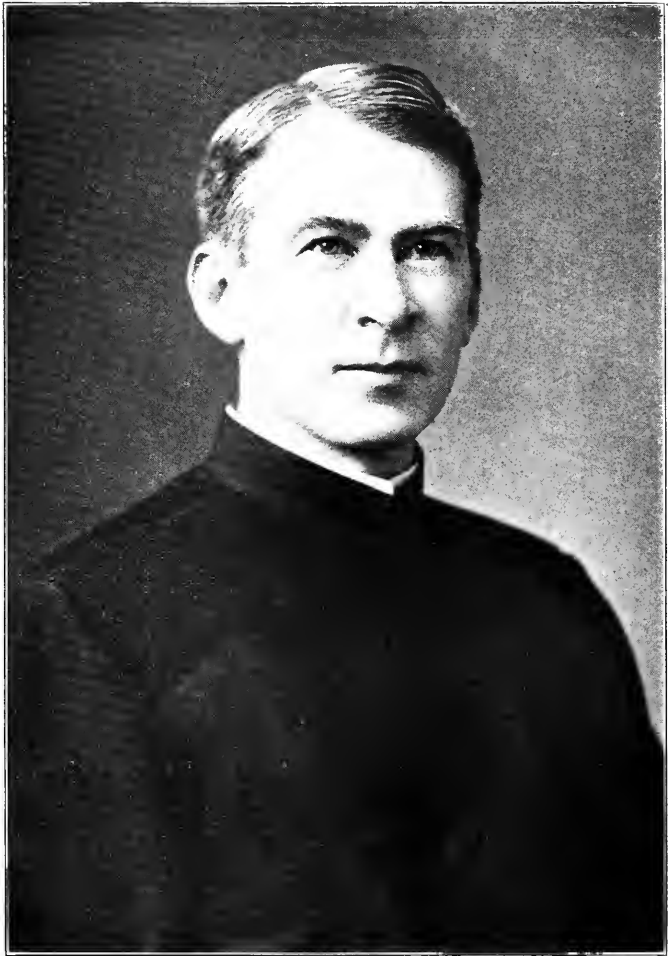
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REV. J. B. FURAY, S. J.

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Lucage

The Dawn Spirit—A Fantasy

She comes adown the half-lit halls of pale, gray dawn,
Comes in the sentient stillness of the early hours
When the waked soul, with night-born visions scarcely gone,
Lies in hushed trance. The gauzy ghosts of phantom flowers,
Wierd, wandering gypsy scents, and hued colors rare
Robe her, and in the black abysses of her hair
The moist dawn breezes lose themselves. In her deep eyes
A misty sympathy, compassioned yearning, lies.
A dim, soft flutter starts below . . . the hour forlorn
When in the transient death of sleep, gray souls earth-worn,
Steal up the shadowed skyway tremblingly and wait—
Frail, lonely truants — at the light-barred Angel gate,
And, mortal-bound, look longingly within, perchance
To glimpse some fairer fellow soul, and mind the glance
Of Beatific light on burnished seraph wing,
Or catch the cherubic plucked note from quivering string
She watches afar off; and at the first, faint glow
That roseate breaks the failing barriers of night,
She whispers, and they flee back to their clayey gaols below.
The Spirit vanishes . . . the morning ages . . . light.

LEO E. MCGIVENA, A. B., '16

Japan as an Ally

THE scene is laid in one of Japan's greatest seaports. The wharf is abustle with the greatest activity. Up and down the pier pass the swarming Japanese laborers, and here and there straggle a few of the ever present Chinese stevedores, staggering under the weight of their burdens. Others are pushing heavy trams and trucks, creaking under their loads. A Japanese officer struts along the quay, stopping here and there to give some sharp command. Raising the tarpaulins covering the loads, he critically examines the arrangement of the contents. Load follows load, but all are stopped and hastily scrutinized by this observant officer. Soon his superior appears, and the usual procedure is halted for a moment pending the inquiries of the nattily clad, pinched-faced, alert, old man. A few nods from the superior and the work is resumed, and the endless stream again takes up its burden.

To the foreigner, this almost miraculous increase of exportation represents a marvelous development. In the bay vessels of all sorts and descriptions are anchored. There lies a mouldy four-master, a Russian merchantman, and docked beside her is a British steamer which arrived but yesterday. There lie three French vessels, anchored together, and over their decks swarm the carriers and their onerous freight. The loading itself is supervised by officers in various uniforms, from the inconspicuous khaki of the Briton to the more showy blue of the Frenchman. In a word, Yokahoma is the scene of more vigorous, thriving activity than ever before in her history.

To the American merchant, who has just been sent to Japan in search of trade, the query presents itself: "What does this mean? Is Japan herself not at war? How can she afford to ship such quantities of munitions when she herself is in the field?" Pausing after such a question, he ventures to ask his Japanese guide for the explanation of these difficulties. His answer is something like this: "Ah! Honorable sir, have you not read? I 'most forgot you cannot read the language of the people of Nippon. Premier Okuma has just issued a very learned proclamation in which he says that Japan shall work tooth and nail to help her illustrious allies and to assist them in the downfall of their common enemies. (Permit me to remark that the Jap speaks very good English, for

he is a graduate of Chicago University.) He says that it would be foolish for our people to transport the troops across the whole of Siberia to help Russia when all the noble Russians need is ammunition." The business man nods his head in understanding and tries to keep his face from going awry by chewing savagely on an inoffensive tooth-pick. We shall leave him here and now take up the gist of thought that occurs to him in his room at the hotel later in the day.

He has just finished dinner and has just lighted a fragrant Havana to review the events of the day. His thoughts drift to the explanation of the Jap and he smiles as he says to himself, "It would be foolish for Japan to send all her troops to help the Russians, especially when there are so many German bullets in the immediate neighborhood."

He remembers from a newspaper clipping what Premier Okuma said on a former occasion. How the nations of the world would be able to fully realize Japan's supremacy in the East from her capture of Tsing Tau and Kiao Chau and the acquiescence to her demands by China! This the allies encouraged, in hope that it would prove an incentive to further aid. But Japan was too wise for the British and French statesmen. She presented her case in a clever and intricate way. She demonstrated the folly of her participation in the actual warfare of the European conflict and said that she would look after the interests of the allies in Asiatic territory and would supply Russia with ammunitions and supplies. The allies nodded a weak assent. Japan turned her head, smiled a meaning smile, and set out to work assiduously for the honorable allies.

Let us seek the significance of this "work." England has been Japan's financial support ever since before the war with Russia. In fact, it is said that England is one of the few places in the world where Japan's credit was good. She has not been able to repay this debt even after her mighty strides of reconstruction and commercial endeavor. The island became crowded and she must have more room for colonization. For a while it looked as if America were to be made the victim of her encroachments, but the United States were too formidable and Japan could not risk all in one conflict. Again, she must rely on England in conflict, and England could not bear the severance of America's trade and friendship. England was not disposed to risk engaging America in actual warfare, because such a move would precipitate a crisis with Germany which could not be met. So Japan was forced to abandon her project. But the dawn! Here was a splendid opportunity at her

door. China, poor, helpless China, lay open. Her army was tutored by a few German tacticians and the German empire itself had few interests within her boundaries. She also possessed some sort of treaty with the United States that could not be easily circumvented. But the war was the golden opportunity for the gratification of Japan's ambitions. By the use of a small expeditionary force and the mere display of her fleet, she was able to take Kiao Chau and Tsing Tau without resistance. Then came the famous, or infamous, demands that startled the world. China protested. The protest was heard in the United States and immediately controversy followed. Japan bowed low, shook her head like Judy in a Punch and Judy show, and assured the honorable United States that it would be for the best interest of China to acquiesce, for Japan would give her all the great benefits of advanced civilization. How much the present administration believed this is hard to say, but not wishing to become embroiled in the present maelstrom and preferring "to keep their finger out of other people's pies," all objection was withdrawn. Japan had achieved her first important point with the loss of only a few men, an inconsiderable amount of money and a negligible amount of diplomatic controversy. By means of this step, she was able to assume financial control of China, and to begin the process of her colonization and eventual assimilation. No wonder she had such a hearty good will and a pleasant smile for the success of the allies.

Again, what would the manufacture of munitions bring to Japan? It would be a step toward financial independence. It would enable her to pay much of her national debt, and it would assure full armories and active munition factories at a time that would not excite distrust or suspicion among the other nations, for JAPAN is an ALLY. Russia, unaware, is turning her gold into Japanese preparedness. England is goading her on and seems to forget that she is jeopardizing her Asiatic interests by so doing. Who knows but Hong Kong will be next? Germany is powerless to interfere. France, of course, has no approximate interest, but the United States has. Can any one say with certainty that the Japanese, fresh from their eastern successes, will not try to wrest California from us as a next step in their policy of aggrandizement? In such a case there would not be one nation upon which we could rely. France, always friendly, could not help us owing to dire financial straits. An Englishman's heart would be where his money is, and since this would be divided we could hope for no help from that source. Russia and Italy would have nothing to gain. So the question would settle on Germany, would Germany help us? This is a most pertinent

matter, and one cannot but view with alarm the present straining of diplomatic relations; although we may be just as emphatic in our disapproval of Prussianism as of the Pan-Japanese spirit, still we know that Prussianism would be far more tolerable to our race than subjection by the Yellow Men.

Japan must be watched, and we must be prepared.

With this resolve our American friend rouses himself from his reflections, glances at his watch, yawns, and proceeds to disrobe, preparatory to retiring. The answer is plain to him, but what of the millions of his ignorant countrymen across the sea? Will they know in time?

WALTER T. QUIGLEY, A. B., '17

Evening

Out in the west the sky's aglow
With tints of red and gold,
Out where the dying sun sinks low
And night doth spread her fold.

Slowly the smoke-like mists ascend
From scattered huts in the vale.
Swiftly the swallows homeward tend
To the call of their youngling's wail.

Softly the winds caress the sea,
Each wavelet kissed in flight;
Slowly a boat across the lea
Doth sail in the fading light.

O would that I in life's decline,
With my eyes agrowing dim,
Might know such tranquil moments mine
As at Nature's vesper hymn.

FRANK J. MARESH, A. B., '17

The Tramp that Was

BESIDES being a brilliant idea, it came at an auspicious moment. For they had temporarily exhausted their fund of amusement, and the three young men found themselves with nothing to do but watch the automobiles pass along the road in front of the cottage where they were camping.

It was Bob Staples' idea.

"I tell you!" he said, sitting up suddenly. "Let's make a dummy and get it run over and scare somebody into fits!"

"Great!" exclaimed his brother Ed. "Those motorists are too fast. They need to have some of their recklessness scared out of them."

"And we'll see how people act when they think they've run over somebody," added Bob.

Their friend, George Williams, was less enthusiastic. "How are you going to make a dummy that would look natural enough to scare anybody, let alone act natural?"

But Bob would not be discouraged. "I think we can," he said, "we can put clothes on it, to make it look like a tramp."

"And stuff it with hay and papers and things," added Ed.

"And make a frame of sticks," continued George, warming to the idea. "Besides, we can try it at night. Come on," and he rose.

Accordingly the conspirators set to work, with a zeal worthy of a better cause. The skeleton of their man was quickly made of crossed sticks; his bones were covered with flesh made of hay: and he was clad in cast-off garments and shoes. His head presented the greatest difficulty. It was finally constructed of a small stuffed sack: while a flapping hat covered most of his face, and a bandana was placed around his neck. When he was finished, the creators had reason to be proud of their work; for at night, under the lamps of an automobile, their creation would certainly pass muster as a tramp.

Meanwhile their brains had not been inactive, and they had designed a scheme for launching their creation to destruction. They chose a spot some distance up the road, where there were bushes on both sides of it. One of them was to stand on each side of the road, each holding one end of the string by which the

dummy was suspended. The dummy was to remain concealed until the last moment, when he was to stagger in front of an automobile and be killed. There were plenty of places in the bushes to hide without being discoverable at night.

When everything was ready, the young men were as impatient for the arrival of dark as is the small boy with a supply of Roman candles. At last they judged it dark enough, and set out. When they had agreed upon their method of procedure, they waited until no car was in sight: then one of them crossed the road with one end of the string.

When the next automobile was near, the "tramp" shambled out into the road. He was greeted with a shout of laughter, and the driver of the car aimed straight for the figure. It was saved from destruction just in time by the mortified creators.

"Now what do you know about that!" said George. "All that work for nothing! They weren't scared for a minute."

"The thing's no good," said Ed disgustedly, giving the figure a kick. But Bob had an inspiration.

"I know; it was the string! You can see that white cord a mile off. No wonder they laughed!"

"What'll we do?" inquired Ed.

"That's easy; black it with shoe-blackening." So back they went to repair the mistake.

The second trial was more successful. Their man was beginning to shamble naturally, as they acquired some skill, and they did not give the occupants of the car much time for inspection. Though the driver put on the brakes, down went the figure under the wheels. There was a scream from the car, then a voice cried: "Don't stop! Hurry, quick!" and the car disappeared in the distance.

Much edified by the conduct of the occupants of the car, the conspirators picked up the remains of their man. They found that he had not been mortally wounded, but could, if given proper care and surgical treatment, be killed again. So they spent half an hour on repairs, and returned for another attempt.

Mr. and Mrs. Islington were taking some friends out for an evening ride. As they approached a certain spot on the road, the figure of a tramp appeared from some bushes, and staggered drunkenly, but with astonishing swiftness, in front of the approaching automobile. Before Mr. Islington could stop or turn aside, the body was crushed under the wheels. Stopping quickly, the horrified party returned, to find an ingeniously constructed dummy, now much mangled, with a long black cord running through its head.

Mrs. Islington thought she heard a snicker in the bushes; but a short search showed the impossibility of finding the perpetrators of the joke. After remarks appropriate to the occasion, the party resumed its journey. The gratified conspirators promptly hid the dummy, and went home to enjoy a well-earned rest.

As the Islingtons' automobile was returning, near the same spot the figure of a tramp appeared from some bushes, and staggered drunkenly out into the road. "Ah, ha!" said Mr. Islington. "They don't know we've been caught before," and he steered straight for the figure, hitting it squarely. "They must have repaired it," said one of the party as they passed on.

The foreman of the coroner's jury was very indignant. "Those motorists!" he declaimed. "The roads aren't safe nowadays, they're so reckless. Run you down and then run away. They ought to be hung!"

But nobody was hung, though a number of people were shocked when they read of the accident in the papers.

ERNEST W. THIELE, A. B., '16

“The Snow-Burner”

The cursed fruit of an evil seed
Has risen and grown to a ruling need.
It sapped my manhood by slow degrees,
It lulled my senses to servile ease.
In subtle bondage a fool was chained;
The dreamer came and the dreamer reigned.
In smoke my finer conscience burned,
Embosomed there, ambition turned
From active service, my soldier's share,
To loll in castles and fade in air.
The castles crumbled and fell in Spain,
The dreamer's lot is a lot of pain.

The fortunes rare of a happier day
Are perished in my dream's cruel sway.
For deep, deep down in the heart of sin
There gnaws the thought of what "might have been,"
The honor, faith and the high resolve
Are crushed in the wretch as the years revolve.
But wrapt in spells, those mem'ries leave
No pain; the fumes, fantastic, weave
Their wondrous dreams in a halo there,
Phantoms that hover on outer air.
And my castles crumbling, fall again
To bury my soul in their iron rain.

SINON J. WALSH, A. B., '18

A Happy Afterthought

THE editor looked up—doesn't he usually look up?—at the young man who stood before his desk,—don't they always stand before his desk?—and on his face there was a frown of irritation, probably meant to intimidate the young fellow and to let him know that his time was precious.

"Well, what is it?" came the fretful question in terse, jerky tones.

"Are you the editor?" the young man asked with a bold, straightforward glance.

"I should say I am!"

"Well, you don't look like one."

"You impertinent young scapgrace," he bellowed: (we are getting on fine, aren't we?) "do you want me to throw you out?"

"If you are able." (Oh, but this is soft. Some day we must write something really original and fool folks.)

His terrorizing glare never phased the young man for an instant. Then it softened (the glare, not the editor) and something akin to admiration shone in the editor's eye.

"By Gosh, but you're fresh!" he exclaimed.

"Isn't that what I'm supposed to be?" came the scornful question. (One would think you didn't know this was a Mad-Editor-Fresh-Reporter Story. Let's hurry on and do something unique.)

(This is where the parentheses go for good.)

George Loomis, managing editor of the *Evening Constellation*, had met fresh young people before. He had even conversed for a few minutes with his oldest son after he had come home from his first year at college. He should have been prepared to meet such an attack as this, but he wasn't. All the words he could find in his paralyzed vocabulary were, "Are you a reporter?"

"No, but I'm going to be one."

"Ah, I knew it!" cried Loomis, quite satisfied.

"Then why did you ask me?"

"Never mind the back talk, my young man. We have no room for you on this newspaper. Times are unusually dull now and we have scarcely enough news to fill our columns, while all of the boys are loafing around, practically doing nothing. No, your freshness appeals to me, but I haven't a place to give you."

"Oh, but I can make my own place! Why, Ed, old top, I'll just work for you for nothing for a week or two to show you my worth. Give me an assignment this morning and I'll bring back the story in an hour. That's how fast I am."

"I don't give a d—— if you're as fast as lightning. I told you once I had no assignments!"

"Then I'll just go out and find my own story. It's permissible, isn't it?"

The editor laughed.

"I wouldn't give a snap of my fingers for your story."

"Well, I tell you, I wouldn't give a ginger snap for your encouragement. Why won't you be agreeable? Listen, do you need any murders, robberies, fights, scandals—"

The last word appealed to George Loomis; he hadn't had a really good scandal in his paper for a month. From his banter and from his scepticism of the young man's ability he suddenly turned serious; and about half closing his left eye, he looked through the lashes.

"What do you know about scandals?" he said. "Why, you couldn't dig up a scandal in a month of leap years!"

"A scandal?" murmured the young man disdainfully, "why a scandal is the easiest thing on earth! Just send me after a scandal, and I'll show you how many I can get out of this city."

The editor had delayed with his visitor long enough. He must be getting back to his work now, and also rid of this obstinate fellow.

"I'll inform you, boy," he said frankly, "that I don't believe in you. But just to get rid of your obstructing presence I'll send you out after a scandal, which if not delivered to me within three hours, automatically releases you. Understand? And it must be a scandal; nothing else will do. Now you can go."

The young man grasped his hat—smiling, eager, ardent.

"Goodby, Ed, old top," he flung back as he departed, "I'll certainly bring that scandal to you."

For an ordinary reporter a scandal isn't an altogether simple thing to find. It is something that requires all the capability and sensitiveness of his news nose, and it is to be procured by tact and diplomacy, rather than by boldness or courage. He has to feel his way through, to grope in the dark, and to be possessed of a transcendent amount of patience.

But to our young friend, Perry Thorne, a scandal was the easiest thing on earth. First of all, he wasn't an ordinary reporter—fact was he had not even become a real reporter as yet; but Perry was

built for anything that required the unending use of the news nose, and from early boyhood he had always occupied himself in storing away in his brain all the gossip and what-the-people-were-saying talk in the neighborhood. So, as he strolled down the street, he had his eye set for anything that might lead to the exposé of a great and horrible story.

He had walked a few blocks down a sunny little avenue, when at last he came upon a child crying on the curb, eyes wet, and clothes soiled and neglected. Tears, Perry told himself were caused by trouble, and trouble was the root of all scandal. So he stopped abruptly and walked over to the child.

"Lo, Sis, whatcha cryin' about?" he inquired for a starter.

She looked up at him and saw the solicitude in his glance and felt slightly comforted. She wiped a few tears away to clear her vision.

"Sniff—sniff," she began in a friendly manner, "'lo, Mister!"

"Lo, Sis," said Perry, "whatcha cryin' about?"

"Lo, Mister, 'lo, Mister, 'lo, Mister!"

Perhaps you have never met this sort of thing before, but it was all a familiar code to Perry.

"Lo, Sis," he resumed, "whatcha cryin' about?"

"Lo, Mister, 'lo, 'lo, 'lo!"

"Lo, Sis, whatcha cryin' about?"

The perseverance had evidently won, for she looked up at him quite comprehensively, and so vivid an impression did the question make on her that she began crying again.

"Boo-hoo, boo-hoo," came the lacrymose refrain, "sniff—sniff."

"Tell me, won'ya, Sis?" Perry persisted.

"Boo-hoo, Mister, it 'sall on 'count o' papa. He slapped me and called me a little wart, an' then he kicked bruvver Tom, and said he wished Ma'd come back."

"Is that all he did? Where is Ma? Who is your papa? When—"

He saw that he was going too fast and that he would have to slow up or follow different lines.

"Where d'live, Sis?" he asked pleasantly, "you see I'm your friend, and I want to help you out."

She trustingly put her dirty little hand in his.

"C'm long, Mister. I'll show ya where I live."

She led him a few doors down the street and stopped before a comfortable looking dwelling; but they were scarcely there a minute when they were almost swept off their feet by a body flying through space after another body ahead.

"Take that and that," shouted a little fellow, as he hurled some good sized rocks after a poor maligned canine, "get out o' here an' stay out!"

"That's bruvver Tom," volunteered Perry's little guide, "an' he's got a orful big grouch on."

Tom had now ceased from the chase and he was returning with a visage that was one long perpetual, sullen scowl. Then he saw the stranger and looked up inquiringly.

"Hello, Tom," said Perry, "whatcha so sore about?"

"Why, hello," said Tom.

"Whatcha so sore about?"

"Who's sore? I said hello."

"Yes, but what were you so sore about?"

"Oh, that's all on account of Pop. He kicked me this mornin' an' called me a little mole."

"Oh, heavens, why couldn't he vary it?"

"Whatcha mean, Mister?"

"Why, why, calling Sis here a wart and you a mole. Hasn't he any other names to call people?"

"That's nothin'," spoke up Tom, "he called Aunt Sylvia a birth-mark."

"A wha-a-at?"

"A birth-mark. An' he's her brother, too."

"The man must have some humor," said Perry to himself, "who would ever have thought of birth-mark?" And then aloud: "What's wrong with Pop, Tom? Is he always like this?"

"Why no, Mister. Sometimes he's a pretty good pop an' he gives Sis an' me pennies an' jits; but ever since Ma went away he won't stan' for ennything. 'Sides he dun't like the way Aunt Sylvia manages."

"And where is Ma gone?"

"She's went to one of them sanitary ums for a week to rest up an' re-cooperate, an', an' I wish she'd hurry—"

Just then they were attracted by a noise from the direction of the house. The front door had been slammed with a great bang. They looked up and saw a rather stony old lady, valise in hand, descend the stairs and walk past them in a fearful rage. As an afterthought she turned back and shook her fist at the perfectly innocent house and cried:

"I'll never go inside again with a bear like that fellow!"

Then totally disregarding her mute audience, she went on. Perry Thorne was the first of the three to speak.

"I take it that's Aunt Sylvia," he said.

"You're right!" exclaimed Tom, "that's her. Isn't she the old boiler though?"

"Maybe that's why she's washed her hands of the whole thing," supplemented Perry.

"Maybe," said Tom.

"By the way, Tom, what's your last name? You have a last name, haven't you?"

"Sure, Loomis," answered Tom quite readily. "Are you going, Mister?"

"I think I will, Tom! I got what I was looking for."

"What were you looking for, Mister?"

"A scandal," breathed Perry as he hurried away.

For Perry it was the best scandal available at the time and he had to satisfy himself with it. So he hurried back to the office of the *Evening Constellation*, got hold of a typewriter, and in a few minutes was turning it out by the yard. It flowed from the typewriter like oil; nothing could stop it once it was started, and in a half hour it was a complete story.

Scarcely stopping to read it over, Perry snatched up the sheets of paper and rushed for the editor's office.

But his passage was blocked by a deliberate office boy.

"Whom do you wish to see?" that personage inquired.

"I want to see the editor and I'm in a hurry, son!"

"Mr. Loomis?" asked the office boy, "the managing editor?"

"Yes, the managing editor."

"Well, that is Mr. Loomis."

Perry stood still in his tracks. The name fell on his ears with a dull thud. His heart grew sick. His pulse almost stopped dead. Was this the Mr. Loomis, the central figure in his rousing scandal? Was this the man who so maltreated his sister and two children? Could this, the editor, his own editor, be the irascible father who was so ready with the epithets? Oh no, it was scarcely possible! Besides, Loomis was a rather common name, wasn't it? His heart grew lighter. As he advanced towards the editor's office he wasn't so terribly apprehensive.

"What!" cried the editor as he entered, "you haven't got a scandal already, have you?"

"Sure. It doesn't take all day to find a scandal. Here," said Perry as he handed over the manuscript of his story.

The editor began to read.

“FATHER UNABLE TO KEEP HOUSE; THRASHES
INNOCENT CHILDREN

Quarrels with Sister and Drives Her from His Home

USES UNKIND EPITHETS

Mr. Loomis, who lives at No. — Andover Avenue, today—

Perry Thorne began to study the face of George Loomis as he read. And from the editor's perusal of the very first line he knew that he had made the mistake of his life. He squirmed as he saw the big man's face darken. Fixedly Perry set himself for flight; with calculating eye he measured the distance between himself and the door, at any moment expecting to be impelled toward it. Evidently the editor was trying to work himself up to the utmost fury, for he was reading every paragraph, every line, every word, and it was almost a quarter of an hour before he had finished. Then the storm came.

“Did you know my name was Loomis?” he roared.

“No—no, sir. Not until a minute ago when the office boy told me.”

It soothed him a trifle.

“Lucky for you, darn lucky!” he cried. “I was just going to eat your head off! As it is you shall not escape altogether.”

He grasped the sheets of manuscript, rapidly rolled them into a hard, small bundle, and then swinging his arm around to get all possible speed, he hurled it at Perry. Perry dodged cleverly and the missile whizzed past him to make a dent in the door.

“I think I'll be going,” said Perry.

“You better, you young scamp, if you value your life. I guess I took some of the freshness out of you that time, eh? You freckle, you rash, you piece of sunburn!”

At this Perry stopped.

“Now a thing like this can go too far,” he began deliberately: “You may throw paper wads at me, but you aren't going to call me names. Do you hear? You're not going to get away with a — one of them. D'y—hear? Do you hear?”

“And why not?” inquired Mr. Loomis. “You insignificant little—”

“Stop!” cried Perry, and the editor stopped. But it was not bodily injury that Perry intended. Oh no, he had something bigger than that up his sleeve. He bent over and picked up the hard crumpled roll of manuscript.

Now of course, you think you have divined the move. It is

evident, you say, that he is going to throw it at the editor. Ah, dear reader, but you are wrong. All Perry did was to tuck the manuscript into his pocket.

"This is a happy afterthought," he said as he did so; and he shot a smile across at the editor.

"Goodby, Ed, old top, may your shadow never grow less!"

He was almost gone, but some sort of fear, an apprehension, a hunch, a foresight, prompted George Loomis to call him back.

"Just a minute," he shouted, "where are you going?"

Perry reentered the office. He was sure that he had won.

"I am on my way," he remarked, "to the office of the *Diurnal Satellite*. I am almost certain they could make use of a good scandal story right now."

A light of understanding, emanating from the twinkling eyes of the young man, awoke George Loomis to the seriousness of the situation.

"Ye gods, man, you wouldn't give them that?" (Is it time for the parentheses?)

"Oh, yes I would (isn't he heartless?) There's nothing to stop me."

Tears shone in the editor's eyes (we are getting along swimmingly); but Perry's heart seemed to be made of stone.

"Of course," he drawled, "a good regular job on the *Evening Constellation* with a decent calary might prevent me. Understand now, I said 'might'."

George Loomis was all smiles.

My boy, you're hired. Fix your own salary. Fix your own hours. Take my desk, take my office, take the whole building away from me; but please don't publish that story!"

"Your terms are acceptable; it was a rotten story anyhow. Not enough epithets. Here, burn it or bury it or destroy it any way you please. I'm going out after another."

When he had gone the editor was himself again, cool, kind-hearted, thoughtful, awakened to his position and thanking his stars for escaping from this danger, courteous, patient, hopeful—not only in his office but also when he went home to Tom and "little Sis."

JAMES T. MANGAN, A. B., '17

The Theatre of Shakespeare's Day

WHEN we read the works of Shakespeare, and are made acquainted with their wonderful qualities and values, we do not hesitate to affirm the genius of their author.

But their actual performance on the stage brings fuller appreciation and broader comprehension; and with risen enthusiasm we reiterate the genius of their origin. For Shakespeare's plays were primarily and essentially for the stage; their widespread circulation in book form has only been further proof of their intrinsic worth, but the plays themselves are for acting, and for acting on the Elizabethan stage, before Elizabethan people. With this fact in mind, a study of the theatre of Shakespeare's time, and some general information about the people that filled it cannot fail to be of value.

The day of the Morality and the Interlude had passed, and there was an attempt being made to revive something like the old Roman drama. In the earlier part of the period, these forerunners of modern drama were not played in buildings especially constructed for that purpose. The inn-yard, the town square or green commons, and in cold weather the guild hall or the hall of some family's private estate served for the presentations of the traveling players' offerings. It was not until 1576 that the first theatre was built, a big wooden structure in London town, erected by James Burbage, the father of Richard Burbage, an associate of Shakespeare. It was not given a formal name, but known simply as "The Theatre." There is not record of another playhouse being built in London until 1598, when a small theatre known as "The Curtain" was built. The following year, Richard Burbage erected the famous Globe Theatre, that has become identified with the productions of the Immortal Bard.

The Globe was an octagonal structure of wood, with a main framework of lath and plaster. The stage was merely a raised platform in the center of the building. It was enclosed only by movable curtains, and depended for lighting effects upon the open sky above, as the building was not roofed above the stage. On one side was the green room or tiring room, where the cast "made up" and remained when not concerned in the action. On the other three sides, in the court or pit about the platform, the common people stood and watched the performance. The elite saw the play.

from tiers of galleries which encircled the building on all four sides; and the ultra elite, consisting of royalty on occasions, nobility, town officials, and patrons, had vantage points of honor upon the stage itself, where they sat a few feet away from the players.

The actors of that day were a hardy lot, or their art would never have survived. Crowded around on four sides by an audience—and the Elizabethan audience was singularly demonstrative—their work must have been at times much harassed and interfered with. The circumstances seem to us at present so unfavorable that we are not inclined to regard it in a class with modern acting at all. But such was not the case. The acting of those days was excellent; it had to be or not at all. In the first place, there were no stage settings or artificial aids to reality as there are on our modern stage. All the attention was centered upon the cast, and the appetite of the audience was not satisfied with effects, or brilliant technique, or interesting mannerisms or personalities; they demanded the story, and nothing sufficed but the story. "The Play's the thing" was the prevalent idea, and the peoples of the pit had no tolerance when the Play was not "the thing." Lunches were brought to eat, it is true, but portions unconsumed often served as tokens of disfavor or disapproval to offending players on the stage. Then, too, with ale boys circulating through the audience and dispensing drink, rough brawls and squabbles were not uncommon; coarse comment and obscene jest were common accompaniment to the play. As all the players were male, and female parts were played by boys, the presence of the heroine on the stage was no security for the cessation of unfavorable criticisms or the good conduct of the audience. It was under such circumstances that the Elizabethan actor worked; the wonder of it is that he worked at all. Drama today would die speedily in like circumstances.

The properties of the stage of that day were remarkably few, so few and crude that we are inclined to wonder how their absence was borne. Movable drops or flies were unknown, and did not make their appearance for over a half century afterwards, in 1650. Such properties as there were consisted of suggestive symbols or signs, guides to the listener's imagination, or directions for his interpretation of the action. A few shrubs and flowers strewn about promiscuously meant that the scene was in a garden; time and place were kept in mind by the simple expedient of the prologue. Sir Philip Sidney gives a very clear idea of this acceptance of conditions in the following:

"You shall have Asia of the one side and Africa of the other, and so many underkingdoms, that the player when he comes in

must ever be telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceived. Now you shall have three ladies walk to gather flowers and then we must believe the stage to be a garden. By and by we hear news of a shipwreck in the same place, and then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock . . . while in the meanwhile two armies fly in represented by four swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not conceive it for a pitched field?"

The players of the time were gathered into companies not unlike the stock companies of the present day. Each company usually had a patron, a gentleman or noble, who gave the company financial assistance, and the prestige of his name and patronage, and represented his company at court. Shakespeare's and Richard Burbage's company were under the patronage of the Earl of Leicester. A prominent rival was Ben Jonson's company.

These companies traveled from town to town giving their repertoire. Outside of London, where theatres were few, the inn-yard of the guild hall served as the playhouse. The players themselves were not of the social elect; they held a place in the mind of the people similar to circus performers in the popular rating of the present. There is no doubt that they acted well, but they were a rough, roistering, merry crew, whose exploits ran to feats of the public house and tavern. But in the Elizabethan mind they were not gentlemen; to be a gentleman and a player was a contradiction in terms. Will Shakespeare dared not call himself gentleman until long after his Thespian days, when he had settled down as a landowner.

The Elizabethan drama is, after all, merely an expression of its age and period. And the age was one of frank, open expression. The tastes of the people fashioned the theatre, and the theatre gave voice to their thoughts and feelings as it has in no other age. Vulgarity, immorality and obscenity were prevalent social evils, and the drama did not escape them. It was a period in which England, broken away from the old religion, had not made the new suffice. Society, without restraint, gave free vent to its inclinations, and ready satisfaction to its desires. Naturally, the stage was not free from the general taint. It is this unpleasant feature of the Elizabethan drama which we must decry and be on our guard against. But this prominent fault is not enough to condemn an age which was enlightened by the genius of a Shakespeare, a Ben Jonson, a Marlowe, a Beaumont and a Fletcher, masters all, that make the Elizabethan period a glorious one for English drama.

ERNESTE A. BEAUVAIS, A. B., '17

Song of Passion

Song — *The Dream*

Alinore! Alinore!
Your violet eyes were deep
With serene unawaking sleep,
Like the pools in forest old
Lying tranced by the cold;
And your wistful face was framed
With your fallen hair of gold,
Like the halo angels hold
O'er the blessed within the fold;
And the sheen of flower was shamed
By the lustre of your skin, and the glow,
Ruby glow,
Of your lips was like wine
To this thirsting soul of mine,
Was the redness of your lips long ago,
Alinore!

Song — *The Vision*

Alinore! Alinore!
You are cold and you are gray
As the dawning of ill day
O'er the sea. The light of your face,
Is it fled to what strange place?
Like an angel shorn of grace
Are you now! And in your eyes
Not the shadow of blessed skies
But a weary, vague unrest.
Is there none in Paradise
'Mong the happy and the wise
To your longing soul suffice
Or to come at your behest?
Oh the fleeting years go slow,
Trebly slow!
Bitter gall has grown the wine,
And made shriveled lips of thine,
The red lips of your beauty, long ago,
Alinore!

Refrain — Afterword

Ho! Passion is red with an instant's fire,
And framed in an amaranthine haze.
Kingly indeed is the path of Desire,
But ere long has end like other ways;
For Passion is sere when Desire has flown.
Dreams are the stuff of the many's store,
But Vision is given to few alone,
And an afterword
Is a sad, sad word,
Unless it be heard before.

LEO E. MCGIVENA, A. B., '16

A Captain of Finance

DO I know *Superior Movie*? Well, I guess. Why I'm their advertising agent. Fact. So-o-o-ome li'l magazine, ain't it. Ten cents, an' she comes out twict a month, and there ain't nothin' about the movies it don't have. Sure, I know all about it. I get th' ads for it, I tell yuh. Jever hear how that magazine got started? No? Well, I'll tell yuh. D'yuh happen to have 'nextra cigarette in that case o' yourn? Much obliged. Match? Yeh. I ain't got nothin' but th' habit—an' I ain't got that bad.

Well, *Superior Movie* was started by Al McClunk, an' this same Al was some bird, believe me. His ol' man sent him t' school f'r four years, tryin' t' get him fixed up t' go t' college, but school an' Al didn't mix any more than ham an' matzos. Finally when Al'd went four years an' th' p'fessors told his ol' man that he didn't know enough Latin t' buy a Roman candle, why th' ol' man got sorta disgusted an' took Al out. McClunk hadda good little teamin' an' expressin' business them days, an' he'd just bought a new auto truck. Well, Al was crazy about that truck so McClunk let him run it f'r a while.

But racin' street-cars an' pushin' wagons outa th' way an' runnin' over Yiddish kids at ten miles an hour got t' be too tame f'r Al. He was built f'r speed. So he goes t' one o' them night automobeel schools an' learns how t' drive a regelar car, an' then he gets a job as Doc Morgan's show-feur, runnin' th' Doc's big limaseen. Th' Doc stood f'r Al until he got heart disease an' then he fired him. Al used to see a three-foot space between two wagons an' he'd jam down th' pedals an' take a fightin' chance on th' five-foot wide car goin' through. Sometimes it did. Onct he knocked off a lamp an' a mud guard. Another little trick of Al's was to go full speed at a street-car standin' still an' see how close he c'd stop to it without hittin' it. Th' Doc usta lose ten pounds on them occasions.

But Al wasn't discouraged none. He had his healt' an' his nerve, an' a man c'n do a whole lot with them. So he loafes aroun' f'r a while an' one day he meets a guy down on Michigan Avenoo who was goin' t' put a car in a big auto race, an' Al persuades him t' let him drive it. Al always was some persuader. Well, he drove it all right; he used more gas 'noil 'ntires, an' covered more distance goin' wabbly than any other driver on the' track, but he won by

about six feet an' got five hundred dollars f'r his share. Well, he spends th' five centuries an' then tries the motorcyclin' game. He was built f'r speed. He'd get on a gas bike an' shut his eyes an' before his gas'd give out he'd be hittin' seventy-five miles an hour, but nobody knew that his eyes was shut. When th' race comes off, Al kept his peepers open long enough t' get ahead o' the bunch on th' round track, an' then he shuts 'em an' feeds the gas strong. There was another fast rider there an' he got in Al's way without Al seein' him, and when they picked Al up they thought a part of his head was missin', an' what usta be his neck just wasn't at all. They was about to telegraph ol' McClunk to ship a coffin when Al batted a eyelid an' th' sawbones got busy on him an' he managed t' pull through. Al was one o' them kind o' Irish y' can't kill, I guess.

Discouraged? Sh'dsaynot! Little thing like that didn't bother Al, but he decides t' go back to show-feurin' f'r a rest cure, like. An' I'll be darned if he didn't get a job with Henry Osborne—th' fella that owns th' big movin' pitcher company—yeh! that's him. Al always was lucky. An' he held th' job over six months. None of us could understand it. We thought Al had been tamed. But not much. One mornin' Osborne gets up an' finds a telegram from his daughter, Lucille, announcin' that she was Mrs. Al McClunk! Osborne was jarred, all right. Wouldn't it give yuh a jolt if yuh had sixty million cold plunks salted away an' y'r only daughter runs away with a bum show-feur like Al? It did Osborne, believe me. So what does he do but forgives daughter Lucille to th' extent of sendin' her three thousand bucks, an' a special delivery announcin' that she was disowned, an' if she ever stuck her bangs over his door step he'd tell th' porter t' throw her out! Old Osborne c'd get some ruff when he wanted to!

Al discouraged? Sh'dsaynot! Three thousand in the hand was better than sixty million in cold storage anyway, Al said, an' he loved his bride th' more. Th' poor girl musta been crazy over him, all right, t' give up a swell home an' her legacy! Ain't it funny what a girl c'n get daft over, huh?

Well, Lucille wouldn't let Al go racin' any more, and while his wife had three thousand bucks Al couldn't see himself drivin' a car f'r anybody. Not on y'r life! Al wasn't built that way, Al wasn't. Besides he hadda hustle aroun' an' pull down enough kale t' support his wife in a manner she wasn't accustomed to. So Al browses around down on La Salle St., tryin' t' find somebody who'd tell him what t' do with th' three thousand. An' one day who does he run into but this guy Gneis.

This Gneis had a nerve that made Al's nerve look like a speck o' soot—in Pittsburg. That's th' kind of a bird this Gneis was. If Gneis was tryin' t' light a cigarette on State Street an' saw th' mayor comin' along in 'nauto, he'd step out an' stop th' auto t' ask th' mayor f'r a match. Well, as soon as he finds that Al has three thousand iron men, he proposed t' Al that they start a movin' pitcher magazine. An Al fell f'r it!

Can yuh imagine it? Three thousand bucks t' start a magazine, an' a fillum magazine at that. Three thousand bucks! An' one other fillum magazine had lost one hundred an' fifty thousand in a year, an' another had been bankrupt three times, an' neither of 'em was makin' money—when these two nuts starts a magazine with all o' three thousand plunks behind it! It's funny! I hafta laff every time I think of it. But anyway they started. A magazine! An' neither of 'em had any more experience in runnin' a magazine than a rabbit! Gneis had worked in the circulation department of one of Hurst's papers, drivin' a wagon er somethin' an' that was about all he knew. Well, Al shells out enough money to rent 'noffice in a swell buildin, 'n hires a stenografer. They didn't have a blame thing f'r her t' write—not a letter—but Al says 'noffice don't look right without a stenografer, so he hires one an' rents a typewriter. That's the kind of a nut Al was. Then Gneis asts him f'r two hundred dollars t' go t' N'York with. Gneis wanted t' see th' Giants an' Red Sox finish th' series, I guess. Y' know all th' studios an' film companies offen which they expected t' get their material was out on the Pacific coast, an' what they ever expected from N'York was more th'n I could see. But anyway, Al forks over two hundred silver seeds to this bird Gneis t' go t' N'York with.

Well, while his partner was in New York Al ast me t' take care o' th' ads f'r him.

“How much are y' goin' t' charge a page?” says I.

“Oh, I guess about two hundred a page will be about right, won't it?” says Al.

Two hundred a page! That was rich. Y' know, th' standard rate f'r advertisin' space in all regelar magazines is a dollar a page per thousand circulation. So I says t' Al “How many y' goin' t' get out at first?”

“Oh, about twenty-five or thirty thousand, I guess,” says Al.

Well, I finally got him t' make it thirty dollars a page, an' I skirmished aroun' among th' agencies pickin' up what I could f'r him.

But y' oughta heard when Gneis got back from N'York. Funny?

Say, I nearly died laffin. He blows in late one afternoon, his soot-case still with him.

"Lo Al," says he, cool an' comfortable.

"Lo Gneis," says Al. "What didya do down in Noo York?"

"Well, I stopped in th' best hotel in town—an' then I went out f'r somethin' t' eat," says Gneis.

"Oh," says Al, thoughtful like. "Jsee th' companies?"

"Yeh," says Gneis, "I seen 'em."

Yeh! I'll betcha he seen them! Like youn I see th' joolery in a store window—from th' outside.

"Ja get any scenarios?" says Al.

"No, they want to see our magazine first," says Gneis.

"Oh, we'll put 'em on th' free list, all right," says Al.

Discouraged? Sh'dsaynot! Al didn't know enough about it t' be discouraged. His was one of them cases where ignorance is bliss. An' poor Al thought he was just goin' t' make barrels o' money—just barrels. An' his wife believed it too. She'd call up th' office every afternoon an' ask Al how many thousand was made yet, 'n Al'd say th' returns wasn't in yet. Then she'd say, "How do you want th' potatoes cooked to-night, dear?"

Al'd say, "Boiled, dear." Boilin' 'em was the only way she could cook 'em without burnin' 'em.

Then she'd say, "What kinda meat will we have f'r supper, dear?"

An' Al'd say, "Ham, dear."

It was boiled ham, y' know, from a delicatessen. That was the only kinda meat she could get not in a can.

Then they'd go on talkin' t' each other, an' Al'd say that it was a shame that enough money wasn't comin' in t' buy her a electric but to just wait, an' she'd promise to wait. I'd liked t' known what the dickens else she could do!

Well, they finally got an issue out. Al goes down to th' College—th' one that his ol' man wanted t' send him to, an' got some college fellas t' write f'r it. It wasn't so bad lookin' a sheet except where this Gneis fella had messed th' layout all up because he wouldn't let th' college fellas show him how. But otherwise it wasn't half bad.

Then th' trouble started. Al's little three thousand was nearly gone an' no money had come in yet. He had t' give th' printers two thousand to get them t' carry it, yuh know. And friend wife was waitin' patiently for her husband t' buy her th' electric, an' feedin' him on boiled potatoes and cold boiled ham all th' time—Oh, it was

a swell mess. An' worse than that, I found out that Al was hittin' th' dope. He an' Gneis an' me were in th' office one day, an' in all th' letters comin' in there wasn't no money. You know, they was dealin' with about a million little dealers direct, shippin' out bundles of copies all over th' country. An' some boners were pulled, too, believe me. This Gneis gets an order from some little burg down in Texas for twenty copies. So he sends twenty copies of the February issue by freight—get that? By freight. An' next May th' dealer writes that th' copies has arrived a trifle late an' wants t' know what he'll do with 'em. An' th' freight company sends a bill for two-fifty—on twenty copies, mind yuh, worth about a dollar. That was the way them two publishers was doin' business.

Well, as I said, we was sittin' in th' office, an' th' gloom was so thick yuh could cut it. Al gets up an' begins to fidget around, an' talks of bankruptcy an' starvation an' what would his wife do an' a lot o' stuff about as cheerful as war news. Then he goes over t' the window an' takes something out of his pocket an' fools with it a while. I was beginnin' t' feel sorry for th' bird when he straightens up again an' turns around.

"Didja make arrangements with th' agent to rent a whole floor in this place, Gneis?" says he.

Gneis looks up sorta funny an' says, "No. Whattayuhmean?"

"Oh, 'sall right. But better begin t' look around f'r a good buildin' f'r our presses. An' remember that we won't pay morn' two thousand a month, either," says Al, awful preoccupied like. He gets into his overcoat an' ducks out before we got over it.

"An' don't forget t' see that agent about that floor, Gneis. An' if you see any good bookkeepers or stenografers outa a job tell 'em t' wait until we get our office force together," he says, goin' out th' door. Gneis' jaw was hangin' down an' his eyes was pop wide open.

After th' first issue came out, th' writer fellas began t' hint f'r their money, nice an' polite like, not wantin' t' embarrass Al any. He didn't know whether t' get out another issue or not, things looked so gloomy, when he suddenly found out that most magazines deal directly with a big distributin' company. So he goes over t' th' main company an' signs a contract t' let them handle his book. Then he comes back fulla pep an' bluffs th' writers t' get out another issue f'r him. He was some little persuader, Al was.

O' course they had trouble with th' little dealers, but it began t' look as if th' darn magazine'd keep alive. And it did, up t' th' fourth issue, an' then th' fireworks broke out.

Y' know this Gneis was supposed t' put as much money into th' thing as Al did. But he failed to come across, an' when Al reminded him about it, he got sorta huffy, an' it ended up in a grand scrap. Al said that th' thing'd be ruined unless Gneis put in his coin, but not Gneis. So finally Al puts it up t' him to either put up or get out—an' Gneis got out.

I thought it was th' end. But not Al. Here th' printers was kickin' f'r more money, th' writers an' a whole lot o' bills wasn't paid. Whaddye think that squirrel did? Y'd never guess in a thousand years. I got this afterwards from a friend o' mine who works in the bank.

Al goes over to the Grand Pacific Bank, an' goes in t' see th' president. How he got in I don't know, but that's the kind of a guy Al was. He always acted as if he hadda million or so t' burn. But he got in some way, an' talked with th' president, Quincy B. Gloss.

"Mr. Gloss," says Al, "I have a very conservative little proposition here that I would like to bring to your notice. As y' know, movin' pictures are th' gold mine of th' day. Millions have been made, an' other millions still lie in wait for th' fellow that can coax 'em out. Th' people are crazy about everythin' concerned with movin' pictures. They buy th' magazines t' learn about th' players. Now, this little book o' mine is a sure enough wonder. As soon as th' circulation picks up a bit, it'll make money. With increased circulation, say ten thousand, it'll cost about a quarterucent less t' print one. With every increase, th' printin' bill will go down."

"I see," says Gloss politely. "By th' time you've reached a million, th' printer will pay you t' let him print it?"

"Well, not exackly," says Al, an' it didn't phaze him a bit. He goes on talkin' an' really gets Gloss interested.

"It looks like a good proposition, young man," says Gloss at last, "but I can't spare enough money just now."

Al says, "But we don't need much. Just a small amount t' push it until th' circulation picks up." Then they go to it again. Gloss was interested, all right. He had almost as big a rep for a gambler as he did for a banker. An' th' movie bug had him strong after Al talked t' him. Al was some little persuader, Al was. An' finally, old Gloss gives in.

"Will five thousand entitle me t' a third interest an' be sufficient t' tide it over?" says he at length.

Al couldn't say nothin' f'r a minute. Five thousand—f'r a third interest! Wouldn't it jar yuh what squirrels there are in th' world,

an' in charga other people's money at that. Al was so jarred that he felt if his head was still there, an' scratched his head t' see if he was still conscious. An' at last, when he says yes, he really has Gloss afraid it ain't enough.

Well, sir, that five thousand put *Superior Movie* on its feet—on its tip-toes. An' it's been there ever since. Al goes out th' next day with th' check, pays th' printer, an' his writers, an' puts one o' them in as editor, an' puts a thousand in a circulation scheme. Then he takes what's left an' buys a Ford for Lucille. Can you beat it?

But he got his wife th' electric th' other day—f'r a fact. Th' magazine is doin' better all th' time. Gloss is tickled t' death that he got in on it. An' Al—Al cut out th' dope, I guess—Al is lookin' aroun' f'r a gold mine or somepin. Gloss o' Grand Pacific says Al is a Captain o' Finance—whatever that is—but he looks more like a plain, ord'nary, dizzy nut t' me. That's th' kind of a guy Al is!

Say! D'yuh happen t' have another cigarette in that case o' yourn? An' a match? Thanks! I ain't got nothin' but th' habit—an' I ain't got that bad.

LEO E. MCGIVENA, A. B., '16

The Desert

The cities are far away—another age,
And men are only shadows of its stage;
All time is yet eternity, unborn;
There is no night of death nor blithesome morn;
Alike the timeless verities, untimed,
Unmoving still, it hath the Godhead mimed.

There's fear in all tremendous unity;
The desert's but a color-trinity—
All gray; and burnished silver in the blaze,
And misty purple where the shadow plays.

Gray ghosts of desert life, of life's despair
Against the desert death, the sagebrush wear
Their gray lives lowly on the torrid crust,
And trail their broken souls in the salt-bleached dust.
There's deathly fear that only death can save
Where mighty rivers do but mark their grave
With furrows deep upon the fatal earth—
The cracks that smile the desert's joyless mirth.

The desert aged, the desert ever young
The mountains tell. The lurid youths, high-flung,
All bold and should'ring square; beyond their files,
The old that sprawl and sleep in the distant miles.

EDWARD D. REYNOLDS, A. B., '16

Accident vs Arsenic

FOR the twenty-first time that day, two boys of about twelve and thirteen years, surveyed their hearts' darling. They stood outside the largest garage in town and reread the familiar sign: "This Motorcycle a Bargain for \$25."

Wilbur Flinn, the elder of the two and more commonly known as Bud, was the first to break the silence.

"Did yuh ask your father again, Bud?"

"Yeh. He said he didn't have no twenty-five dollars for such'n infernal machine, an' if I talked about it any more he'd lam me. Ask yours?"

"Uh-huh," was the laconic and discouraging reply.

In silence the Ways and Means Committee of two sought a modus operandi to secure the required twenty-five dollars. It is doubtful if Aristotle, probing the mysteries of the universe, ever thought with more earnestness or sincerity than did Bud Flinn that day, sitting on the sidewalk with his chin in his hand.

"Le's have a circus," proposed the impractical John. But Bud, mindful of the receipts of former "shows," did not assent to the idea. After a moment he said, "I'll tell yuh—we'll sell vegetables."

"Gee, John, le's ask Mr. Hamlin if we can take 'er out again fer a ride."

"'Taint no use, Bud. Y' know he said yesterday that we couldn't take it out again unless we bought it," replied John Williams disconsolately.

Casting back a yearning glance the boys proceeded on their way; they were going to the swimming hole, for it was midsummer. If grown people could discern, and consciously obey Nature's legitimate intentions as regards desire and ambition so well as boys do unconsciously, no one would ever expire of a broken heart, or ever become a Macbeth. In the prospect of tangible joys, all pining for the unattainable completely vanished. The boys were not two hundred feet down the road before they had forgotten all about the motorcycle in a discussion of nautical prowess. But not for long.

Passing the garage on the way home, they were again reminded of their desire. They gave the matter instant attention and sitting together on the curbstone considered ways and means.

This project seemed so feasible that it was taken up. The results of the venture were carefully printed (for the sake of clarity) in the back of an old note-book that had been used at one time by John's elder brother at college. The first page of the account reads as follows:

THIS IS THE
ACCOUNT BOOK
OF BUD FLINN AND JOHN WILLIAMS.

The following page:

PAGE NO. 1.

FOR SELLING OLD IRON & PAPERS & RAGS.....	\$27
FOR RAKING BUD'S YARD	\$25
TOTEL	\$52

And then:

PAGE NO. 2.
2nd DAY—AUG. 4.

SPENT BY THE FLINN & WILLIAMS VEGATABLE CO.

FOR VEGATABLES FROM A FARMER.....	\$50
ERNED FROM VEGATABLES	\$3.11
LEFT OVER	\$2.61

P. S.—WE EACH SPENT A CENT FOR LIKORISH WHIPS.

P. S. NO. 2.—WE SWEAR & CROS OUR HARTS NOT TO TOUCH THE MONY WHEN BOTH OF US IS NOT HERE.

B. FLINN,
J. WILLIAMS.

P. S. NO. 3.—THE MONY IS UNDER A BORD IN BUD'S BARN.

PAGE 3.
3rd DAY—AUG. 5.

SPENT BY F. & W. VEGATALBE CO.

FOR MISER JONESS OLD NAG & CART....	\$1.00
SPENT FOR VEGATABLES	\$1.50
ERNED FOR VEGATABLES	\$8.93
LEFT OVER	\$6.54

PAGE 4.

4th DAY—AUG. 6.

SPENT FOR NAG & CART.....	\$1.00
SPENT FOR VEGATABLES	\$1.50
ERNED FOR VEGATABLES	\$8.36
	LEFT OVER \$12.40

PAGE 5.

5th DAY—AUG. 8.

SPENT FOR N. & C.....	\$1.00
FOR VEG.	\$1.50
ERNED FOR VEG.	\$8.71
	LEFT OVER \$18.61

PAGE 6.

6th DAY—AUG. 9.

SPENT FOR N. & C. & VEG.....	\$2.50
ERNED FOR VEG.	7.52
	TOTEL WE GOT \$23.63
	WE STILL NEED \$1.37

Here the accounts of the "Flinn and Williams Vegetable Company" end abruptly, for what reason we shall see presently. Bud Flinn wisely decided that the best way to make up the deficit of one dollar and thirty-seven cents, was by keeping the "Company" active for another day. Overruling the strenuous objections of the junior member, who wanted to get the deficit from his father, the firm continued business on the following day with satisfactory returns, which amounted to eight dollars and twenty-nine cents. An odd four cents were invested in more licorice whips on the way home, late in the afternoon. The young merchants had disposed of all their wares with the exception of certain undersized tomatoes which were reserved for stray cats, or such unoffending creatures as were unlucky enough to be in evidence.

Bud was on the front seat driving; John was standing in the wagon keeping a sharp lookout for legitimate targets, when old Roy, the horse, shivered all over and broke from his jogging trot with such vehemence as nearly threw both the boys from the wagon. The horse set a pace that thoroughly frightened the boys who tugged at the lines and shouted, "Whoa, Roy. *Whoa!* *Whoa!*" but to no effect. Through the streets they fairly flew, turning corners on

two wheels. The populace gave them a wide berth; constables yelled and threatened, and some few cyclists tried their best to follow the runaway but were soon outdistanced. Out into the country road they sped. Roy was making straight for home and eventually got there after his riders had many hair-raising thrills. The old horse slowed down in front of Miser Jones' farm and then stopped altogether. By the time the boys had jumped from the cart and reached him, Roy was sitting in the traces. They tried to make him stand up but he dropped down altogether, and as he did so, a part of the harness scratched his side and made it bleed. When they were aware that something was really the matter with Roy, they loosened the harness and pushed back the cart. The poor old horse breathed his last in a few moments and left the boys dumbfounded.

"Gosh, Bud, what do y' suppose killed him?" asked John.

Bud was puzzled for a second and then pulling from his pocket a newspaper clipping, he showed it to John. It read:

OSWEGO COUNTY MAN GUILTY OF MURDER.

PUT ARSENIC IN THE FOOD OF EIGHT PEOPLE,
SAYS CORONER.

LYNCHING IS FEARED.

The case of John Crandler was brought to a climax when the county chemists announced that they had found metallic arsenic in the blood of the deceased persons.

John's eyes were bulging when Bud finished reading the clipping. Bud said:

"I bet yuh, John, that someone put arsenic in Roy's oats." There is an innate love of the sensational in every boy and Bud Flinn had his share of it.

"Les see if there's any arsenic in his blood," said John glancing at the place where the harness had cut Roy.

"But we don't know how," objected Bud.

"Ain't your brother studying chemistry at college?" John wonderingly asked.

They then produced a pop bottle from the wagon and proceeded

to fill it. Bud, after a moment, glanced up from the ghastly work and said,

"Gee, John, what do you suppose ole Miser Jones will say?"

As if in answer to his question, "Miser Jones" appeared on the scene, and upon learning of the fatality, was furious. He danced in rage, waving his cane and swearing that he'd have the law on those young scoundrels who'd snatch the last penny from a dying man. Roy was by no means the last penny of Mr. Jones, who was reputed to be the richest man in the township, and as miserly as he was rich. Mr. Jones announced his intention of suing the respective fathers of our friends for the price of his horse.

A crowd began to arrive from town. Various constables were going to arrest the felons who had so flagrantly violated the peace, and offered contempt to its guardians. And not a few irate gentlemen, who had narrowly escaped disaster, announced their intention of whipping the boys then and there, firm in the grasp of their captors and surrounded by an enraged and unreasonable throng. Gentle reader, let us in mercy drop the curtain upon this scene.

The threatened suit by Miser Jones was averted by the parents of the culprits, who commanded that the proceeds of the W. and F. Vegetable Company be handed over immediately, to the extent of twenty-five dollars. The heart-broken financiers complied. There was nothing else to do. And life thereafter was not worth living, a motorcyclless life that palled and dragged interminably. But a few days later, the heavens opened again. And the link between Hades and Paradise was a grimy bottle half-filled with a dark red fluid.

The next scene of our little drama is a laboratory. A young man is pouring a boiling liquid into a test tube. An older man stands beside him, evidently his professor. A pop bottle half full of a dark red liquid stands on the table. The young man is examining the fluid in the test tube critically. He opens a cabinet lined with small bottles, selects one and pours a few drops of its contents into the test tube. Its contents, a clear liquid, immediately turns to a bright yellow color.

"Its arsenic, all right," said the professor, who then took charge of affairs. He went through various operations and presently weighed a light powder upon an exceedingly delicate pair of scales, and said:

"There are three grains of arsenic in the fluid, to the liquid ounce."

* * *

A few days later, on one of the automobile highways, two boys were riding a motorcycle. It was not a new, silent, powerful ma-

chine. It sounded like a gatling gun in action, and its cylinders were leaky with so much loss of power that the machine had to be nursed into motion with the utmost care. The millionaire speeding by in his handsome car turned to beam benevolently upon the happy boys, and then sighed reminiscently. A young man, riding a shiny, new motorcycle, turned around to see what could be making so much noise. He then muttered unpleasant things about allowing such havoc upon the road. Many people beheld our friends that day, some benevolently, some malignantly, but none were so happy as the senior and junior members of the "F. & W. Vegetable Company."

"Old Miser Jones certainly got left when he tried to sue us, didn't he, Bud?" said John, who was sitting on the rear seat.

"I should say he did," said Bud. "My pa said he was a darned scoundrel to poison his ole nag so's to make him die when we had him, and then try to make us pay for him."

"My pa said we were enterprisin' boys and deserved a motorcycle," said John.

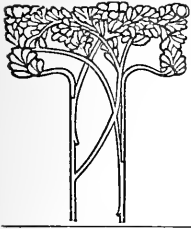
"So'd mine," replied Bud.

"Gee, an' we got four dollars for gasoline," said John. "Ain't it great to go slippin' over the road like this with the wind blowin' through yer hair and everything slidin' past?"

"Gosh, yes," was the reply.

And they chugged happily on.

CYRIL CORBETT, A. B., '18



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After many attempts at successful concealment and much pseudo-diplomatic shuffling the Administration has at length revealed what has been its earnest desire for some time past. It has seen its wish

realized: the United States has recognized Carranza as President of Mexico. Of course the

Mexico the Free

United States did not hand the Presidency of

Mexico to this noble patriot on a silver platter;—no, not at all. We allowed matters to adjust themselves; and certainly the Administration cannot be blamed if a few little devices like embargoes on

arms effectually eliminated all the competitors of the worthy Senor Carranza, and placed this gentleman so completely in control of the

situation that he could cheerfully exclaim to his opponents: "Heads I win, tails you lose." "But what on earth were we to do?" rejoins

the Administration; "You do not want this state of barbarity and anarchy to continue, do you? Well, Carranza is the only solution. We have to recognize him because he is *de facto* the President and the Government of Mexico." Ah, yes, yes indeed, and then some more yes, all-wise Administration, but please turn back in imagination two and one-half years, if your memory will serve to carry you that far into the past. What do you see? You behold Victoriano Huerta President of Mexico, you behold him controlling a far greater portion of Mexico than your great-souled protegee now controls, and you behold law and order within all the territory under *his* jurisdiction. Huerta was indeed *de facto* President of Mexico. Why then did you not recognize *him*, when, by so doing, you could have prevented more than two and one-half years of savagery, anarchy, bestiality, horror and diabolical cruelty, unparalleled since the days of the Commune, when the gutters of Paris ran red with the blood of innocent victims? Why? Surely you will not answer that your delicate conscience shrank from recognizing a man who, though accused of a crime, was never proved guilty, but that it is callous to the inhuman brutality of an incarnate devil who has converted the ancient empire of the Aztecs into reeking shambles! Truly, the sensitive conscience of some people is a strange thing!

"But Carranza is a patriot; he will make Mexico free," you say. Shades of Washington, Jefferson, Carroll, Franklin, Adams, Lincoln, and all you other heroes of America, return to defend the country of your love from all such "patriots." May the oceans join arms and the blue waters of the Pacific mingle with the rampant waves of the Atlantic over what was once the United States ere ever we behold such freedom in our own fair land. Shall we deny others what we wish for ourselves? Can we approve for another people a government which, we pray God, may never exist in our own country, especially as that people could have had a much better government, a government more nearly approaching our own, had it not been for our interference? Mexico is to be "free." Is this a Christian land, a civilized land that can approve of such "freedom"? Or do we realize the meaning of the "freedom" which Carranza will give Mexico? It is to be found in the demolished churches, the persecuted and murdered priests, the outraged nuns, the butchered non-combatants, the broken laws, the violated innocence, the robbery, rapine, plunder, lust and cruelty that have marked the period of Carranza's domination of Mexican affairs. This bandit is the same sly hypocrite who, from the platforms of Catholic Colleges, Jesuit Colleges in particular, repeatedly praised

the priests and the work they were doing for their country. How do his actions since he has secured control of Mexico comport with his words? Can Mexico or the United States trust a man who can lie so glibly or turn traitor so readily? Ah, Mexico, Mexico, dark days are in store for you. You are to be "free"—which means that you are to be under the pitiless control of Carranza. And for this the United States has recognized that man as President of Mexico!

IGNATIUS P. WALSH, A.B., '17

The Catholic Church in France is experiencing at present what we might call a general rebirth. For many years the French Church was constantly harassed by political persecutions. Her houses of worship were taken from her and desecrated. Her nuns and priests were either exiled or thrown into prison. In general, Catholic France appeared to be changing into an Infidel France.

France and The Church

From the year 1880 when the famous anticlerical laws were passed in France, the Catholic priests were terribly persecuted. Even though the laws were relaxed, still the priests were forbidden to fulfill certain duties. France forbade the priests to perform any spiritual ministrations in the army and navy. However, at the outbreak of the present war with Germany, France not only permitted the Catholic priests to act as chaplains but encouraged and appointed almost one hundred priests who were to attend to the spiritual wants of the soldiers. She also purchased all the vestments and vessels required for the performance of religious ceremonies. Added to this, every priest was given the rank of captain and a salary of ten francs per day when on duty.

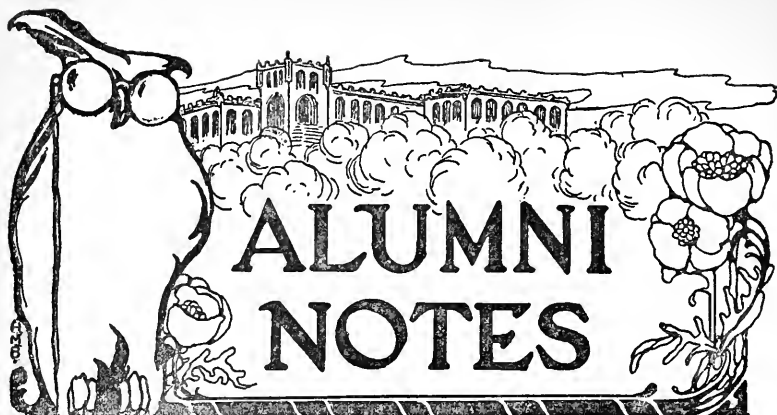
Even among the extreme Radicals and Socialists the Catholic priests are winning great favor. Not only are they commended for their work as chaplains, but even as guides and interpreters. Many of the Fathers acquainted with the language and customs of the Turks through their missionary labors have done invaluable service for France, especially in the Dardanelles.

As the war expanded into its present magnitude, and the probability grew that it would result in a "war to the finish," it was quickly seen that the hundred chaplains could not perform all the work. Hence more priests were enlisted. France was beginning to realize what an immense good the Catholic Church and her clergy performed. Added to the thousand priests who are acting as chaplains today there are many thousands more, who, with the

permission of their superiors, are laying down their lives for the country which has so unmercifully persecuted them during time of peace.

This open generosity on the part of the Catholic Church and her clergy will not, we hope, be repaid by ingratitude and suppression after peace once more comes to France, but will cause the French government gradually to return to its ancestral faith and assume the title once again of the "Daughter of the Church."

FRANCIS J. SUJAK, A. B., '17



Last year's class is by this time fairly well settled. The following information about its members is on hand:

Edward J. Amberg is engaged in studying for a Ph.D at the Catholic University at Washington. Ed was one of this year's winners of the Knights of Columbus scholarship. The evening before his departure for Washington the other members of his class held a dinner for him at the Brevoort.

Joseph W. Byrnes, winner of the Intercollegiate Contest of last year, after some hesitation decided to embark in advertising. Joe is at present a copywriter with the McJunkin Advertising Agency here in Chicago. Joe obtained his position by defeating a number of A. B.'s from other schools in competitive examination. He is also taking a night course in advertising at Northwestern University.

Edward Caverley, when last heard from, was still undecided whether to enter a technical school for a course in Chemical Engineering or to study law.

Lambert K. Hayes, valedictorian and "grand old man" of the class is an instructor at St. Stanislaus College. His nights are spent in pursuit of the law at Loyola Law School.

James E. Kehoe is working for the Chicago City Railways, and is also enrolled at Loyola Law.

Earl D. King is studying law at Chicago University.

Francis D. Warzynski has taken up medicine at Northwestern Medical College.

William S. Pickett, ex. '15, is in his Senior year at Bennett Medical. He has consented to become Medical Editor for the *MAGAZINE* this year.

Ralph Byrnes, ex. '15, is engaged in his father's grain business.

Richard Regan, ex. '15, is studying law at Loyola Law School.

John (Turk) Noonan and Raymond Bellock, both ex. '15, are in the

Juniorate at St. Stanislaus Seminary, Florissant, Missouri. When last heard from they were well and happy.

Reverend James Sullivan, S. J., who taught dogmatic theology for twelve years in St. Louis University, and who is at present pastor of St. Aloysius Church, Kansas City, Missouri, gave a notable series of addresses here on Sunday, October third.

Father Joseph Kennedy, S. J., who taught at St. Ignatius in 1897, and was director of Athletics when the school had the best football team in its history, has been appointed pastor of Holy Family Church. He was given a very enthusiastic reception by the parishioners and several of the old boys. The chief speaker of the evening was Justin McCarthy.

It is with the greatest regret that many of the Alumni learned of the death of Father William Harrington, S. J. Father Harrington was Professor of Poetry class at St. Ignatius from 1893 to 1896, and had been a guest here during the summer. He died at Creighton University, on October second. May he rest in peace.

M. J. Riordan, ex. '85, is Secretary of the Arizona Lumber and Timber Company, of Flagstaff, Arizona. In a recent letter to the MAGAZINE, he tells something of himself and conditions in his adopted state. We print a portion below:

In all the years that the writer has been in Arizona, past thirty now, he has never run across a single former student of St. Ignatius among the Indian tribes of this State, and only in three instances, in all these years has he had the pleasure of meeting even in a passing way former students of the college. These three were John McVoy, Daniel McMahon, and W. N. Brown. McVoy was out for a rest and change with the members of his family. I think his family got some of the rest and I am sure that the Indians got all of his change. Daniel McMahon had only time between speeches to get in and out of the State. Will Brown came here hunting for some Indians who had scalped a good section of Chicago by way of the mining-fake route.

It is a great pity that at least forty-five hundred of the former students of the old college did not find their way to Arizona. It is true they would have missed the noise and smoke and the grime, but they would have gained the freedom of the clearest skies and the kindest sun and the widest views in all creation,—and best of all, since the first of this year not one of them could have had a drink.

Very sincerely,

M. J. RIORDAN.

Another note is on hand from John K. Moore, '01. He says:

Your call for items of interest to the Alumni at hand. I have not been in Chicago for months, and I have been unable to locate any old S. I. C. boys in this neck of the woods. But every now and then an old S. I. C. boy is favorably mentioned.

Joseph Ford, formerly a student of S. I. C. is now wearing the uniform of a St. Thomas (St. Paul) cadet very becomingly. . . .

. . . . As for myself I am with A. L. Drum & Co., working on the Valuation of the Minneapolis Street Railway properties. Mr. A. L. Drum is a brother of Father Drum, S. J.

Wishing to be remembered to Fr. Furay, Fr. Magevney, Fr. Mullans, and

all of my old S. I. C. friends, and trusting there will be an abundance of Alumni items in your next issue, I am

Yours very truly,

J. K. MOORE.

Among the Alumni who have recently joined the ranks of the Benedicts are John B. Sackley, ex. '10, Joseph McNulty, ex. '09, and Michael J. Ahearn, '07. To these the MAGAZINE extends congratulations and best wishes for the future.

Jerome Jacobsen, ex. '17, William Finnegan, and William Hagedorn, both ex. '18, John A. McLaughlin and Emmet O'Connell, of Academy '15, have entered the Jesuit Novitiate at Florissant. To these and the other ex-students of St. Ignatius at Florissant the MAGAZINE sends greetings.

Arthur F. Terlecki, ex. '14, is a student at St. Paul Seminary. He '14. will be in First Theology class this year. Other one-time students of St. Ignatius at St. Paul are: Jos. P. Griffin, Academy '11, and George Stier, Academy '10.

'13. Walter P. Carroll, ex. '13, is secretary to the manager of the Traffic Department of National Lead Company, Chicago.

Augustine J. Bowe, '10, who is practicing law in the Unity Building, '10. has been made a member of the Faculty of Loyola School of Law.

William J. (Bill) Bowe received his degree from the law school, and successfully passed the state examinations. He is practicing with his brother.

Joseph F. Elward, '10, instructor last year in St. Ignatius Academy, has opened a law office in the State Building.

Leo H. Sebastian, A. B. '10 and L.L.B. '15, became the father of a baby boy on August twenty-eighth. Congratulations.

Robert J. Garland, '14, is an instructor in St. Ignatius Academy '14. this year, and is in his second year of law at Loyola Law School.

John Burke, '14, is an instructor at St. Stanislaus College, in this city. He is also a student at the Law School.

'06. Charles E. Byrnes, '06, visited the school lately. He is engaged in running a musical publication for the Steger Piano Company, Chicago.

Among the sons of former students now at St. Ignatius are John Rogers, whose father, J. A. Rogers, was of the class of '88; George Piggot, son of Robert, ex. '91; Morris McDonough, son of T. McDonough, '78; Francis Keating, son of W. T. Keating, '87. Francis is the third Keating, so his father says, to attend school with Father Coppens on the Faculty; John Keating was the first, attending St. Louis University in 1865, when Father Coppens was a scholastic there. Then, W. T. Keating, son of John Keating, was at St. Mary's College, Kansas, from 1881 to 1886 when Father Coppens was president. And it is not unlikely that Father Coppens may teach the third member of the family.

Thomas P. Purcell, ex. '16, is employed with the Chicago Mill Ex'. 16. and Lumber Co.

Edward Callahan, ex. '16, is with Greenebaum and Sons' Bank.

Joseph X. Gubbins, ex. '16, is a salesman for Morton Salt Company, Chicago.

Walter A. Wade, ex. '16, received his L.L.B. from Loyola Law last June. He is working with Erskine, Shaw, Payne and Straw, lawyers.

Thaddeus Hoppe, ex. '16, is in his second year at the Naval Academy, Annapolis.

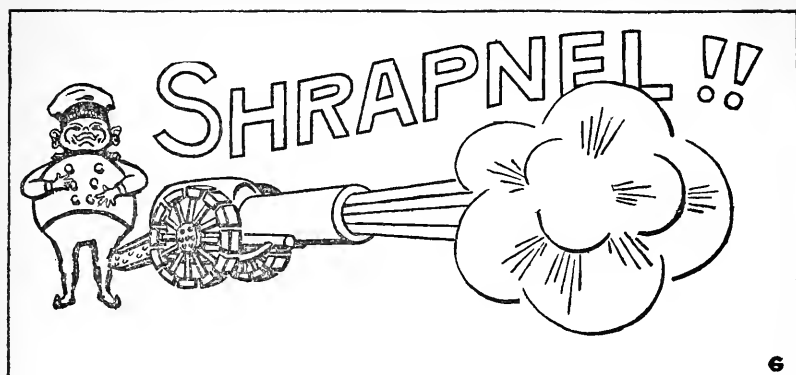
AN INCIDENT.

One day last summer, three students of S. I. C. were engaged in a publishing enterprise, a small magazine. The affairs of the Magazine were rather complicated from a legal standpoint, and the three visited Payton J. Tuohy, '05, the president of the Alumni Association, and a former scholar of theirs. Advice was given by this gentleman of the law, and no mention of a fee ever broached. Much encouraged, when knowledge of advertising conditions were needed, the three thought again of the Alumni. John Pierre Roch, ex-'08, was first approached, and an hour and a half of his valuable time was spent one afternoon in outlining conditions in the advertising field. Determined to proceed farther in the matter, and anxious to see whether such accessibility was general among the Alumni, Mr. Joseph F. Finn, '94, was picked for an interview. The office of the Nichols-Finn Advertising Agency was crowded with all sorts of important looking personages, all waiting patiently. Rather timorously, we advanced to the information desk, presided over by a boy who evidently felt that the firm was behind him. He listened to their request for Mr. Finn rather grudgingly, and yawned. A letterhead of LOYOLA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE was hastily pressed into service in lieu of a business card, and the names of the three scribbled upon it. The office boy took it leisurely and started for the inner office. On the way he stopped twice, once to review a new publication upon the reading table, and a second time to hold an intimate chat with a stenographer. At last he brought the note in; they waited, wondering whether they hadn't gone too far. A moment of suspense passed. Then the bearer of the message hurried out, rushed back to the railing and threw open the gate. "Walk right in, gentlemen," he said warmly. They walked in. Lurking in his den, Mr. Finn was found, walking back and forth restlessly. This "loyal son" was debating the possibilities of making his exit with a bag of golf sticks unseen by those waiting in the outer office. Needless to say, his departure was delayed for nearly half an hour, while the desired information was being imparted.

The Moral: Our Alumni may not be many; but their quality runs high. When the words "St. Ignatius College" are a passport meaning more than business demands, it is pretty certain evidence that the Alumni haven't forgotten and don't want to forget the old school. May their shadow never grow less.

In fact, the only objection we have against the Alumni is that they don't send in enough news of themselves to the MAGAZINE.

LEO E. MCGIVENA, A. B., '16.



This was the way it happened. The writer, or underwriter, handed Leo F. McGivena, A. B., '16, the chap who put *Shrapnel* on the map, a letter which ran like this:

Mr. Leo Eggy McGivena,

Dear Boy: What I am submitting herewith is intended for *Shrapnel*. Of course, I'm not saying where it's going. But, my dear Edwards, if you must return it, I ask you in the name of shakeless penholders not to write any of your dear little notes and abridgements and kind remarks on the part of it you hand back.

If you do I know I shall go completely out of my mind.

If you cannot catch the spirit of my intoxication, admit it, and let the thing go at that. I cannot help from laughing myself sick at those dear little things you write. They are utterly beyond my kennel. Dog gone it.

Dear sir, I have every respect for you and the way you tie your shoe laces, but I have at last come to the terrible realization that our ideas of humor do not and cannot coincide. (See how generous I am? I admit you have ideas!) So I beg you, Mack, that you gather the gloss and return the dross without any josh. Things like this don't help you to your end. Take potassium cyanide for instance. You don't see the connection, do you? Too bad, too bad!

"Hoping that you will take this letter in the spirit in which it is meant" (poison), "thanking you in advance for your favors" (past), "praying that we shall meet again in the Great Beyond" (also beyond you), I beg to remain, here with my remains,

Yours till the day after tomorrow,

Jas. Thos. Mangan.

Very good, Eddie. The letter was received and, as we ought to suppose, read. For about two weeks nothing was said. (Rime unintentional.) Then, precisely two days before *Shrapnel* was to go to press, (yes, we do that thing once in a while), the following was brought under our notice:

Mr. J. Thomas Mangan.

My dear J. Tommy: It was not without some inner sadness that we perused your late epistle. We must admit that we have rejected a good deal of your stuff, that we have even made notes upon your paper. We

are sorry; aye, we are aggrieved, if these little comments in any way ruffled the serenity of your brow or made you lose interest in your meals. But we did it for your own good, Jimmy; we did it because *Shrapnel* only comes out five times a year, and because *Shrapnel* is supposed to print funny stuff. Not that it always did; but we must have our standard, our criterion. "You are young, brother Tommy," we often have said, "and your stuff is exceedingly punk," but what we ever did to make you feel that way is still dark to us.

You say again that we do not catch the spirit of your intoxication. Quite true. We are inclined more than ever to sobriety this year. In the first place, we are a Senior, and you will never know what this is until you are one. Already the future is threatening us. And moreover, as far as we are concerned, the Shrap is gone from *Shrapnel* and our light is out—ever since that eventful day last July when Jerome Jacobsen, our revered colleague, who concocted with us this chaos of cackles, folded his trunk like the Arabs and silently climbed on a train to St. Louis, thence to Florissant, where he entered St. Stanislaus Seminary, the novitiate of the Order. Jerome, when last heard from, was happy; and we are too busy to be unhappy. But whenever we sat down to our typewriter to try to think of something funny to write, we grew so doleful that it was no use; we are as funny as a crutch, as humorous as a rainy Monday morning, as witty as a comic sheet or a prohibition lecturer. So we have given it up, and we ask you to take it. Will you, to the best of your ability, conduct and edit *Shrapnel*?

We hope you will. Then nobody but yourself will have the pleasure of making little marks upon your papers. And you can try upon the Moderator and your readers all the stuff that we used to have to wade through—masses of dead sea fruit—in search of the gleaming pearl of funniness. So now it is up to you, James Thomas. Do your darndest, and have nobody to blame but yourself.

Yours till the day after the day after tomorrow,

Leo E. McGivena.

If we weren't sitting down at the time, we might state that we were completely swept off our feet. This same Leo Edwards McGivena had, earlier in the year, absolutely denied us any connection whatsoever with *Shrapnel*. And now—two days before going to press—it is passed to us boldly and brazenly, asking if we will be good enough to do our best. Well, we'll accommodate you this time, Leo; but next time this happens don't let it occur.

* * *

Here we have gone this far, and James Braddock, who lives in Uskafee, Hawaii, Hawaiian Islands, cannot catch one bit of the subtle humor. Nothing like being broad in matters such as this. L. U. MAGAZINE, we have it on good authority, goes all over the world. So here's one for all.

ODE TO A SWALLOW.

Hail to thee, bright spirit,
 Water, thou never wert!
 Who, at the bar or near it,
 Reaches right to my heart—
 Thou profuse dregs of his *
 unpremeditated art.

* The Barkeepers'.

We propose to print them if they're good ones!
Mr. Walter M. Harks, the redoubtable Soph wittist, sends in a few:

An Epitaph.

Here, under this sod, lies a brave Irish lad,
Who followed the fireman's dangerous route;
In the course of his lifetime he never was bad,
But he came to a fire he could not put out.

And if you don't mind:

A SONNET. ON THE WEEKLY CLASS* EXERCISE.

In vain I strive to court the heavenly Muse,—
To form my wandering thoughts in words sublime,—
Or e'en to cause the stubborn words to rime
When steadfastly the horrid things refuse.
My Webster then from off the shelf I choose,
And waste two hours or more of precious time
Selecting words; it almost seems a crime
To do things thus. But patience has its dues;—
The finished product of my pen is verse
Which poets would call aught but poetry;
Had they the say, the Pome would go the route
Of doggerel so barren and much worse
Than that which I've composed. And now, you see,
I'm going to quit before they put me out.

*Word "Class" happily interposed.

* * *

The bride was an orphan; she had no parent, no guardian. There was
no one to give her away; so she had to go and give herself away.
Come Rudolph, and iron the apple seeds.

* * *

"Whatever goes up must come down,"
Quote a physicist one day,
"Gravity says that this is so,
And its law must have the way."
"Oh no, I am sure that you are wrong,"
His wifey told the swain;
"The cost of living went up long ago
And never came down again!"

* * *

"I just stepped into my room and there was a man in it."
"O-o-oooh! A burglar?"
"No, myself."

* * *

CONFLICTING PROVERBS.

Silence is golden.
Money talks.

What Are We Going To Do About It?

At the precise moment that this indefinable something called *Shrapnel*, came into our hands, there were also presented to us two One-Act Plays. Now don't get mixed on the number of plays or the number of Acts. Two One Acts. That's it. Luckily we failed to inquire what they were meant for,—presentation, publication, or conflagration. Really they belonged to the latter consignment; but if you are an Editor like us, you are never supposed to do what you want. Therefore, there is nothing left but to do what you are told.

These two little bits of dramatic art are not meant for comparison or an analogy of intrinsic juxtaposition, nor, by any means, are they meant to be read by you; but they are there—well, you can't deny their presence.

The first, called "Stamps" has been written by Ernest W. (Wizard) Thiele, perhaps the most liked Senior in this College, (around Theses-Time), a very well read rascal, who knows every curve and angle in Trigonometry and one or two on the Pool Table.

The second was written by perhaps the most misunderstood Junior in this great college, who finds it very hard to combat all the fire and water that is poured upon him; who does not know what it is to laugh; but who has seen a moving picture or two before it was released. You will find his name far, far below.

At any rate, here are those Two One Act Plays.

* * *

STAMPS.

By Ernest W. Thiele.

A Tragedy in Miniature.

Place: A convenient corner of the floor in E.'s house.

Time: Period of the Great Stamp Fever.

Dramatis Personae.

E., the victim.

F., the sharper.

G., his brother.

At the opening of the action, E. is discovered, reading a stamp circular.

Enter F. and G.

F. Lo.

E. Lo.—Did your stamps come?

F. Uh-huh.

G. Some good approvals. I got a Jamaica waterfall.

E. Cheap? Lessee 'em.

F. (*Producing 'em*) I thought you were selling.

E. Well, I sell some, and buy some.—Pshaw, you've picked off all the good ones, I bet.

F. Course. What do you think? Say, are you keeping up the count fifty scheme?

E. Yeh; here's my album. Want to try—

Voice. (*Within*) E.! What's the matter with you? Didn't you hear me call?

E. Shucks! Just a minute.

(*Exit E.*)

G. What's the count fifty plan?

F. Oh, you pay him a cent, and open the book. Then they count fifty from there, and you get that one.

G. I'm gonna try it.

F. I'm first! Wish I could get his Samoa.

G. The fifty center?

F. Uh-huh. (*Abstractedly*) Where would I have to be? (*Opens album*) Here she is. One, two, three, four, five * * * (*His voice sinks to a murmur, as he counts backward, turning the pages.*) Lessee, Mexico. I'll just put this little slip in. He'll never see it.

G. That's cheating! Not fair!

F. Shut up!

Enter E.

E. All right. You ready to pay your cent?

F. Here. (*Throwing it*) Let's have the book. (*He opens it, and the two count.*)

E. Oh, I hope it don't hit my Samoa! It will, pretty near.

F. Sh-h. Forty, forty-one * * * Fifty 'Tis, 'tis!

E. Here, count again.

F. All right; this is where we began.—Mexico. Remember?

E. Yeh. (*They count carefully*) Shucks, that's awful luck. My best stamp!

F. You took the risk.

G. It's no fair! He's cheatin'.

E. He—

F. (*Chanting*) Shut up! Shut up! Shut up! Shut up! * * *

G. I saw him—

E. What?

F. I'll hit you; I'll hurt yuh! I will! Shut up!

E. No, he won't. What is it?

G. (*Rapidly*) He counted, and put a piece of paper in the place.—It's not fair; I wanted a chance at it myself! Oh—

(*F. dashes at him, but is faced by E.*)

E. You give that back; you give it back! F., I won't stand it. Give it to me! Where is it?

(*A lively struggle ensues.*)

G. There it goes! Look out, look out!

(*The combatants pause, just in time to hear him add*)

Down the register! It's gone!

E. What!

G. I saw it go down.

F. No! (*Scarching his clothes*) It's gone!

G. It'll be burnt up.

E. There's no fire.

(*F. pulls up the register, and all peer earnestly down it.*)

E. It's gone. It was a fifty cent-er.

F. 'Twasn't yours, anyhow.

E. You're a cheater!

F. I'm going home; I won't talk to a fellow like you.—G., I'll get you for this!

G. Ketch me!

(*He has been standing with his head just inside the door. He now vanishes, slamming it.*)

F. Where's my cap? I'm goin'.

(*E. preserving a dignified silence, F. goes out.*)

E. Well, I've got his cent, anyway.

(*Curtain.*)

* * *

Please do not stamp your feet on the way out. This little production has the stamp of a great play on it.

Try to carry yourself back to the Great Stamp Fever Period; but don't ask us why. Mr. Thiele has handled his subject in an admirable manner. He has got in first licks, as it were, on those stamps. Seeing how you are so thoroughly carried away by this first little drama, we ought not to give our own version of how a One Act Play should be written, but "owing to circumstances over which we have no control," we find that we must do it to fill up the necessary amount of space. So here is the Second of those Two One Act Plays, and we sincerely trust it won't bother you so much as the First One of those Two One Act Plays.

* * *

JOKE AFTER JOKE.

By James Mangano.

A Play.

(On Words.)

ACT I—Scene 1.

Place: The Ship of Columbus.

Time: 1492.

Discovered at Rise—America.

Sailor—Captain, we cannot go on much further. The ship is falling to pieces and all the wood is decaying.

Columbus—What rot! I don't believe it; you sailors are handling this ship in a rotten manner.

Sail.—Another of our sailors died this morning. He was called away as he sat at the steering wheel.

Col.—Hah! Probably he was sitting in at the finish.

Sail.—Something has to be done in a hurry or you will have a mutiny on your hands. Come down with me to the hold and see the open dissatisfaction of your men.

Col.—No, I will see America first.

(*Land comes in sight. Curtain.*)

N. B. Please don't mind the disconnection between scenes.

Act I—Scene 2.

Place: Park. Enter Tightface Pete and Squalltop Jack, two tramps.

Pete—This is a fine day.

Jack—Oh, I've seen better days!

Pete—Don't doubt it in the least; you look like you have.

Jack—I guess you're right. All the light has gone out of my life; I am bereft of everything I once loved. I think I ought to kill myself.

Pete—Why don't you?

Jack—No gun.

(*Pete stands up on his toes and spins around on them as on a pivot.*)

Jack—What is that for?

Pete—I am a revolver now. Why don't you shoot yourself?

Jack—I think you are the one that ought to be shot.

Pete—You remind me of Jack Johnson.

Jack—(*I suppose this is another one.*) Why do I remind you of Jack Johnson?

Pete—Always looking on the dark side of things.

Jack—Speaking of negroes, I feel like their martyr, Lincoln.

Pete—How's that?

Jack—I'm dying for a smoke.

Pete—Why not speak a few burning words. Where there's fire there's smoke.

Jack—Oh, oh, the cruelty of this world! Everything's against me, everything has always been against me. I am a shell of a man, the mere husk of my former self.

Pete—You don't look a bit husky to me.

Jack—That's just it. I am weak, sickly, cast aside, too far gone to be even worth saving. I am like a broken down mule, tied up and fettered when his work is done. Yes, I am only an old tied-up mule.

Pete—Well, if that's the case, you have no kick coming.

Jack—What is that I see coming down the path?

Pete—It is an officer, and loafing is forbidden in this park.

Jack—For months, I haven't even seen a bread loaf, but I think we better be moving.

Pete—Let's.

(They move. Curtain.)

No, they don't move curtain. We saw it before you!

Act I—Scene 3.

Place: Drawing room. Discover Oscar and Henrietta discussing modern literature.

Henrietta—What do you think of Carolyn Wells?

Oscar—I think they are almost as good as Hot Springs for a bad case of rheumatism.

Hen.—Do you enjoy Clinton Scollord?

Os.—He sure is a fine scholar.

Hen.—London's stories are so tragic!

Os.—Yes, the British tone is so sad!

Hen.—Do you like Virginia Terhune van de Water?

Os.—Never tried that brand in all my life.

Hen.—Oscar, I fear that you do not know what you are talking about.

Os.—Let us hope the feeling is mutual.

Hen.—Oscar, if you loved me you would not say such things.

Os.—On the contrary, I do love you and I am not afraid to say it. Will you be mine, Henrietta?

Hen.—Oh Oscar!

(She wavers. He clasps her in his arms.)

Hen.—A scene like this will gain nothing for the author, poor chap!

Os.—What author?

Hen.—The fellow who is writing this stuff.

Os.—Oh, don't mind him! His professor is always looking for grasping situations.

(Curtain.)

Act I—Scene 4.

Place: Street. Enter George and Harry, two friends.

George—The stuff is off! Father and I have split.

Harry. Fifty-fifty?

Geo.—No, hundred—zero. We had words together.

Har.—What was the cause?

Geo.—On account of my dyspepsia I haven't eaten for a month. He said that I was leading a fast life. I told him my allowance was only nominal.

Har.—What did he say?

Geo.—He said that it was phe-nomenal.

Har.—What of your bank account? Surely you can bank on it.

Geo.—Oh, that's of no account at all. I am going to do something rash.

Har.—What is it, the gas or river?

Geo.—Neither. I am going to get married and settle down.

(Curtain.)

(That curtain ought to be almost worn out.)

So, we think that it is about time that we used that curtain.

Act I—Scene 5.

(Gerald and Eulalia, the newlyweds, furnishing their new home.)

Gerald—Dearie, things are almost fixed up. Now all that we have to do is to put up the curtains.

Eulalia—Yes, yes, you're right.

(They set to work on all the windows.)

Ger.—This reminds me of the beach.

Eu.—How's that, Ger.?

Ger.—We are getting along swimmingly.

Eu.—Yes, they are almost all up. Let's hurry.

(Pause.)

Eu.—Where is the curtain for this bay window? Oh, oh!

Ger.—Oh, oh.

Eu.—Oh, Oh! It is missing!

Ger.—Gone, gone!

Eu.—I feel sure that I bought a curtain for this bay window. Oh, oh!

Ger.—Oh, oh!

Eu.—What shall we do?

Ger.—We simply have to have a curtain for this window. Dearest, why didn't you buy one for it?

Eu.—Boo hoo, I am going to cry! Stop scolding me, Gerald!

Ger.—Boo hoo, also. Have I hurt 'our tootsy wootsy's feelings?

Eu.—Yes, yes. Boo, hoo!

Ger.—Boo hoo!

(The old reliable curtain here begins to roll down.)

Eu.—*(Looking up and seeing it)*—Oh, a curtain!

Ger.—A curtain!

(They rush over and grasp it.)

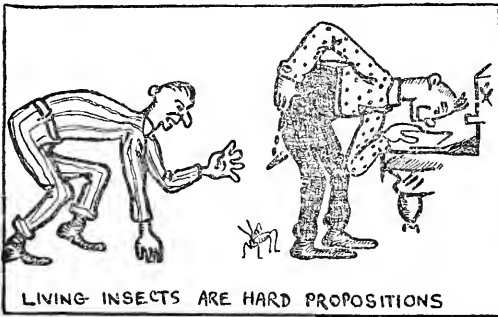
Ger.—Just the thing!

Eu.—Such fine asbestos, too!

(Curtain. Same old curtain.)

We are quite pleased to tell you that we have added to our wonderful staff (editorial) an artist who can draw. His name is none other than Mr. Larry H. Barry, Larry Harry Barry, who, in spite of being a Freshman, has several things to recommend him. This great pen artist has agreed to work for *Shrapnel* this year, and we think we ought to work him.

Below are a few sketches of his.



OWING TO THE BIOLOGY CLASS THERE ARE MORE CUT-UPS NOW THAN EVER BEFORE

As regards the foregoing we would like to get him to work on the philosophy class. As regards the following we want to inquire if he ever frequents (not getting personal) the lunchroom. Cuisine Excellent, but never have cuisine Pechous, spilling or even carrying milk in that quaint place. And now, when he pulls down a big league salary—but, at any rate, one cannot but admit the likeness.

THAT LUNCHROOM.

We enter: and our looks are never wry,

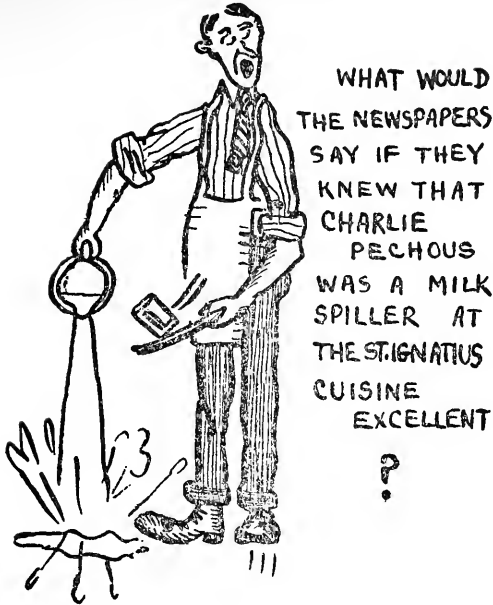
Although we're sure that we will get va-riety.

Into our viands' lives we often pry;

But this we do without great impro-priety.

And finally when we come upon the pie,

We all believe it is the height of piety.



Speaking of the lunchroom, we cannot refrain from printing this. No one can justly say that it does not make pleasant reading.

LINES WRITTEN INSIDE A PATROL WAGON.

Dejected on mine leathern seat,
I rest with back straight, stiff and sore;
I don't know where to put my feet,
Because they are so near the floor!
Mine head against the roof doth bump
And tiresomely bends o'er in shame.
The rattling wheels cry out, "You chump,
You chump,
That cop who pulled you in was lame!"

The heaving runway heaves toward me,
The arch-like beams bend down from high,
And the panes of glass begrudgingly
Let in but little of the sky.
The driver through the loop hole round
Sways merrily from side to side.
I cheer myself with, "Well, I've found,
I've found
The reckless thrill of such a ride!"

On every hand brave bluecoats bold
 Sit watching me—relentless hawks!
 Their prisoner is in their hold;
 They're here to choke him if he talks!
 For a moment now I fear to think,
 I hesitate to meet their eyes;
 I even am afraid to wink,
 To wink
 At their immensity of size.

Sensations of sensations! Oh,
 The thrill to ride in a real patrol,
 To feel the desperate springs below,
 To hear the trundling wheels' gay roll.
 For well I know and realize
 But I don't say I like my rôle,
 That soon the judge will have my roll,
 My roll!—
 So I must cease to rhapsodize.

* * *

By the way, we hope you have not forgotten the first joke of the year.
 On September, the Eleventh, J. R. Hanrahan said:
 "I like Philosophy."

Editor to Author—Puns are so cheap!

Author—I knew that all along from the way you pay for them.

* * *

DEEP.

"The Germans have begun to dispute England's sea supremacy and are attacking the ocean."

"I don't see why the ocean should need assaulting."

N. B. For tired or overworked brains: "assaulting" equals "a salting."

We are hoping very much that you will not be displeased at the amount of poetry, or rather verse, that we are trying to crowd into this issue of *Shrapnel*. It seems that our contributors are all metrically inclined, and they cannot bring themselves to write anything in plain everyday prose. Take for instance Mr. Thomas Edward Carey, of Freshman. He has handed us a poem, which could or could not have been written. But it just was wrote, and by he, too. So.

A Freshman's Wish.

By Thomas E. Carey, A. B., '19.

I come to school most every day
 To get some needed schooling;
 But though I need it very much,
 I think it is quite foolish.
 I know enough to get along—
 That thing is very open;
 So I don't see why I must come,
 I don't see why I'm goin'.

I heard a fellah say of me,
 "I know he is a Freshman."
 And when some guy ast how he knew,
 He said, "I simply guessed him!"
 I wisht I was in Sophomore,
 I wisht I was in Junior,
 And onct I even dared to hope,
 To wish I was in Senior.

Such a well-rimed poem could not be kept unpublished, that's certain!
 We have here before us two French compositions, one a couplet and
 the other a quadruped, which should appeal to you:

No. 1, by Ladislaus Muszynski, Junior.*

Six fois un font six,
 Cinq fois deux font dix.

*We wish to note that the author is not "L. M.," Jr., but L. M., Junior
 Year.

No. 2, by Murray Sims, Soph.

Je suis un homme, (?)
 J' ai le chien;
 Et j' ai une pomme
 Qui est la mienne.

* * *

THE TRAGEDY OF MYRA AND THE PILLS.

Walter M. Harks, A. B., '18.

Said Doctor Kills to Mrs. Mills:
 "If you would keep your daughter
 Free from ills, then take these pills
 And give her them with water.

And I can say they take away,
 From elephants to weasels,
 In half a day, as well they may,
 Both stomach-ache and measles."

She took the Doc's two-dollar box,
 And fed it to her daughter,
 Whose chicken pox were large as rocks
 Projecting o'er the water.

"O Doctor Kills!" said Mrs. Mills,
 "If this box does not cure her?"
 "Then, Mrs. Mills, procure more pills."
 'Twas thus he did assure her.

The second box won't cure the pox.
 The first they fed au gratin;
 The second box is one that locks,
 And it is lined with satin.

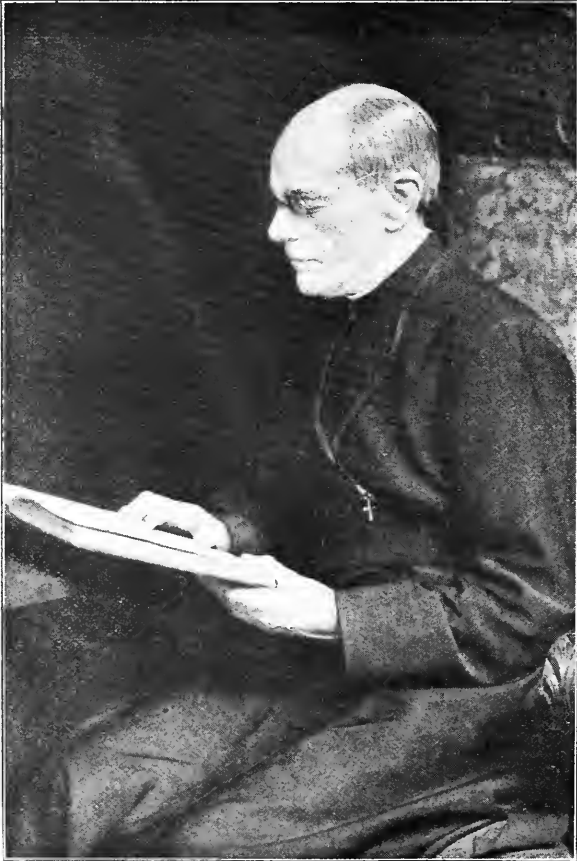
This really ought to be enough for the present. If *Shrapnel* does not come up to its usual standard in your estimation, we shall have to ask you to excuse us this time and to wait for the next issue before passing final judgment on us as an Editor. We have told you before how it came into our hands, and that ought to be enough to explain any discrepancies or platitudes that may come under your eagle eyes. We know that you are hard to please, that you want the very best there is in this (the humorous) line. In other words, we have to humor you.

We propose, during the coming year, to put *Shrapnel* into its own, to give it sufficient publicity, and as must be expected, notoriety. We intend to enlarge our staff so that it may be possible for each student (?) in the College to say something upon its pages. We will see that everybody gets his show, and we intend to edit, and only edit, *Shrapnel* in the future. We shall be continually on the lookout for the real humorist and we shall always be *qui vive* to snap him up. So, if you want to be eaten, be funny.

As for us, we have said enough.

JAMES T. MANGAN, A. B., '17





REV. CHARLES COPPENS, S. J.

University Chronicle

One of the changes in administration which the summer brought was the appointment of Father John B. Furay, of St. Ignatius College, Cleveland, as president of Loyola University. Father Furay's appointment was not made until just before the opening of the school term, on August twenty-sixth. The appointment came from Very Reverend Wlodimir Ledochowski, Father General of the Order, and was received by Father Furay from Reverend Father Burrowes, the Provincial of the Missouri Province. Father Furay succeeds Reverend John L. Mathery, President of the University for the last three years. Father Mathery has been called to direct the Novitiate of the Order at Florissant, Mo.

Father Furay was born in Omaha, Neb., in 1873. As a scholastic, Father Furay taught at St. Ignatius College in Chicago from 1898 to 1902. Hence he was not unacquainted with the school. For the last five years, however, he has been President of St. Ignatius College, Cleveland. His experience and special training are expected to be of much value in the administration and strengthening of Loyola. Under his direction, we may confidently expect the University to prosper and progress as it has under his two predecessors, Father Burrowes, who chartered Loyola in 1909, and Father Mathery, who has just retired from the Presidency.

During the as yet brief period of his office, Father Furay has been extremely busy in familiarizing himself with the many duties of his position, and in getting acquainted with the various Departments. He has announced that he will not undertake any important changes in either the curricula or management of the University at present.

When interviewed, Father Furay had very little to say in regard to his future policy concerning the University as a whole except that he did not contemplate broadening any of the already existing Departments, but intended rather to concentrate upon the individual Departments and thus better the University in general.

"For the students, I have no message other than to advise thoroughness in all branches and activities. The time spent in College or the professional school is necessarily brief, but it is long enough to acquire life-long habits. The student whose efficiency is low in the classroom, who is accustomed to using only a portion of his ability, will find that when he is out in the world and subject to the rigorous demands of modern life he will not be able to exert his abilities to their full extent, and that his efficiency will fall far short of the needed one hundred per cent, because he has not accustomed himself to habits of industry and concentration while at school. Thoroughness, then, is needed; thoroughness and concentration, bringing into play our full powers, not alone in study, but in all our actions and habits of life."

Father Furay has pronounced himself in favor of Athletics, and has promised to do all in his power to further Athletics. He said he

could not, however, promise a resumption of the University teams until he should more thoroughly understand the conditions of the individual Departments, and see what could be done to lessen the difficulties of carrying on University Athletics without causing the students participating to suffer in their work.

LEO E. MCGIVENA, A. B., '16

ARTS AND SCIENCES

"He sang of God, the mighty source
Of all things."—*Smart*.

Father Coppens' Jubilee.

The Priesthood has ever been regarded as the highest earthly calling. That vocation which prompts a man to relinquish all temporal ambitions, to forsake family, friends, familiar surroundings, and even his fatherland, to persevere among people less fortunate in spiritual matters, compels the highest esteem.

But the lives of some priests are devoted to a two-fold purpose: the care of the soul—religion; and the training of the mind—education. Thus it is with the Jesuits; thus it is with Father Coppens.

On Wednesday, September twenty-ninth, this venerable priest celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination. Among the secular clergy this is uncommon enough; in the Society of Jesus, it is extremely rare. The Jesuit priest is seldom ordained before he is thirty years of age, a fact which only emphasizes the more the unusualness of such an occasion.

On that momentous day a Solemn High Mass at which the entire student body attended, was celebrated by Father Coppens in the Upper Church. Later, in the College Hall, he was the guest of honor at a reception given him by the Faculty and students. Addresses were made by Ignatius Walsh, Cyril Tierney, and Daniel Gallery. A poem, written especially for the Jubilee, was read by Ernest Thiele. The Academy Choir and the College Orchestra furnished the music. Father Furay, the Rector, on behalf of the Faculty, tendered congratulations and then introduced Father Coppens.

Amid deafening applause he arose and expressed his thankfulness for the kindness and appreciation shown him.

"This is the happiest day of my life!" he said, and his face gave evidence of the sincerity of his words.

Father Coppens then gave some timely advice, and recounted some interesting incidents of his long and eventful life.

Father Coppens was born on May the twenty-fourth, 1835, at Turnhout, Belgium. He studied the classics at the Jesuit College there. When the celebrated Jesuit missionary, Father P. J. De Smet, called for workers to go to America, Charles Coppens volunteered, though he greatly lacked the health and robustness requisite for a missionary.

After his arrival he was sent to the Novitiate of St. Stanislaus at Florissant, Missouri. Later he studied Philosophy at St. Louis University and completed his Theology at Fordham College, New York. For many years he taught Latin, Greek, and Rhetoric at various schools in the Province.

He has been Professor of Philosophy for a number of years, and was at one time President of St. Mary's College, Kansas. Of late years he has

been occupied in teaching French, History of Philosophy, and Christian Doctrine at St. Ignatius College, Chicago.

In addition to his busy life as a teacher, he has found time to write many text-books on Rhetoric, Philosophy and Oratory, besides contributions to the Catholic Encyclopedia and numerous periodicals. He has at the present time the satisfaction of teaching History of Philosophy from his own text-book on the subject.

Father Coppens seems quite unaffected by the unusual honor which he has attained. He received his congratulations and well wishes with the calmness and serenity which has marked all his undertakings and achievements. He still goes about his teaching, writing and lecturing, as though nothing remarkable had happened. He took praise, as he took everything else—as part of his lot, and now that his Jubilee is over he resumes his strenuous labors. But he has with him the hope and good wishes of hundreds of friends for his future success and many years more of service and accomplishment.

EDWARD J. DUFFY, A. B., '17

Registration. St. Ignatius has an unusually large number of students this year. Thus far 628 students have registered, 538 in the Academy and 90 in the College Department. Of these about 250 are new students.

Faculty Changes.

The vacation just passed witnessed some changes in the personnel of the Faculty. Fr. Mathery, for many years President of Loyola University, was appointed Rector of the Jesuit Novitiate at Florissant, Missouri; and Fr. John B. Furay, former President of St. Ignatius College, Cleveland, succeeded him. Fr. Robert F. Spirig came from St. Mary's College to take up the position of Minister, left vacant by the transfer of Fr. Martin, who, along with Fr. Senn, was sent to Cincinnati.

The College Club.

On Monday, October tenth, the semi-annual election of the officers of the College Club was held in the College Club. The results were as follows:

President—Joseph Shortall.
 Vice-President—Ignatius Walsh.
 Recording Secretary—John Fitzgerald.
 Financial Secretary—Leo McGivena.
 Treasurer—Sinon Walsh.

The first regular meeting was held a week later. Fr. Furay, the Rector, spoke to the Club members and wished them a very successful year.

Plans are under way for a number of public entertainments. Having proved "its right to live" among the other societies of the University, the Club will try to become a real, live factor in College life.

Students' Library.

The addition of nearly four hundred new books taxes the capacity of the library for space. Contest for the best suggestion as to where to put books that will be added is in order.

Circulation for the first month of school shows the average number of books drawn daily to have been 68. At present, the daily average is 94.

Donations of books and magazines have been received from Edward Gilmore and James S. O'Donnell of the Academy.

The most popular book continues to be Homer Greene's *Pickett's Gap*. Books on the theory of poetry and volumes of speeches are the favorites of the College students. There is likewise a great demand for the English classics for Reports of Home-reading.

The Jeanne d'Arc Club. For a five-year-old organization composed of a few students the Jeanne d'Arc Club has acquired a reputation and influence wider far than its founder ever dreamed of. Its endeavors to portray and present Catholic ideals in a graphic and impressive manner have met with a degree of appreciation and patronage that are an inspiration to still greater activities. Two articles in *America* several months ago, which gave an account of the plan and purpose of this students' lecture bureau, attracted widespread attention and brought many letters of inquiry. The October number of *The Columbiad* contained a notice of the lecture on Columbus which has aroused the interest of the Knights in many parts of the country. As a result, arrangements have already been made for Mr. Fitzgerald to give the Columbus lecture to all the councils of the Knights of Columbus in Wisconsin.

The lecture on The Little Flower is increasing rather than waning in popularity. The College Hall was not large enough to accommodate the number of Sisters with their pupils who came for the two complimentary presentations at the end of September. The same week nearly a thousand people heard this lecture in the parish hall of Our Lady of Sorrows. At the end of October Mr. Hayes will go to Minneapolis to give this lecture and the one on Jeanne d'Arc twice each. On the return trip he will deliver both at Sinsinawa.

The number of illustrations for the Jeanne d'Arc lecture have been increased to one hundred and thirty and the text amended accordingly. Messrs. Ignatius Walsh and Sinon Walsh are the new lecturers who will tell this tragic story in the future.

Lourdes is the world's greatest shrine. The important and unique place it holds in the religious world today calls for the most perfect presentation possible. For this reason the whole lecture on Lourdes is being recast and the views increased to one hundred and twenty-five. "The Pilgrimage to Lourdes in Spirit" will hereafter be conducted by Messrs. Edward Colnon and Robert Poynton.

The director of the Club is busy gathering material for several new lectures. The one on "Father Marquette, The Ideal Blackrobe," will be ready for presentation in the near future. It will be a companion lecture to "Columbus," and will be presented by the same brilliant lecturer, Mr. James Fitzgerald.

Science Classes. After much consideration and debate, as to which was the preferred science, Biology was taken up by thirty-six Sophomores and Freshmen. Fr. Calhoun, assisted by Brother Maes, is in charge of the course.

The first trip was made to the Desplaines River and many of the members of Orthoptera, Ophidia, Hymenoptera, Archnidas and Lepidoptera classes were captured by design and accident.

On October nineteenth, the hunting grounds were transferred to La Grange, where the knapsacks of the venatores were filled with material that will supply the dissecting table for weeks to come.

A toothsome supper of coffee, sandwiches and doughnuts, was partaken of on the grounds of the Sisters of Nazareth. Rumor has it that some members left with pockets bulging, whether with bugs or eats it is not known. "Bugs always are interesting."

Athletics. Football was given up this year because of the inability to get a sufficient number of heavy men to try out for the team, and the lack of a suitable place to practice.

A good basket-ball team is looked forward to, and, as in past years, our team promises to be in the lead, since many of last year's stars are still with us.

GEORGE KILGORE, A. B., '18

The Orchestra. At the first regular rehearsal of the University Orchestra, Father McGeary discovered that the past year has left our ranks rather depleted. We earnestly urge all loyal students of the College to aid us in continuing this organization, which has always proved a pleasantly anticipated feature of our college functions.

The Press. Cessation of school work does not mean inactivity for the Press. In fact, summer brings with it heavy work, for it is then that most of the numerous catalogues are printed. Since the last issue of the MAGAZINE, the Press has printed catalogues for St. Ignatius Academy, Loyola Academy, the College of Pharmacy, and the College of Engineering, as well as the general University Catalogue.

Besides this, since June fifteenth two hundred jobs have been handled in the Press Room—jobs of all sorts and sizes. Some of them deserve special mention. Those who have seen the fine book of views showing the athletic activities of Compton College, and *The Soph*, the class book of the Sophomores of St. Louis University, have envied those institutions, and wondered that the place that produces them has none of its own.

Father Cassilly's booklet, *Shall I Be a Daily Communicant*, is now in its third edition, printed during the summer. This little work has received very favorable notice from many reviewers, and from people in all stations of life, from college students to His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons.

As the worth of the numerous Press publications becomes more widely known, the stream of mail orders that pours in is constantly increasing. It is now a rare day that does not see a goodly number of bundles go by mail or express to different parts of the United States, from Connecticut to California.

Besides the regular job-work, and the printing of the MAGAZINE, the Press will shortly publish *The Dream of the Soldier Saint*. This work is by Leo H. Mullaney, S. J., and deals with the early life of St. Ignatius, particularly with the development of his vocation. Competent critics say it is a fine piece of work, both from a literary and a religious viewpoint. The publication of other works, also, is contemplated, among them a series of English texts. But the usefulness of the Press is strictly limited by its equipment; so until the generosity of a donor makes possible the purchase of a linotype machine, the possibilities of the Press cannot be fully developed.

ERNEST W. THIELE, A. B., '16

The Sodality. The Senior students were pleased to hear that their former Director, Rev. Father Magevney, was again appointed to conduct their Sodality. At the election on September twentieth, John Peterson was elected Prefect; James Molloy, First Assistant,

and Joseph Shortall, Second Assistant. The remaining officers were appointed later: Secretary, James Hanrahan; Treasurer, Eugene Zahringer; Consultants, Joseph Kerwin, James Mangan, John Pollard, and Robert Poynton; Sacristans, James Larkin, Edward Molloy, Daniel Cunningham, and Walter Quigley.

The society shows a marked increase in membership this year, owing to the fact that the entire Freshman class has been admitted to membership. It is well that such is the case because the Sodality represents so much to the student body, and is certain to leave lasting influence upon those who in their College days had the good fortune to be members. There is no doubt but that the instructive and beautiful sermons delivered by the Reverend Director have been largely instrumental in attracting so many of the students to the special favors and benefits to be derived from membership. Among the new students are a few on probation who will be enrolled as members of the Sodality in the near future.

ROBERT A. POYNTON, A. B., '19

**Loyola
Oratorical
Association.**

The College reading room is once more the scene of arguments, heated, thoughtful, and clever. At this, the outset, there is promise of many an animated discussion and strong oratorical effort. Father Magevney is still our President and Moderator and he hopes with the cooperation of the members to make this a banner year. Elections for the first semester placed the following members in office.

Vice-President.....	Leo E. McGivena, '16
Recording Secretary.....	Sinon J. Walsh, '18
Corresponding Secretary.....	Ignatius P. Walsh, '17
Treasurer.....	Francis J. Maresh, '17
Censor.....	Ernest A. Beauvais, '17
Censor.....	John G. Peterson, '16

Messrs. E. Reynolds (Chairman), E. Duffy and J. Pollard comprise the Committee on Debates.

On September twenty-second, Messrs. Shortall and Reynolds argued for the Abolition of Capital Punishment. In spite of the strong opposition by Messrs. Conron and Beauvais, the decision went to the affirmative.

At the meeting on October eighth, An Embargo on the Exportation of Arms and Ammunition, was advocated by Messrs. C. Murphy and E. Thiele and opposed by Messrs. L. McGivena and I. Walsh. This was an excellent debate. The negative won the decision.

Steps have been taken whereby the Association hopes to increase the number of its public functions. A committee for this purpose has been appointed to secure debates with other Colleges.

SINON J. WALSH, A. B., '18

LAW

The Department of Law reopened on Monday, September thirteenth, 1915, with a total enrollment of one hundred and eight students; of this number there are thirty-one Seniors, thirty-six Juniors, and forty-one Freshmen.

The faculty and students express to George F. Muldner of the Senior

Class, whose wife departed this life shortly before the commencement of the school year, their heartfelt sympathy in his bereavement.

Arnold D. McMahon, Secretary of the law faculty, journeyed to Porto Rico on his vacation this summer, visiting New York City enroute.

Jim McCann, '15, has opened an office for the general practise of law in Room 721, Harris Trust Bldg.

Joe Edward, '15, has also hung out his shingle. He is located in the State Building, Randolph and Fifth Avenue, Room 1100.

Bill Bowe, '15, is practising in the office of his brother, Augustine J. Bowe, 1137 Unity Bldg.

Danny Colgan, '15, has broken into the game also, being associated with the law firm of Le Bosky & Levine, 820-24 Unity Bldg.

Leo Sebastian, '15, is the proud father of a baby boy. According to "Sabby" he is going to be "some scrapper." Must take after his dad.

The following men who were graduated last year were successful in the Illinois State Bar Examination: Messrs. J. Stanley Bahm, William J. Bowe, Daniel J. Colgan, Leo L. Donahoe, E. J. Dunlavy, John A. Dwan, J. F. Elward, Robert E. Graham, Norman Green, Leo Harkins, Sylvester E. Holden, Robert D. Lynch, John C. Malloy, Edwin F. Meister, James R. S. McCann, Thomas McTaggart, William C. McTaggart, Leo A. Ryan, Augustine L. Schaf, Leo H. Sebastian, Eugene T. Sullivan, George D. Sullivan, Emmet Trainor, J. Edward Twomey, Alonzo E. Ulrich, Walter A. Wade, and Martin M. Ward.

The attainment of their primary goal, admission to the bar, was the direct result of excellent instruction from a highly competent faculty, and hard work, painstaking effort, and close application on the part of the students themselves, during their three years at Loyola. It is our firm belief that this excellent showing of the Class of '15, presages greater accomplishments by its members in the future. They are winners. We who follow congratulate them.

*The man who wins is the man who hears
The curse of the envious in his ears;
But who goes his way with his head held high
And passes the wrecks of the failures by—
He is the man who wins!*

WILLIAM F. WAUGH, LL. B., '16

Senior Class

The Senior Class reorganized at a business meeting held shortly after the beginning of the school year. All the officers were reelected as follows: President, M. R. Killgallon; Vice-President, E. J. Quinn; Treasurer, F. H. Hurley; Secretary, A. V. Conners; Scribe, W. F. Waugh, and Sergeant-at-Arms, G. F. Muldner. The Executive Committee appointed by the President, includes Messrs. Byrne, Conners, and Waugh.

To the roll of the class of this year have been added the names of P. F. B. Koenig and A. H. Quinn.

The Law Department was honored, one evening last week, by a visit from the Rev. John B. Furay, S. J., President of the University. Father

Furay gave a short talk to the members of the Senior class, and before leaving renewed several acquaintances among former St. Ignatius students.

Under the able guidance of Mr. William McMahon, we are making rapid progress in the law of private corporations.

Twice a week we are being treated to a realization of just how much we have slept through, etc., during the past two years. By comparison, Prof. McMahon makes the world-famous Capt. Peary look like the veriest of amateurs, when he starts out to discover flaws in our "legal veneer."

George Featherstone, returning to Loyola minus the hirsute appendage which formerly adorned his upper lip, was threatened with obscurity, for a time, and spent, unrecognized, a full hour in the midst of his former classmates, until rescued from his embarrassing predicament by the arrival of that illustrious scholar and gentleman, J. Perry Quinlan. Mr. Quinlan, after satisfying himself as to the identity of the apparent "stranger within the gates," thereupon presented him to the other members as "the same Mr. Featherstone who was with us last year." We might add, however, that notwithstanding Perry's unquestionable reputation for veracity, and his positive assurances as to the results of his personal investigation, there were several "doubting Thomases" for whose satisfaction additional proof was required.

One of our number, who for business reasons does not wish his name to appear herein, has lately taken unto himself a wife. We extend to him our heart-felt congratulations.

To Ambrose V. Conners, the class extends its heartiest congratulations on the recent event which made him the proud father of a nine-pound boy. According to the best authority obtainable, the P. F. himself, we venture to say that the Newlyweds' Snookums, of comic supplement fame, never, in the heyday of his career had anything on the future lawyer and statesman, Robert Vaughan Conners.

Prof. Daly in his recent lecture on the "Use of the Law Library," was understood to say that the proposed work of B—r on Real Property had not as yet gone to press. Basing our opinion, as we must necessarily do, upon past performances, we venture to prophesy that the aforementioned work will be the text of a future generation, and that the royalties will go to fill the coffers of a succeeding generation as yet unborn.

"Pompadour" Paul Hassell returned to Loyola, a living example of the art of the "Grayville leading tonsorialist" (a la Police Gazette). It has been rumored that this manipulator of the comb and scissors, formerly plied his trade in Joliet. Upon closer observation of Paul's "crowning glory" we are inclined to believe that the rumor is not without foundation. In fact we would venture to say that the aforesaid "trimmer" probably did hail from the city on the canal, and that while a resident thereof was known by number instead of by name, such as 41144 for instance.

The first social meeting of the Equity Club was held Thursday evening, October fourteenth, at the Boston Oyster House. President Killgallon presided. Short speeches were made by all members present and plans for the conduct of the Club's affairs were formulated. P. F. B. (whatever they stand for) Koenig was admitted as a member and responded to an invitation of the toastmaster with a snappy little talk, in which he dwelt principally upon "intellectual planes." We don't know just how far we have to go, but when

we attain the height which will enable us to raise a moustache like his, we will consider the battle nearly won.

At last reports, Mike Tremko was still deliberating as to whether he would secure the passage of an act by Parliament, or make a direct appeal to the King, as a means of securing a charter for the corporation which he is about to organize. If we remember correctly, Prof. McKenna offered several suggestions at the time, such as getting "a prescription," etc.

Well-known saying (not illustrated). Ed Quinn: "Got a cigarette?" Them's harsh words, Ed. It is rumored that he smokes nothing but complimentaries. We might add that we've often wondered why, when he "fishes for comps," he always picks on us.

Prof. Mulligan in his lectures on Practice and Procedure, has forcefully brought to our attention the necessity of being able to so harmonize our theory with facts, that we will thereby prove able assistants to the great teacher, Experience, when she takes a hand in shaping our legal careers a few short months hence.

*Theory without practise
Is a tree without fruits,
While practise without theory
Is a tree without roots.*

*Well grounded in theory,
There is sure to be,
When experience is added,
A perfect tree.*

WILLIAM F. WAUGH, LL. B., '16

Junior Class

The Class of 1917 has rounded the first lap, and from the spirit displayed by the individual members since their entrance upon the second round, we'll all be there at the finish.

Thirty-two of us bade "adieu" to Loyola last June and thirty-two of us have returned to renew and further that acquaintance which means so much to us. Our class has received the welcome addition of four new members. To Messrs. Colnon and Cirièse, of Northwestern University, Mr. Byrne, a former Loyola student, and Mr. Ravira, friend and relative of our Porto Rican classmates, we extend our greetings and wish you success as students of Loyola.

Four new subjects are occupying our attention at present: Real Property, under Mr. Baumer, Evidence, under Mr. McIntyre, while Mr. McMahon is initiating us into the intricacies of Pleading, and under Mr. P. H. O'Donnell's guidance we'll soon be able to draw up a note that you can't find fault with.

The Arbiters held the first meeting of the new scholastic year in the Junior class room September twenty-first. The meeting was marked by the customary "Arbiter" spirit and much pleasure was had in the friendly rivalry between the candidates for the various offices for the ensuing year. Amid much noise and hot air the following officers were elected:

President.....	Robt. J. Garland
Vice-President.....	Frank Kane
Secretary.....	Lowell A. Lawson
Treasurer.....	John H. Coughlin
Sergeant-at-Arms.....	Edward Murray

This, the second year of our existence, we confidently expect will easily eclipse the undoubted success of last year. Meetings are to be held every second Thursday at one of the better class of restaurants about town and are to be made both enjoyable and beneficial by the delivery of "set" speeches by four of the members. An occasional combining of the Arbiters and the Equity Club is an innovation which promises to be well received by both organizations.

WHY WE LAUGH.

Dooley has declared himself desirous of becoming another "Big Bill." We may anticipate much excitement and many "Sunday closings" when "Bill's" ambitions have been fulfilled.

The fad has invaded Sweden, and Lawson has succumbed to the temptations of a "Big Bill" hat.

"Jawn" Coughlin can't make head or tail out of this accursed Code Pleading. Oh! How he wishes we were studying plain, ordinary, simple Common-Law Pleading!

Sheridan: "By the ten million hairs of Byrne's pompadour, I swear I'll scalp you yet, Jay Paul Healy, if you don't learn to keep the erasers away from my nose."

Mr. Blenk, Assistant Professor of Negotiable Instruments, and newly discovered "Apostle of Harmony," earnestly solicits your application to the Junior Glee Club.

ROBERT J. GARLAND, LL. B., '17

Freshman Class

That incorporeal hereditament known (in profane history) as The Freshman Class was extinguished on the evening of October 12th, by becoming merged into the superior body known as the Forum Club.

The following officers were elected:

President.....	Lambert K. Hayes
Vice-President.....	Harry G. Malone
Secretary.....	James E. Kehoe
Treasurer.....	George A. Rooney
Class Scribe.....	William U. Franey
Sergeant-at-Arms.....	John Dowdle

The President appointed the following committees:

Arrangement Committee—Messrs. Keeler, Hanley and Groves.

Entertainment Committee—Messrs. Gleason, Gardner, Glenn, Lasecki and Dunne.

The members of this organization, through this, its official publication, wish to serve notice on the world and Seniors and Juniors that the name "Forum" was not adopted because "Roman" noses were in the majority at the meeting.

Overheard after the name was adopted:

One Member (facetiously)—We will have to get togas, now!

Another Member (evidently thinking of the elements of a contract)—Whatever we do, let's get *good* cigars.

The Forum Club will meet on the third Thursday of each month. Get your orders in early for Friday's papers.

It is rumored that the Chicago morning papers are making special arrangements to outdo each other in reporting these meetings. Special writers of international fame are being engaged and several of the best known war correspondents are hastening home to "get on the job."

It is also reported that huge sums have been offered by several "movie concerns" for the film rights.

It was impossible to secure a confirmation of these rumors from the officers as they refused to be quoted in the matter.

It is hoped that the officers will "go slow" and do some "watchful waiting" in this matter. The great question is, "would it be right to put Malone's stogie in competition with Charlie Chaplin's cigar or Walter Grove's profile in juxtaposition with Francis Bushman's visage?"

Would this be Professor Tuohy's suggestion as a motto for the class, "Don't take a back seat for anybody"?

The President wishes us to give wide publicity to this statement:

"Notwithstanding many reports to the contrary, I will not announce my engagement during my first term of office."

We hope this will silence our competitors who have been selling extras purporting to contain this announcement and pictures of a certain fair one.

Only 1,035 more days before graduation!!! Do your office-furniture shopping early.

We can understand this "early closing" that attacks some students on Wednesday nights, but why on Thursdays? Is it something new in Englewood?

WILLIAM URBAN FRANNEY, LL. B., '18

MEDICINE

Senior Class

On September twenty-ninth, the Senior Class assembled for the session of the scholastic year. After some time spent in meeting old students, and renewing old acquaintances and making new ones, we were agreeably surprised by the announcements of Fr. Spalding and Dr. De Roulet regarding the new curriculum of the school.

The main objection to the former course was that the Senior Class did not have sufficient clinics. This deficiency has been entirely remedied, and we now find that we have as many clinics as it is possible for us to attend. The clinics are given at some of the largest and best hospitals in the city, under the direction of medical men who are leaders in their especial branches.

We believe that a big step has been taken towards improving the course when Dr. J. B. Murphy kindly consented to allow the Senior Class to attend his surgical clinics twice a week at the Mercy Hospital.

Everything considered, we look forward to a busy, pleasant, and well-filled year.

On September sixteenth, the Senior Class election was held. The session lasted from nine in the morning to two in the afternoon. The results were as follows:

President.....	E. J. Boyer
First Vice-President.....	Maurice W. K. Byrne
Second Vice-President.....	A. P. Milliken
Treasurer.....	J. M. McSparin
Corresponding Secretary.....	A. Keho
Assistant Corresponding Secretary.....	N. M. Sullivan
Recording Secretary.....	Francis Heda
Financial Secretary.....	L. J. Kan
First Sergeant-at-Arms.....	M. J. Chiasson
Second Sergeant-at-Arms.....	C. E. Van Slyke
Valedictorian.....	A. W. Burke
Class Poet.....	W. H. Nicholson
Class Will.....	C. W. Trowbridge
Class Historian.....	I. S. Haney
Class Salutatorian.....	R. R. Kirkpatrick
General Committeeman.....	R. M. Kelly
Executive Committeeman.....	David Omens
Financial Committeeman.....	R. W. Dailey
Entertainment Committeeman.....	C. P. Harris
Art, Wit, and Humor.....	G. C. Goodwin

To all these new officers we extend our heartiest congratulations.

The Class is enjoying a very interesting set of lectures on Psychiatry, given by Doctors Crowe and Darling.

The membership of our class has been increased somewhat since the opening of the semester. Among the new members we were pleased to find two of the fairer sex. Doctors Chalmoe, Brady and Hartman are also with us, taking a post-graduate course. To all the old and new, we extend welcome, and hope that they will find this coming year in our class pleasant and profitable.

W. J. PICKETT, M. D., '16

[At the time of going to press, the notes for the other classes in the Medical School were not in. We regret this deficiency very much, but hope to have complete notes of all the classes in every issue hereafter.—Ed.]

Pre-Medic Notes

The doors of Loyola University were opened on September twenty-ninth for another year in the field of Science. Above all were they opened for another branch of great importance, namely, the Pre-medical. We sincerely hope that the University will be as successful in this branch as it has been in the others. We all feel assured that we shall reach the goal before us, although it will require a number of hours of hard "plugging."

Our schedule was arranged with great care by Father Spalding and the members of the Faculty. The periods are linked like a chain, leading logically through the various topics to be studied. But what we feel most proud of is the well-equipped Faculty we have in the different branches.

The Pre-medics gathered on October 15th to elect their officers, guided by the well-known proverb: "In unity there is strength." The result of the election was as follows:

President, Mr. J. F. McNamara *Secretary*, Mr. E. C. Helfers
Vice-President, Mr. J. Eaton *Treasurer*, Mr. C. F. Bauske
Class Historian, Mr. R. F. Plaut

These members will hold office for one year. The class itself numbers twenty-two.

We wish all the students of the University a year of success.

E. C. HELFERS

SOCIOLOGY

The Sociological Department began its second year on Monday, October fourth, with a registration numbering upwards of one hundred and forty. The schedule of classes for the year 1915-1916 is as follows:

MONDAY AND WEDNESDAY.

MONDAY.

- 4 P. M.—Social Ethics—Rev. Frederic Siedenburg, S. J.
 5 P. M.—National Government—Philip A. Grau, LL. M., A. M.

WEDNESDAY.

- 5 P. M.—Local Government—Victor Yarros, LL. B.

TUESDAY AND THURSDAY.

TUESDAY.

- 4 P. M.—History of Social Reform—Rev. Henry Spalding, S. J.
 5 P. M.—General Sociology—Rev. Frederic Siedenburg, S. J.

THURSDAY.

- 5 P. M.—Special Sociology—Special Lecturers.

FRIDAY.

- 4 P. M.—Economics—James Fitzgerald, A. M.
 5 P. M.—Miss Rose J. McHugh, Ph. B.

The new extension courses, in which classes meet every day from 4:10 to 5:50, has drawn a large attendance to every course.

The schedule is as follows:

- Monday—History of Education—Miss Margaret Madden, A. B.
 Tuesday—Celtic History—Miss Kate Meade, B. S.
 Wednesday—Modern English Catholic Writers—James Fitzgerald, A. M.
 Thursday—Psychology—Rev. Frederic Siedenburg, S. J.
 Wednesday and Friday—Spanish—Henriquez Gil., A. B.

The list of special lectures, including the names of prominent men from all parts of the country, prepared for the current year promises even better than last year's excellent and popular series.

The regular Friday night courses have attracted about 40 students. These classes are held every Friday from 6:30 to 8:30 p. m. Rev. P. A. Mullens, S. J., has the course in Ethics; Rev. Frederic Siedenburgh, S. J., in Sociology.

The library of the school has been newly arranged according to the Dewey System by an expert librarian and many new volumes added, so that there are now at the disposal of students over one thousand books treating exclusively of sociological subjects.

A. B. CLOHESY

PHARMACY

Senior Class

We entered upon the duties of the Senior year filled with enthusiasm and an ardor to meet and overcome all obstacles. If we have been true to this intention and have not wavered or allowed lesser things to distract us, we may at the end, turn and see our part well done, and success our reward. Class success can only be the result of individual success.

The following have been elected as officers for the Senior year:

President.....	Maurice Siskel
Vice-President.....	F. H. Rexford
Secretary.....	Gustave A. Rosentreler
Treasurer.....	J. Y. Newman

Nearly all the boys came back and all seem satisfied.

Neuzil purchased a new bat and indoor ball for use on the first day; it has become well known that baseballs, bats and George are quite inseparable.

Though he still lives on Eighty-first Street, "Doc" Stegman manages to arrive at school very near 9 o'clock (sometimes).

Frank C. Haase, a Junior of 1911, is again with us this year to complete his course.

We are glad to have Dr. Von Zelinski back this year as a lecturer on *Materia Medica* instead of that "in one ear, out the other" botany of last year.

Soon we will be busily engaged in the manufacture of pills, ointments and powders (for neutral purposes only) under the guidance of Dr. Secord, who will also guide us through Volumetric Analysis.

By the way, there's some class to Cudahy Science Hall with its large corps of Pharmics, Engineers, and Pre-medics.

The Junior class is the largest in the history of the institution. Dr. Secord has been busy making the newcomers feel at home in the laboratories and lecture halls.

The popularity of the Central States College is very apparent, as is shown by the usual increase in the number of students year after year.

MAURICE SISKEL, '16

Junior Class

The downtown office opened promptly at 8:50 A. M. on September twenty-eighth, the day set for the opening of the school, and subsequently the first meeting of those who were to play and work side by

side for a term of years to fulfill their desires to accomplish their early aims in life. The day broke bright and clear after several days of rainy, cold, disagreeable weather, an omen of a bright future for us. One by one those who were to cast their lot together in the study of Pharmacy arrived, and before 9:15 the office and outer corridor were filled to overflowing. The matriculant list showed a total of fifty-six names for the Junior Class alone, a number that no preceding class has ever approached. It was arranged to convey the new class to the college by one of Chicago's newest motor buses; one of the double-deckers so frequently observed of late travelling along the North Shore. But Fate decreed that we travel by the Old Reliable method, for at 9:00 o'clock Prof. Secord learned that the machine intended for our use had been consigned to the shop for repairs. With Tursman and Nussbaum as leaders we started for the University site and arrived in three sections, the leaders arriving last. We spent a pleasant morning listening to Dr. Carter, Dr. von Zelinski and Mr. Rouse, who enlightened us in regard to the kinds of work we might expect in the future. We departed at 12:00 o'clock to return to the University building Thursday.

The intellectual make-up of the class clearly surpasses anything ever before heard of in the Pharmacy Department. This accomplishment, along with our excellent physique, makes us formidable contenders for high honors in spring.

We are now fully equipped for work in every department. Our classmates have pledged their support in our course of study to endeavor to cover a broader and greater field of work; we shall do our share to make Pharmacy even a higher and nobler profession than it is today and be guided by:

Deeper, deeper let us delve,
In the paths of knowledge,
Nature's wealth and learning's spoil,
Win from school and college.

It is said that the students of the Junior class belong to the genus "Hono".

"Instructors should have their assistants perform all experiments outside of the class room, before giving such demonstration before the class."

Prof. Wheeler in his talk stated that it took the average student about thirty days to learn how to study. We will go him one better, give him a liberal discount, and make it fifty-fifty.

DORLAND DIAMOND, '16
A. P. GRONAU, '16

ENGINEERING

A Trip to Lockport

The Chicago Sanitary District entertained the Engineers on October the fourteenth by giving them a trip down the Drainage Canal to Lockport. Our boat was the Robert R, a forty-foot gasoline launch of thirty-three tons capacity. Its motor was capable of developing ninety

horse-power and drove the vessel forward at the rate of twelve miles per hour. We started from the State Street dock at nine fifteen and arrived at Lockport, thirty miles away, shortly after noon.

The Chicago River, from the heart of the city to its limits, presented a rather gloomy and shabby appearance, and the dreary morning added to this effect. The water was covered with a coating of grease, and was full of floating debris; the banks were lined with old, smoke-stained, and delapidated buildings. Occasionally this shabby monotony was relieved by some structure whose massive beauty was made still more pronounced because it stood amongst such humble neighbors. However, two institutions stood head and shoulders above all other sights of the riverside: first, the lumber yards just east of Ashland Avenue, where block upon block is one huge wood-pile, where boards and planks and timbers of every sort are stored, and second, the McCormick Reaper Works at Western Avenue and the river, where every kind of farming implement is made.

From here on up the river and down the canal there was no scenery worthy of our attention until we neared Lemont, so most of us abandoned the deck for the warmer cabin and a round of story telling. Most of the party became so interested in their anecdotes that they stayed below for the rest of the journey, but some, the "snapshot fiends" and a few nature lovers, returned to the deck shortly before we reached the town of quarries.

Here the canal is cut through solid limestone; its sides are as smooth and straight as a wall, and its banks are covered with unending hills of rock. This is probably the greatest engineering feature in the immediate vicinity of Chicago, for the cut has a minimum depth of twenty-two feet and a width of one hundred and sixty feet.

At noon the call for luncheon brought all back to the cabin. Here we ate lunch, cracked a few hackneyed jokes and drank coffee, which our hosts furnished. The drink was aptly described by one of our party, who used his knowledge of chemistry to praise it. He said, "The coffee is fine unless you get some of the precipitate."

We had scarcely finished our brief luncheon when we arrived at the Lockport power plant. This edifice was constructed in 1907 by the Sanitary District of Chicago. It furnishes all the power used in illuminating the Chicago streets and public buildings and the various towns along the canal. This current is generated by seven eighteen-foot dynamos, each driven by a 6000 horse-power water turbine. The dynamos revolve at the rate of 163.5 R. P. M. and develop 4,000 K. W. each. The entire plant is operated by a central switchboard; the seven generators, the turbines operating them, the exciters and their turbines, every piece of machinery on the place is controlled by one man from this switchboard.

A. L. KECH, B. S., '19

Sophomore Class

A surprisingly large Freshman class has matriculated for the 1915-16 school year. Over twenty-five strong, the "Freshies" come from as far West as Des Moines, Ia., and as far South as the Philippine Islands.

The old gang is back. Even "Mex.," the famous Iron Chipper, contrary to rumors, has returned.

Two Fresh-Sophomores have also enrolled. Emit Hartnett, formerly of Loyola, and Ciraico Lallana, of Wisconsin University.

Father O'Callaghan, S. J., will be Professor in English and Logic for the coming year.

The shop, this year, with its new equipment of wood and iron-working machines, should prove to be more inviting. So that henceforth the buzz of band saws and planers, and the hum of lathes and milling machines will be but the echo of the diligence of the workers within.

The Pre-Medics of Bennett Medical College are at present occupying a part of the Engineering Building; and we hope that a friendly relation between the Engineers and Pre-Medics may exist, so that greater success may be looked for by the North branch of the University in social and athletic undertakings.

Gee, those "Freshies" must be a hungry lot! They're thinking of a Hand-Shaking Banquet!

On October nineteenth from the State Street Dock, on one of those clear, sunny days, sailed the good ship Robert R, with an abundance of sandwiches and stogies, and a few cameras. For the Engineering students were making the trip down the Drainage Canal, to inspect the lock and the Hydro-Electric Plant situated at Lockport.

It was at Lockport that our plans to throw the "Freshies" into the water were thwarted by the accompanying regents. Some future day has, however, been set. So bring your bathing suits to school, and keep them in your locker ready to slip on when you hear the Sophs yell, "Into the Lake with the Freshies." Your foresight will save your clothes from the cleaners and dyers, thus enabling you not only to increase the donation to your church and have your life insured, but also to found a home for the indigent fly-paper salesmen, and endow a free bed in the Cats' Home.

EDWARD C. POHLMANN, '16

ACADEMIES

St. Ignatius

On Tuesday, September seventh, St. Ignatius Academy began what promises to be a banner year in every respect. The total registration of students in the Academy exceeded five hundred and thirty. This is the largest enrollment in the history of the High School. All the old boys returned, with but very few exceptions; they seemed satisfied to be back and at work. The newcomers, numbering over two hundred and fifty, were a few days in becoming acquainted with one another and with the school, and then took hold in a way that speaks well for their school spirit.

The Faculty has been increased by the acquisition of several new members; Fr. Kenny has been appointed Prefect of Discipline in place of Fr. Cogley who has been transferred to Milwaukee; Fr. T. H. Senn is teaching in Cincinnati; Messrs. Peacock and McGucken, S. J., have returned to their studies, the one to Florissant, the other to St. Louis University; Mr. J. E. Elward is practicing law, and Mr. James Fitzgerald is connected

with the Sociology Department of this University. Their places have been filled by Fr. McCormick and Fr. Flynn, Mr. Gross, S. J., Mr. Flynn, Fr. Nash and Mr. McKenna.

Mass of the Holy Ghost was celebrated on September seventeenth, in the Holy Family Church. The Reverend President was Celebrant, Father Trentman, Deacon, and Mr. Walsh, Sub-Deacon. Fr. Magevney preached the sermon. After the services, the rules were read and the new Rector in a few words welcomed everyone back and expressed a desire that all cooperate in making this coming year a pleasant and profitable one. The rest of the day was free.

At the first meeting of the Loyola Literary Society, Father McCormick mapped out the plans for the year and the election of officers was held. Edward Holton was appointed Vice-President; Harry Doyle, Recording Secretary; Joseph Egan, Corresponding Secretary, and Stephen Driscoll, Treasurer. The Censors were Charles Leyden and Henry Blouin. William Hagerty, Cyril Tierney and Henry Reis were appointed to the Committee on Debates.

Father Leahy is again in charge of the Junior Sodality. Almost the entire student body attends every Monday afternoon when the office of the Blessed Virgin is recited in unison, followed by some appropriate remarks by the Director.

The call for football candidates brought out a large squad. They were placed in charge of Fr. Flynn, the Athletic Director, and Coach Pliska, of Notre Dame fame. Charles Leyden was unanimously elected Captain; a better choice could not be made. In Doretti, Collins, Leyden, Rylands, Baker, McNally, Bailey, Mahon, Daly, McLaughlin, Newman and Egan, Coach Pliska has the making of a team much superior to those of former years. Manager James Dalton has filled the schedule with a number of teams that will force our boys to exert themselves to the limit. However, we feel certain that St. Ignatius will meet their opponents in a manner that will earn for them the title of Catholic High School Champions!

The Scroll, which has hitherto been the Academy's official organ, has ceased publication. It was decided to combine all its former features in LOYOLA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, so that St. Ignatius will be heard from through this magazine.

F. W. HAYES, Academy '16

Loyola

Thursday, September eighth, was the day for the opening of the Fall term; and it is pleasing to note that on that day the largest registration in the history of the Academy took place. At present there are over two hundred and fifty students enrolled, and we expect this number to be considerably increased before the year is well advanced. Surely "Flai Hai" was a "tremendous success," and we agree with Cohan and Harris that "it pays to advertise."

The first meeting of the Senior Sodality was held on Monday, September thirtieth, in the Cudahy Chapel, under the direction of Father Usher, S. J. The election of officers was not held until Monday, October fourth, when the following were elected for the first half of the school year:

Prefect.....	Joseph Duffy
First Assistant.....	James O'Neill
Second Assistant.....	Quin Ryan
Secretary.....	James Moore
Treasurer.....	Frank Kehoe
Sacristans.....	Pierre Brosseau, Justin Duffy
	{ Dan Brown
	{ Joseph Cummings
Consultors.....	{ John Mahoney
	{ John O'Meara
	{ John Coogan
	{ Fred Triticher

The football squad this year is under the direction of Coach W. Edward Trowel, formerly of Holy Cross. The team lacks neither weight nor speed; and Captain Duffy has assured us that we have one of the strongest "prep" aggregations in the city. Although the season is not far advanced, one victory and one tie score redound to our credit.

On Saturday, October second, Loyola played De Paul Academy at Loyola. Although we were held to a tied score, the consensus of opinion was that we outplayed our rivals; and were it not for the fact that we were penalized over two hundred yards—some of which was deserved and some of which was not—perhaps we might have added another victory to our list.
Lineup:

Loyola, 7. De Paul, 7.

Hardy, Martin Lyman.....	R. E.	Gauer, Brennan
Duffy (Capt.)	R. T.	Shine
Coogan, Coleman	R. G.	Finnegan, Finn
Mahoney	C.	Grundman
O'Neill, J. Duffy.....	L. G.	Eichenbush
Elsner	L. T.	Kelly
Clark	L. E.	O'Malley
McDonough	Q.	Rabb, Hamilton
Brown, O'Rourke	R. H.	Schneider
Temple	L. H.	V. Grundman
Loftis	F. B.	Pond

Touchdowns—McDonough, Schneider.

Goals from Touchdowns—J. Martin, V. Grundman.

The following Saturday, October ninth, we defeated Morgan Park High School. The final score was 20 to 6. The heavy line-plunging of Loftis, O'Rourke and Brown netted us three touchdowns, while Jimmy Martin's accurate kicking raised the total to 20.

JAMES J. O'NEILL, Academy, '16

Exchanges

After an absence of years, the Exchange column is restored to our pages and the ex-man to our Staff. It has been a long time since a comment upon another magazine has appeared in ours, but our appreciation of the work of other schools in the field of College journalism has never waned. Month after month we have read exchange publications, always with pleasure. Some we have come to look forward to as a literary treat that cannot be found in the outside, standard magazines. And now, as we begin to review the exchanges, their volume is so vast that justice cannot be done them. In the course of the year, then, we can only hope to mention very few of the many meritorious publications that deserve mention.

Whether your magazine is mentioned or not, we are always very glad to receive it and to exchange. The news of other schools and the work of other students is always welcome; learning of others' manners and methods, we receive valuable suggestions for the betterment of our own school and the improvement of our own magazine. Sometimes, too, as we read contributions in college papers, we cannot but feel that we are becoming acquainted in advance with many who are to make literature in the future. This contact, distant though it is, is always stimulating and encouraging.

Earliest among the new exchanges that came to the Sanctum was the cream-covered *University of Virginia Magazine* for October. This cultured neighbor from the South has always been pleasant reading, and this first number of the year easily maintains the usual standard. Perhaps the most striking contribution is "The Dead Line," by E. C. Eichelberger, a graphically written story of an incident in the days of the memorable feud that existed between the sheepmen and cattlemen on the public ranges. "The Last Confederate," by F. Stringfellow Barr, is a delightfully told story in negro dialect. "The Poetry of Richard Le Gallienne," by W. J. Parrish, is a very well-written essay upon the work of the contemporary poet. We are inclined to think, however, that the author has somewhat overrated the worth of Le Gallienne's poems. "The Easy Chair" is occupied with a clever, amusing disquisition about "a cartoonist named Briggs." The verse does not seem to be as good as usual; "Log-fire Days," by Richard Sanxay, and "Vignettes in Ebony," are light, pleasant productions; but in "Memories," by Marion S. Dimmock, is found verse craftsmanship worthy of a better theme. The

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author's treatment of a very serious spiritual subject is extremely inconsequential and morally fallacious. The issue as a whole, however, is of high merit. We hope to have the pleasure of seeing subsequent numbers.

The Redwood with its raised seal of crimson was another of the early birds of College magazinedom. As ever, the pages of *The Redwood* furnished good and varied reading. "Nothing To Speak Of," by J. Buckley McGurrin, is one of the cleverest playlets we have read in a long time. The stories, "His Mother's Sacrifice," by L. Louis Girairaud, and "A Mistaken Vacation," by Walter P. Howard, are both good; the former has a very unusual plot, but could be much improved in the writing. "Are The Dark Ages Justly So-Called?", an essay by Edmund F. Bradley, is interesting, but reads like a synopsis of Dr. Walsh's well known work on the thirteenth century. "In Memoriam," by Albert Quill, and "An Autumn Thought" are both praiseworthy pieces of verse, showing evidences of poetic ability. The chronicle and news notes of *The Redwood* are unusually full, and bear witness to the spirit and activity of St. Clara's. We shall watch for the coming issues.

LEO E. MCGIVENA, A. B., '16

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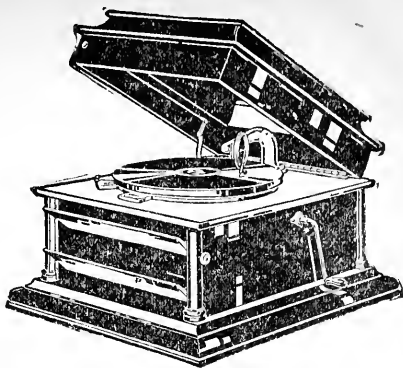
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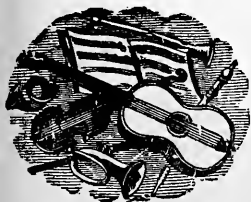
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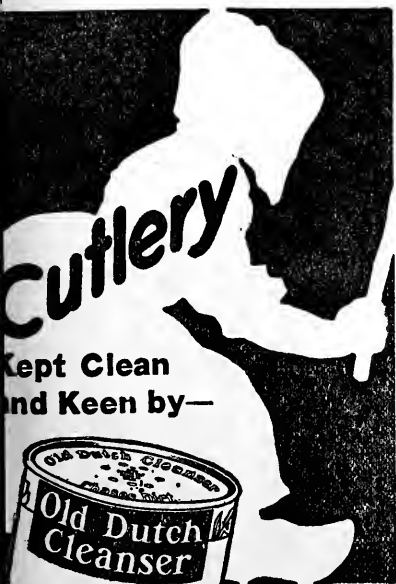
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(Feuerstein)

Loyola University Magazine

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NUMBER 2

When He Was Born

ABOVE the vast system, vastlier laid
With star mosaic and faint planet glow,
The wind steeds stamp in furious cavalcade,
And sweep unbribled o'er the far world below.
Grim demon riders, massed hosts in flame,
Swirl up to battle with the limped-lined
Array of light, as once for their lost claim
With Lucifer they fought their Spirit kind.

A clash the red ranks weaken, buckle, fall

Hoar gleaming on the high hills Hours ago
A new star quivered in the sky, and all
The snowy summits shone. Long ere the dawn
The valleys lightened. Dimly aureoled
The hut in Bethlehem, its thatch turned gold
Off in the night victorious choirs made
The earth rejoice with skyey serenade

When He was born.

LEO E. MCGIVENA, A.B., '16

Preparedness



THE great world-war which is being waged at the present time has brought to an issue one of the gravest problems which has ever faced the United States. We have been contented to turn all our energy toward reaching a dominant position in the affairs of the world, and we have thus far failed to turn our attention to maintaining that position. And now that the problem is squarely before us, and the need for a better protection is apparent, we have been divided into two camps, with no dearth of champions and of arguments for either side. Despite our woeful lack of an efficient army and navy there are those who contend that we should do nothing to effect an increase of either, and their efforts to defeat any attempt to do so constitute a danger to our republic.

No nation in the history of the world has ever achieved greatness and retained it without the aid of military power, and there is no reason to believe that the United States is destined to upset the tradition of ages.

When we study the arguments of the pacifists very interesting thoughts occur to us, and we can find many fundamental reasons for rejecting these arguments without considering strictly military questions of comparison, efficiency, and other kindred subjects with which we are overwhelmed by those who advocate an increase in our forces of protection.

To glance at but one phase, let us consider the position of the United States today only in the most general way.

The United States is the nation of the future. Before her lies a position of supremacy. Her progress must be greater than that of any other nation, for the combination of limitless resources and a progressive people possesses greater potentialities for progress than that of any other nation. She can become the greatest nation in the world, and, what is more, she is seizing her opportunity.

America is the market-place of the world. The American farmer is the farmer towards whom the eyes of the world are

turned; for the world is dependent upon the product of his land. In the production of almost every essential of life, America leads the world; broadly speaking, America produces while others consume. The mills and factories of Europe look to us for the raw products to mill and manufacture. We furnish them their greatest market.

So vast are we and so rich, so splendid are our resources, that inevitably must come the day when someone will question our right to a superabundance of the things which are so sorely needed by others.

Now, the European war will prove a factor in bringing this about the sooner. Huge debts are being piled upon peoples who are already carrying the heavy burden of former wars. The resources of Europe will some day fail to carry this burden, and we must be prepared to avoid being forced to share it.

To take but one example, that of Germany. In a territory not so large as our single state of Texas is crowded a population of seventy millions, about three-quarters of the population of the United States. And Germany is a progressive nation. Her progress since the Franco-Prussian war has been amazing.

But it is not her natural resources, the fertility of her soil and the abundance of her deposits which made that progress possible—it was achieved in spite of a lack of them. A marvellously efficient commercial organization has been the vehicle of her journey to greatness. Since she could not be a producing nation, she set about being a manufacturing and commercial nation, and with what success the events of the past year best show.

But such an expedient must in the end prove but a makeshift. Expansion must be taken care of in some other way. The limits of her boundaries and the lack of her resources has placed Germany in a position of terrific competition and dependence. She must have markets in which to sell her finished products, and she must have markets in which she can buy raw products. And what is more, she must depend upon outside nations for a great deal of her food supply. How acute the problem has become is best seen in the war she is waging today.

In some manner the problem must be solved, and European glances of no great kindness must eventually be turned toward us as one solution of it—the best solution. And the realization

that a strip of our eastern coast would be sufficient to solve the problems of more countries than Germany should awaken Americans to the situation.

When thoughts such as these occur to us the arguments of the pacifists carry little weight. The patent fact remains that if we do not take means to prevent it an attempt will some day be made to wrest from us a part of our rich natural endowment.

Nor must we have recourse to militarism to protect ourselves. Our having or not having an army has no effect upon the mad race to out-arm each other which the European nations have indulged in. Moreover, the fact that by a comparatively small effort we could make ourselves impregnable, would soon put an end to all fears of militarism. We would much rather, indeed, see the day when armaments shall be no more, but as a matter of fact that day is not here; and we cannot agree with those who would make the mere longing for that distant date a ground to act as though it were today. As long as other nations have sufficient armies to invade our territory, we must be prepared for an invasion.

We cannot trust to the morals of nations. We know from the experience of ages that if a nation imperatively needs a thing it will take it. We are naturally in a secure position, and the difficulties of invading us are great; but if the end be alluring enough nations will make the hazardous attempt of crossing the Atlantic or the Pacific. If we take the necessary care, we can render such an attempt more than hazardous; we can render it impossible; and this we must do.

ERNESTE A. BEAUVAIS, A. B., '17

The Winter Wind

FROM the frozen Northwest, like a boisterous guest,
To inhabited places come I;
On the heels of the snow and the sleet-storm I go,
And I scour the clouds from the sky,
Till the sunbeams pour down upon country and town—
And yet from them all comfort I steal—
And I freeze the snow dry till the flakes creak and cry
As they're crushed 'neath the carter's broad wheel.

Now I pile up the drifts, fill the hollows and rifts,
And now bind all the streams as with brass.
As I sweep down the street, all the people I meet
Cringe and bow down before as I pass.
How I bellow and shriek while for victims I seek
In their frail-seeming fortresses warm!
And the very joints crack as with vicious attack
I endeavor their dwellings to storm.

And the fire, my foe, with his hateful red glow,
How he starts at the sound of my cry!
How he leaps up and soars! How with anger he roars,
As I dare even him to defy!
Yet nowhere I stay; I must always away
Other regions and men to congeal;
To the opposite pole, as the days onward roll,
I am forced by the year's mighty wheel.

ERNEST W. THIELE, A.B., '16

The Downfall of Manhattan



HIS is not a war story, dear reader ; it has nothing to do with The Invasion of America. But it does deal with preparedness—of the non-military sort. It is also concerned with the romance of business and the business of romance, both ever popular themes. It is not a Christmas story, although it is in the Christmas issue. Having made matters

perfectly clear, we hope, we shall now take up the story.

In an office of one of the downtown buildings of Chicago, Mr. Stevens was going out for lunch. As he closed the door, he remarked: "Miss Manhattan, have those dictations typed when I return, for they must be sent out." Marie, a dreamy-eyed, coquettish, and dressed-to-the-minute young woman, replied with a demure, "Yes, sir." But before the echo of his voice had died away, she withdrew from a drawer in her desk, a bag of chocolates and a "Best Seller," straightway proceeding to devour them both.

As she perused the pages of the novel, the ringing telephone was unanswered, and work and candy were forgotten; such was the grip the tale had on her. It proceeded thus:

"The brute crushed the beautiful Kathlyn to himself, when suddenly a noise resounded and reverberated throughout the large room, and a dark object crashed through the window and stood before them. With the quickness of lightning the stranger sent his fist to the villain's jaw, which sent him reeling unconscious to the tile floor. He turned, and in the dim light Kathlyn recognized, etc."

In spite of the fascination and the luring contents of the book, Marie caught herself nodding once or twice. Just then there was a knock at the door. A tall, handsome young man entered and inquired if Mr. Stevens was in. When he was answered in the negative, he said that he had invited him to dinner, which must have been forgotten.

"But," said he, "have you taken lunch as yet? If not, I would enjoy your company immensely."

Marie, knowing the man in a business way, consented. And he helped her on with her wraps in such a courteous way that she liked him immediately. Before she left, she tried the safe, and, as she did so, he said: "Are you entrusted with the care of that?"

"O yes, Mr. Stevens always shifts the responsibilities on me," she replied with an air of importance.

Arriving at the restaurant, they were joined by a stout man with a huge black beard, who seemed quite human in spite of his fierce looks. The luncheon progressed smoothly and Marie realized that never before had she enjoyed herself so much. The young man stood up to get the drinks from a nearby table behind her, and she took advantage of his momentary absence to peep in her hand-mirror.

"Horrors!" murmured she, "there is foul work afoot here!"

For she saw in the glass her escort pouring a pink liquid into one of the drinks. He brought them to the table, and he gave her the one containing the narcotic. But Marie Manhattan's blood was up; seizing the glass she dashed the contents into his face and fled from the place with the pair pursuing her. Thinking of the office, she ran down an alley, with her pursuers close behind and gaining; for as Fate would have it, Marie wore one of her tight skirts. Running up the flight of stairs to the second floor, she stops at the door bearing the inscription H. C. Stevens & Co. But hold, gentle reader, she cannot find the key! Yes, she has it, and thrusts it into the key-hole. She was barely inside the door, when the villains rushed in on her, and with brutal force dragged her to the safe.

"Now, my fair lady," hisses one, "open that strong-box or you die."

And, suiting his actions to his words, he drew forth an ugly-looking revolver, while his companion unsheathed a twelve-inch stiletto. For the first time in her young life Marie felt afraid, and nothing was left for her but to comply with her captors' orders, so she opened the safe. As she gazed at her desk, a brilliant idea occurred to her. Snatching up her box of face-powder lying there, with a flash-like motion she threw it into the face of the crook, who covered her with his gun.

While he is blinded by the charge, she seizes the revolver from his hand, and before the villain rifling the safe can do anything she has them both in her power, and has turned in the police alarm.

Her employer enters the office, as the police are slipping the handcuffs on the wrists of the safebreakers, and hearing of Marie's daring exploit, clasps her in his——.

Suddenly Marie felt someone shaking her, and with a start she awoke, to find Mr. Stevens (not the Mr. Stevens of her dreams), standing in front of her with a five-dollar bill in his hand; and his words slowly dawned on her romance-clogged brain:

"Here is the money that is coming to you, take it and go; we don't need any sleeping beauties around here."

Slowly and sorrowfully, Marie Manhattan made her exit, with the words firmly impressed on her sentimental mind: "Truth is stranger than fiction."

GEORGE J. KILGORE, A. B., '18





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OUR shepherd stricken, leaderless stood we,
Awaiting who the Pastor now should be
To tend this mighty flock. Now have we one—
Of all the Church's best the chosen son.
Learned in tongues, child of a city vast,
Unto this teeming Babel has he passed,
Bringing unto the city's endless needs
Life's prime, proved capable of arduous deeds.
'Tis such a one will fill the vacant throne;
The sacred wool will make his life our own;
'Tis he that now our destinies will guide—
Our needs his work, our progress all his pride.

We welcome him, and with the Church we pray
That God, of all the faithful Guide and Stay,
Be pleased with him whom He has raised so high.
May all his words and actions edify
The flock entrusted to him, we beseech;
That he and they eternal life may reach.

ERNEST W. THIELE, A.B., '16

Christmas Eve

LITTLE fairy sprites of crystal
Hovering in the darkling air,
Spangles floating down from heaven
Clothing earth all brown and bare,

Falling softly, slowly, swiftly,
Dancing downward through the night,
Spreading streams and fields and hedges
With a robe of purest white,

Wafting gently o'er the fields,
Whispering soft, so soft and low,
Weaving robes of whitest ermine,
Falls the shadowy Christmas snow.

EEWARD L. COLNON, A.B., '18

Mr. Bryan on Peace



HE scene was interesting, if not inspiring. It was a large, genial and democratic crowd that had come from all parts of Chicago and from the suburbs to be present at the first Chautauqua held in a large city and to hear the Man of the People speak on "The Causeless War." Perfect strangers confidentially exchanged views on the weather, the tariff, the Mexican situation, war in general, the European cataclysm in particular, Mr. Bryan's reasons for resigning from the Cabinet, the nature of his present speech, and a host of other topics. Yes, the audience was very democratic, indeed, and patient, too, although it must be confessed that the spectators grew a bit restless while a young man with the persuasive eloquence of a book-agent and the inexhaustible lung power of a smith's bellows strove to induce each of his hearers to purchase a season ticket for the Chautauqua. This impatience was not noticeably abated when, after the disappearance of the aforesaid young man, a Russian musical (?) trio insisted upon discoursing sounds of varying sweetness. The management laid great stress on the Russian quality of these musicians. Just why they insisted upon it so strongly is not clear, except for the fact that, as musicians, they were very good Russians indeed. But even this hard-working aggregation ceased to toil after a while, and then Mr. Dawes, a prominent attorney of this city, introduced to the people the orator of the evening, "the great Commoner, William Jennings Bryan."

There is something satisfying to the eye in Mr. Bryan's personal appearance. The bold, rugged features, marked with great strength and determination, assure you that here is a man who has the courage of his convictions—a man not afraid to uphold what he conceives to be the right. Even before he utters a word—while he is still calmly surveying the audience and drawing its attention—you sense the character of the man. As you behold him there on the platform—tall, large and powerful—you feel that he is a fit champion for any cause he chooses to espouse; and the

impression is confirmed when you hear that voice, deep and sonorous, somewhat frayed and worn by the ravages of time, but still melodious and engaging.

As the hero of the convention of '96 began to speak, an expectant hush fell upon the audience. Those who were hearing Mr. Bryan for the first time listened anxiously to see if he measured up to their ideal, to their concept of what a great orator should be. It is true, we could never think of Mr. Bryan on the same plane with Webster, Philipps, Calhoun, Douglas, Clay, Everett, Choate and some of our other orators; and yet he had talked but a few minutes when all present knew that they were listening to a real orator. The *majority* of his hearers were favorable to him from the start. None, I dare say, were hostile to him when he had ceased to speak. Mr. Bryan is that kind of orator. Much of his effectiveness is, no doubt, attributable to the fact that he *talks* to his audience in an impressive and intensely earnest manner, instead of soaring up into the clouds and simply "orating." His auditors laughed when he wished them to, were grave and attentive when he wanted them to be so, were thoughtful and judicial when he desired them to assume this attitude. Another quality of the man that is an asset to an orator is a certain innate dignity that compels respect and attention, however much a person's views may disagree with his.

Mr. Bryan in "The Causeless War" dealt with the futility of strife as a means of deciding right, and applied this principle to the trans-oceanic conflict, sounding, at the same time, a warning of what he conceived to be our own peril in the present struggle. At the commencement of his speech he clearly outlined the plan he would follow: 1. The war as it is, and its injury to neutrals. 2. The false philosophy out of which the war has grown, and its natural consequences. 3. The way out. This division was strictly adhered to throughout the oration.

In all the wars of the past the speaker could find no parallel to the present strife. It was, he said, a war solely for aggrandizement, and he painted the mockery of it all in a few terse words: "They go down on their knees and all pray to one God, and then rise up to slay one another." Where our interests as neutrals were concerned, he begged us to remember that "the injury they do us is only incidental to the injury they are trying to do to each other,"

and that neither side has any desire to harm us, if they can avoid doing so. Then, leaving this particular war for the higher and larger consideration of war in general, he clearly and succinctly set forth the falsity of the philosophy which sanctions war as a means of settling differences. As he reviewed the conflicts of history, he paused for a moment on religious wars to say: "If a man desires to prove that his religion is superior to another man's, the way to do it is not by killing the other man, but by living his own life in such a way as to demonstrate the superiority of his religion." Of "preparedness" for war, he remarked: "To put into effect the policy of 'preparedness,' is like administering a dose of poison to a friend, and then imploring him not to die," because, as he declared, if you prepare for war, you are going to get war.

On the whole, it was an impressive speech impressively delivered. There were things the orator said with which his hearers could not agree, but there were other utterances—and these were in the great majority—with which they were entirely in accord. The manner in which Mr. Bryan treated his subject was worthy of his reputation. The calm dignity with which he advanced his opinions, never seeking to force them upon anyone, yet always presenting them in the strongest and most convincing manner, so truly bespoke the real orator that it is easy to understand why Bryan enjoys national fame as a speaker. But the predominant feature of this particular oration was its perfect justice and fairness, its absolute neutrality. It was, indeed, a lesson to all who were present.

From the first words, in which Mr. Bryan remarked on his long connection with the Chautauqua movement, to that last grand sentence which rolled sonorously through the vast building, the oration was a success. That noble conclusion, "You can as well judge the sentiments of the peace-loving masses by the froth of the jingo press as you can sound the depths of the mighty ocean by the foam that rides on the crests of its waves," furnished a fitting ending for a speech which, if it had not convinced everybody, had, at least, given all food for thought. The few who had come to scoff went home to ponder.

IGNATIUS P. WALSH, A. B., '17

Ode to Music

THY kindly charm, that o'er my life
Sent a thrill of keen communion with thine art,
Now bids me sing my song of praise to thee,
O queen of man!
It calls me from the vale of earthly thoughts,
And lifts my mind to grasp a star
That's shining white o'er the dank glade
That darks my very spirit here below.
Encouragement of God! that condescends
From a peakless top to lend a cheer to man.

Within thine home, where portals gray disclose
A band of happier selves, I strive to gain
An entrance; there to learn the beatings
Of thy magic wand which sends a kindly, random
Help to souls on earth.

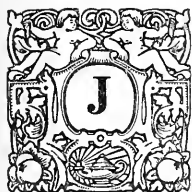
Thy tender call, that gentlier speaks
Than zephyr-whispered prayer, incites
A yearning for thy wealth.
Thine opiate caress, which, like a vagrant breath
From heaven, stills the moans on earth,
And creeps between me and my baser self,
Falls 'round me, to cheer my harsher moods,
And turn them all to serve the Maker of both thee and me.

How oft 'mid even's borrowed light
I've lain on grassy lea and heard
Thine echoes that the kind breeze bore,
And listened in wonderment.
The plaintive moan of violins
Enthralled mine ear, and the varying theme
Revolved my soul in ecstasy.
I could not move, my mind was tranced
By Shubert's songs or melancholic Chopin's wail.
But soon, too soon, they ceased. Reality
Awakened me to wend my homeward way.

Or after labor's steely hand has pressed me hard,
And bowed my jubilant spirits, tender strains
Have rested me and roused my sentient soul
From sleep. While the quickening note
Has spurred me on to hope against
The threatenings of a gloomy day.

WALTER T. QUIGLEY, A.B., '17

An Interbal for Sentiment



JUDGE Breckenbridge Nelson Winters glanced fearfully at the icy car steps and groaned as he entrusted his timid bulk to their slippery surface. Having accomplished an unharmed, if ungraceful, descent, he groaned again, and from sheer force of Georgian habit mopped a perfectly dry brow, and waddled over to a lone bench upon the station platform. The bench looked dubious and the Judge was cautious; nevertheless, it held under him. With a third groan to complete the series, the Judge leaned back, and gave himself to meditation and shivering.

The Judge was at the end of his tether. He was always at the end of some metaphorical tether or other, and escaped one by entering into another. But two days ago, the Judge had come to the end of his last available tether, and got beyond that multitude of tether which in the course of his life he had accumulated and conjoined to accommodate his fortunes, his misdeeds, his pretenses, and his vagaries. The last little string that held him was now stretched to its irrevocable limit. The culminating vicissitude of his career had, two days previously, left the Judge with the sole resource, infinitesimal to him, of twelve dollars and sixty cents. Yesterday, in a last burst of bitterness against his enclosed cosmos, the Judge (he was not a man to do things by halves), had approached the railroad office in his home town, and laying his sole, complete, and unabridged store of this world's wealth in the ticket window, had demanded railroad transportation—due north—to the value of said store, twelve dollars and sixty cents. The Judge was weary of tethers; what he sought was open pasture and new fields. But the prosaic individual behind the bars, whose business it was to sell tickets, and whose knowledge of tethers, if at all existent, was unexpressed, had looked in the zone book, and noting that the pile of pasteboards for Seneca, Ill., was higher than that of any other town within the Judge's desired radius, had accordingly tendered twelve dollars and forty-eight cents worth of transportation to Seneca. The remaining twelve cents went to satisfy

an imaginary bill due the clerk for services rendered in charting routes for the company's customers. Balance even.

Now he was arrived, penniless, but firm in the belief of his freedom. Manfully, he pondered over his situation, and with an effort, groanless this time, rose and waddled to the street, one pudgy gloved fist gripping the handle of his small bag Excelsior-wise. Hopefully, he gazed up the street. After the first glance, the Judge was ready and willing to admit that no *couleur-de-rose* swathed Seneca's grim outlines. For Seneca, alas, although the child of hope, was the parent of despair. A double row of the homeliest buildings on earth comprised the business section, the sometime busy mart of Seneca's thousand inhabitants. Their structure was varied, but monotonous in the weariness with which they sagged; the sun of the corn district and the winds of everywhere had vanquished the gleam of paint and the glory of new shingles in a funereal, shrouding gray that bespoke hoar age and approaching dissolution. One or two of the more pretentious Emporiums flaunted drab window displays before whoever cared to look through the fly-specked, clouded panes of glass. But the large majority did not foolishly waste their meager sweetness in displaying desert wares to absent buyers. Seneca was no land of promise; indeed, it bore resemblance rather to the territory of the many who are called and *not* chosen.

The Judge looked his fill, and then turned back and sat down to give it his consideration.

The warmth had begun to ascend from the Judge's extremities when the outer world again broke in upon his consciousness. Somebody was whistling; a vague, irrecalable tune that was very familiar to the Judge. Ah! "Nelson's Hounds" it was—an air which the Judge would have informed you "had been in our family for years, suh, and the work of a forgotten forbear of musical inclinations." For a moment the Judge grew warm; it seemed a welcoming forecast. Then he chilled suddenly, sensing the presence of another dim tether. His shuddering gave way to curiosity to get sight of the whistler. He turned, not without labor, and found himself looking directly at a young man. Their glances met. The young fellow nodded pleasantly.

"Good morning," greeted the young man.

The Judge hesitated a perceptible instant, and then spoke. "Good morning, suh."

The young man stopped before the Judge, a humorous, half-quizzical smile upon his face. The Judge eyed him cautiously and found nothing amiss.

"A charming town," offered the Judge, rather dubiously.

"Yes. Yes, indeed." There was a grimness in the young man's tone that startled the Judge. "It's a poor town to sell in, though," he added, apparently as an afterthought.

The Judge did not know what to make of this. Evidently, he was taken for a drummer. But the young man retrieved himself.

"I guess you're not a traveling man, are you?" he asked.

"No suh, I am not," answered the Judge with emphasis. He had been many things, the Judge had, but—thank Heaven—not as yet a traveling salesman, was the Judge's mental reservation.

But the young man was bent on information. "Stranger?" he asked.

"Alas, yes, my deah suh," said the Judge mournfully.

The young man wondered tacitly why the deuce any rational person should undertake to come to Seneca as a stranger. The Judge at that moment was occupied with the same query. Also, he was beginning to doubt whether he had not been just a little hasty. Twelve dollars at that moment would have been appreciable in Georgia.

"I suppose you'll stop at the Hotel," ventured his companion at last.

The Judge came back to earth with a start. The Hotel in Seneca was an object ordinarily to be flouted, to be taken on sufferance, because it was the only one in the place; but to a resourceless romancer like the Judge, it was, just then, a palace of probabilities.

"It's Seneca's only," went on the young man, "and you'll have to become accustomed to looking at it from the inside before you'll get not to mind it."

"Am I to infer that the interior is—ah—less—what shall I say?—inspiring than the facade?"

"Verily."

The Judge looked his future in the face, and gained courage from the unknown. He rose with an attempt at briskness, and immediately assumed a paternal air toward his monitor. "Well, young man; what must be, must be, as the poet says. I shall be

compelled to invoke the hospitality of your wretched hostelry until I—ah—discover sufficiently remunerative occupation to enable me to attain to a more pretentious habitation.”

An amused smile lurked in the corners of the young man's lips, but he kept it well under control. The new-appearing pompousness of the Judge, and unconscious effect upon his manner and carriage appealed to his sense of humor.

Together they crossed the street, and under his companion's escort the Judge gained the shabby lobby of the Seneca House. The Judge approached the register, somewhat insecure in his own mind. The young man bade him adieu. The Judge, pen in air, thanked him profusely.

“I assuah you, my deah suh, that youh genial courtesy to an entire stranger has struck my heart strings. I hope I shall have the pleasure of meeting you at no very distant time, Mr. —ah?”

“Winters, sir, Winters,” acknowledged the young man smiling.

“Winters—ah.” The Judge shivered slightly * * * the former indistinct phantasm of a ready tether again threatening him. But he shook off his apprehension and relinquished the pen to shake his new acquaintance's hand.

“Mr. Winters, suh, I assuah you that I am most happy in making youh—ah—distinguished acquaintance, suh, and I am suah that ouh meeting will—be productive of much mutual pleasure.” The Judge bowed, almost disquieting his companion. Then as an afterthought, he added: “My own name suh, is ah—Nelson. * * * Judge Breckenbridge Nelson, of—ah—a native suh, of Georgia.”

Winters said he was glad to meet him; simply glad, and nothing more. He gave the Judge a few unimportant directions about the hotel, and took his leave.

“I'll look in on you this evening, Judge, and see how you've been settled. Good-bye.” And the Judge was alone again.

For all of two minutes, he regarded the end of the Seneca House's worn pen. Winters was the young man's name; the same as his own. Winters—and somehow the face looked familiar * * * not unlike a face the Judge had once known. The same name and the same face. He shivered again. The quick substitution of Nelson had been very wise. After a last reflection, with a caution that was positively secretive, the Judge signed himself on the register as Breckenbridge Nelson, of—simply—Georgia. The

name reassured him. With a quiver of relief, the Judge straightened up, like a horse will lift its head when the lasso has not fallen. With a surety he was far from feeling, he followed the bell-boy to his room.

Winters, after leaving the newcomer in the hotel, started back to the office of the *Seneca Blade*. Then he reflected that he ought to have found out where the Judge had come from, and put an item in the *Blade* about his coming.

But the hotel register was bare of location after the Judge's name; nothing except the unqualified "Georgia." Wondering somewhat, he turned back. The item he prepared was made sufficiently enlightening by stating in the first sentence that the Judge, "an eminent Georgian jurist," had arrived, with a view of locating permanently.

His duty done to his newspaper, Winters did not forget his promise to see the Judge again that night. Winters confessed to himself an unusual curiosity about this pompous Southerner, whose way in a strange land he had so unknowingly smoothed. The man seemed to attract him; the natural instinct, he reflected, to segregate with one's kind, for the Judge and Winters were alike in that they were both unusual. The Judge was vastly the more unusual, because he was unknown; but Winters himself was variously admitted to differ from the "ordinary run" of men. A university graduate, he had left the grim, prosy town and started out in life as a sheer idealist, an aspirant to high flights in his profession, and what he hoped to make his art, writing. A year on a metropolitan sheet had thoroughly disillusioned him; disabused him of his first ideas so completely, that he swung to the other end of his temperamental pendulum; from aspiration he had fallen to listlessness; his Pegasus had learned to suffer, aye, even like the inglorious refuge of the stall, and the physical relief of the harnessed routine. The city had overwhelmed him; in the country he overwhelmed himself; so he had struck the mean by coming back to Seneca, returning weary, bitterly resigned, futilely rebellious, to a grimmer, sadder, shabbier town. And in Seneca, working out an uneventful existence on the town paper by supplying its scanty columns with the town's scantier news, he had remained.

The day's harvest of happenings was to be gathered up in the meanwhile. The Mayor's wife had visitors; the Engine Company

had a new coil of hose; an early settler had died, and must have a bordered obit., Mrs. Somebody had given birth to a girl; and Farmer Somebody Else was raising a barn. These events written up, and a testimonial fabricated for a patent medicine advertisement. Then he was free for the day.

After supper, for Seneca had its dinner at noon, he started up to the Judge's room. But on the landing he met the Judge himself, refreshed by an afternoon nap and a substantial meal. The Judge beamed kindly upon him, and Winters, aware that he was upon the brink of companionship, invited the Judge to his room. The Judge was glad to go.

"I have conversed with the proprietah, with the gentleman who is youh town apothecary, and with the leading light at youh bah of justice, suh, all worthy members of youh commonwealth, and to be taken as the best, I presume. And afteh having met them all, I say, suh, with no discourtesy to your city, that I feel that we should become fast friends, my deah Mr. Winters."

Winters flushed slightly at the compliment. The lengthy speech and the flight of stairs had rendered the Judge nearly breathless.

"Yes," he said unwillingly. "I'm afraid, Judge, that you won't find much in Seneca."

They entered Winters' room; a long, low dingy apartment, lit by a flary student lamp on a battered mahogany table. The other furniture was most nondescript. But after a moment the Judge was astonished to perceive that one whole wall was lined with books, volumes whose unbroken backs and fine bindings declared them to be in one service only; there were none second-hand, or extensively worn by somebody else. They bespoke either wealth, or an unusual self-indulgence. The Judge gazed at them short-sightedly, and fingered their backs with the touch' of the bibliophile.

"The only library in town, Judge," said Winters timidly, yet with just a touch of pride.

The Judge nodded approvingly. "A fine collection. You are engaged in literature, in—ah, literary composition, perhaps?"

"Well, I write, or I try to write rather, but I'm afraid that I'm a long way from literature yet, Judge." It was a rueful admission.

"Pot-boilers?" questioned the Judge understandingly.

Winters froze instantly. "I never try them," he said quietly, in a very dignified voice.

To this declaration of principle the Judge made no reply. After a moment, though, he laughed; a kindly laugh in a way, still with an indulgent contempt behind that put Winters on his mettle. He became aroused to a white heat, and pulsated with an eagerness to prove to this man who *could* understand that in himself were the sproutings of genius, at least. But the Judge refused to follow him; he laughed and turned the talk to trivial topics, meanwhile smoking one of Winters' cigars with a zest it did not merit. He was comradely, but not serious enough for Winters. And he soon perceived that there was a purpose in the Judge's geniality.

"In fact, suh," began the Judge warily, "I'm somewhat of an authah myself—in a very restricted way, of course. Before I entered law I was accustomed to contribute to a weekly in Georgia, and I have at various times been on the staff of the *Georgian Law Register*." The Judge was modest to an extreme. His listener felt that he was belittling his accomplishments. But he could find no answer to make.

"I was wondahing, my deah suh, whetheh theah might be a vacancy on the staff of youh—organ of popular opinion and instruction?"

Winters wanted to laugh. Imagine anybody calling the *Senecan Blade* "an organ of popular opinion!" But he felt the matter was too serious. There was an anxious note of appeal apparent in the Judge's voice that restrained him.

"Why, Judge, I—believe they were considering taking on a new man. The *Blade*, you know, is to be issued three times a week instead of two, and—I'll mention the fact that you are—ah, open to the position, if you will."

The Judge bowed very gravely. "I should be extremely obliged if you do, suh."

Somehow, the flow of conversation was stopped. The Judge puffed until his cigar was entirely burned away, and then left with a courteous "Good-night." Winters, poignantly aware that the evening he had looked forward to had become the veriest sham, turned out his lamp and sat for a long time looking out over Seneca's shingled house-tops into the night.

The Judge was installed in the *Senecan Blade* office, and helping to fill the extra edition with quaintly worded notes and pompous sounding items concerned with Seneca's elite and other-

wise population. The Judge was grateful, after all, to Fortune, that had taken care of him in a strange land, and supplied him with a parlor at the Seneca House, a plate thrice daily at its table, and light Virginia stogies. The Judge, it is true, had known better days, days more opulent. But he was shorn of the thousand restraining tethers that had harrassed him. He congratulated himself upon his change in name; it was difficult to remember at first; but it gave him a new identity. But somehow, there lurked in the back of the Judge's mind a vague fear that he might not be wholly free. Young Winters—his own name—bore a certain resemblance to one whom the Judge had known years ago—whose memory was often an unpleasant specter in the recent years. The sudden impulse that had made him change his name that day at the register was occasionally present again, and warned him dimly of unseen danger to him from Winters. If the premonition were true, the Judge was still bound by his most gagging tether. The fear hung over him for days, and one evening he resolved in a sudden mood of courage to either dissipate or make certain his fear.

A tap on Winters' door gave him admittance. "Good evening, Judge." He put away the volume he was reading.

The Judge found a seat and opened with some trivial query about the day's work. Then he led the conversation from one topic to another. At last he broached his point.

"Is it possible, Winters, that you are from the South? Theh was a family in my town by that name, Winters—in Wiscone—that's the name of the town."

There was a sudden shadow across the boy's face, the play of conflict within; the Judge was answered even before he spoke. His tether was a certainty.

"Why, yes, Judge." * * * There was a tremor in his voice. * * * "In fact, I'm of that family myself. My father left Georgia some years ago."

The Judge was rustling the pages of a new book most unconcernedly, as if his casual interest in the matter had departed. But he was even then nerving himself for another question, the answer to which he devoutly hoped would show the boy without a knowledge what the Judge feared.

"You don't say—ah—coincidence. Now while I think of it," the Judge was thinking hard and hoping harder—"it seems to me

that one of the Winters left the town rather precipitately at one time. He was well-off, and with good prospects, I remembah, and had just wedded a young guhl—and then depahthed rather mysteriously."

Winters had steadily paled. * * * There was a subtle suggestion of dishonor and shame in the Judge's words that made him taut with rage.

"There was very good reason why my father left the place," he said, speaking with a strained evenness. "His uncle, the meanest man on God's earth—Nelson Winters—ah, why your own name is Nelson, isn't it, Judge? Queer coincidence * * *."

The Judge was quaking inwardly as he answered. "Yes * * * yes. Some distant connection with the Winters family once I believe * * *. You were saying?"

"Well—it's rather unusual. Nelson Winters opposed my father's marriage—the girl had refused him for my father—ah * * * what's the matter, Judge?"

His listener's face was brick red, and strangling noises came from his throat. He drew forth his handkerchief, and after a struggle kept his composure. "Nothing, nothing, * * * continue," he managed to gasp.

"My uncle tried, even up to the last minute to stop the marriage and when he found he couldn't, he struck back at my father by humiliating him so that he had to leave home. He was entrusted with a legacy that my father was to inherit when he was twenty-eight—but he never got a penny of it. If ever I am in a position to go back to Georgia and meet Nelson Winters face to face—if he is still living—by God, I'll —."

Something gripped at the Judge's throat, although he was well aware that much of Winter's vehemence was the overflow of the boy's melodramatic instinct. But the tether was there, nevertheless, and if Winters ever discovered it—

His relations with his nephew were more guarded after that, although as cordial and pleasant as before. He showed a sort of benevolent paternalism towards Winters, a kindly interest in his work and fancies and ambitions that the boy was even stirred to actively hope again, and took up long unfinished manuscripts with new vigor and determination. Their companionship had done much for each other in lessening the monotony and routine of the newspaper work; the younger man found it especially grateful.

The year wore on. The cold late spring found them friends; the summer and autumn made them intimates. And the snowy evenings of early winter were either spent in Winters' rooms, or the hotel billiard-parlor. All was well with the Judge from a financial standpoint; his work was progressing famously. But the tether sometimes became wearisome; so did the assumed name.

One evening, rather later than usual, they were leaving the *Blade* office after spending the afternoon on some plans for a special Christmas issue of the paper. Winters, comfortably tired, yet mentally very active, effervesced with spirit. Christmas was coming on, was his thought, the first Christmas in years that would not be spent alone. It was good to have a friend! The shabby windows of Seneca looked out at him cheerily; they were hung with meager bits of holly and ribbon.

"It's funny, isn't it, Judge, how Christmas affects people. The general loosening up of hearts—and purses."

They were crossing the street, and the Judge, occupied in avoiding the ruts that he knew lay under the snow did not answer. But Winters went on unchecked.

"A time like this makes me feel like 'peace on earth, good will to men,' and all that sort of thing. * * * Washington Irving's English Christmas, with a Yule log and mistletoe * * * and Tiny Tim Crachit * * * with his 'God bless all of us' or whatever it is. Don't you notice it, Judge?"

"Humph!" The Judge seemed rather testy.

"What—why you old Scrooge, you. You should read Dickens, Judge. Whee! Look here! What a mess of toys. And business is good."

The Judge grunted. "The usual fuss," he commented shortly. "Gifts and buying and hubbub! And what does it mean?"

"Oh, I say, Judge. You don't mean to tell me that you don't believe in Christmas, that the spirit doesn't touch you?"

"Something's touched you, my friend," said the Judge, with an undercurrent of ironical amusement. "You comport yourself like a six-year-old, suh, waiting for Kris Kringle. I am afraid I've outgrown the feeling, suh. How does it affect you?"

"Why Judge, I feel as if I could forgive all my enemies at this time of the year, and forget all my grievances with 'em. Start out new. I'd like to make this a time for renewing friendships for

everybody, a truce of holly and gifts; make Christmas, in our busy, workaday lives, a time to forgive and forget, an interval for sentiment in all the season * * *." He broke off suddenly. It had just occurred to him that the phrase 'an interval for sentiment' would make a good editorial for the Christmas issue, a catchy headline.

They walked on in silence until the hotel was reached. When Winters went down to supper, the Judge was not there. Nor did he come down during the meal. Wondering a little, Winters went up to his room alone, and set to work upon his editorial.

It was some time later when the Judge tapped on his door. He entered warily, seemingly worried about something. For two hours, he had been screwing up his courage to the point of action, all on the strength of two of the boy's thoughtless remarks—"I could forgive all my enemies at this time of the year" and 'a time to forgive and forget.' Without speaking, he handed Winters a faded envelope, his hand trembling, his eyes turned away.

"Why—why, Judge! A present? Say—I never expected this. It's great of you, Judge * * *." He had opened the envelope by this time and drawn out an old photograph. Confusedly, he looked at it, a picture of two outlandish looking young men, each resembling the other greatly.

Winters regarded it for a minute. "Is this of you, Judge?" he managed to stammer at last. The Judge gulped and answered.

"Who is the other one?" Winters was wondering what the deuce had been the purpose of the Judge in showing him such a picture.

"Your father!" The Judge, waited, like a man before a verdict.

"My father? * * * *You* his brother * * *. My uncle?"

The Judge gulped again, his eyes suspiciously bleary. All his dignity and poise had gone. Winters, with an anger nursed of years rising up in him, tried—and failed—to think of revenge, upon the weak, pitiful old man before him. His romantic self was banished. The situation was absurd, but not funny; only a young hot-head, and an old timorous reprobate. Here was his meeting with his dead father's enemy! But what could he do, what should he do?

He passed through a whole gamut of lessening emotions. Kill him? Kill the Judge? It was impossible.

The old man caught his hand suddenly.

"John, boy, John! Can't you forgive me, your uncle, Nelson?"

John drew away in disgust; the old fellow was positively maudlin.

"Is this the time to forgive?" he asked bitterly. "Your time to be forgiven was some thirty years ago—do you take me for a sentimental fool? Forgive?" There was less anger in his tone than pique, for the unconscious reason that the Judge had robbed the scene of all its dramatic elements that he would have enjoyed. It was sordid now.

The Judge looked up, and at last spoke. "John—this is the time—it's Christmas, you rem—"

"Christmas? What has that to do with it—"

"You said—you could forgive all your enemies at this time of the year, at Christmas. Forgive and forget, you said—"

John was beginning to feel rather flat, slightly foolish. It was all over, now. His own father would have forgotten it. And the Judge was not a bad old fellow * * *. He was beginning to waver.

The Judge caught his hand again. John returned its pressure.

"It's all right, Jud—Uncle. We'll forget it. Father would, I know * * *."

"John, boy. You've made an old man so happy—you don't know." The last tether was broken. The Judge stood up, himself before the world. There was a dignity in his bearing, a majesty in his voice. John felt himself stirred. By Jove! Here was romance after all—and himself the hero, instead of the avenger. His own eyes watered at the thought. The Judge noticed his blinking.

"My boy, we're two fools, I'm afraid. But it's Christmas, and I'm happy, I'm forgiven, I'm myself for the first time in years."

John was reaching for his handkerchief when it occurred to him; his hand stopped. Christmas!

"The interval for sentiment, Uncle * * *." He glowed under the idea. It was a pleasant, beautiful world after all; a world of romance. There was romance in even wiping one's eyes, in looking forward to living happily ever after.

Dear reader, sneer at sentiment; sentiment is foolish; but, please not at Christmas time.

EDWARD D. REYNOLDS, A. B., '16

Fight and Life

STAY not thou the rushing wind
With thy feeble will;
Stay not thou the wanton wind
For it will not still.
Wild and free,—should it be ever
Bound by land or sea? Oh, never!
King of flight, not ruled by mind!

Would you have the sea obey
At thy slightest word?
Would you still its restless play
In a voice scarce heard?
Rule the puny o'er the strong,
Say the world's laws all are wrong,
Question Heaven's ancient way?

Would you make of this our life
Just an empty thing —
Void of battle, pain and strife,
Lacking victory's ring?
Life without its fight is dead;
Worlds are of their beauty shed;
Courage then, for stormy life!

SINON J. WALSH, A.B. '18



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IF there is one profession where sound ethics must prevail, where commonsense must preclude sentimentalism, where dull routine must eschew sensationalism, it is medicine. Human life is its care, and can never be regarded as a trivial charge. The adage of familiarity breeding contempt is as true with the physician as with anyone else, and should be kept constantly before his mind.

Recently a Chicago doctor forgot it **Sentiment vs. Ethics.** and let a helpless baby die. His excuse was that the infant was deformed and would be a burden to his parents and to the community, if permitted to live. He cited a list of defects and probable deficiencies

to defend his stand. This child would be an imbecile, and perhaps a menace to society, had he been allowed to live. Hence, for the convenience of mankind he refused to prolong its life.

A coroner's jury, comprised of six of the leading physicians of the city, exonerated him with a reprimand. Their attitude was one of "you-did-wrong-and-we-pity-you." Perhaps they hesitated to condemn one of their own profession, for their conduct was contradictory. To assuage the feelings of those who denounced the act, they recommended the establishment of a board of doctors to decide such cases in the future.

Throughout the whole deplorable affair there has been exhibited little reason and much sentimental nonsense. Medical men are puzzled as to the stand they ought to take; not a few have been emphatic in their advocacy of the deed. Dr. Haiselden has brought on a flood of absurd doctrines and illogical conclusions. Incidentally, he has given prominence to one essential requisite for physicians—sound ethics. The lack of it among the men to whom we trust our physical welfare is amazing. The most pitiable of all are those who doubt.

There were two evident reasons for saving the little life—the baby's right to live, which was not recognized, and the duty of the physician to preserve life, which was disregarded. Both of these were waived in the interest of "humanity." The idea of an immortal soul was unthought of, if not discredited altogether. Two prominent sentiments were given as justification—the poor sufferer, considered in its animal entity, and poor society. The purpose of God in permitting such a child to come into the world had no consideration in the mind of advanced science.

To what end such chaotic doctrine and practice will lead, is difficult to imagine. The doctor in question, declared that if he were sent to prison he would abdicate his stand. Now, since he was freed, we may expect a continuance of this malpractice. The medical jury's recommendation is unsatisfactory, because there are many others like Dr. Haiselden. The only outlook is the passage of a law to compel doctors to preserve life in any event; but we are overburdened with laws already. We could begin in the medical schools and drill the student into a realization of the danger. Perhaps public opinion will revolt at such conduct, and save us. Just now we

are in a precarious stage. But we act when we wish to put a stop to most crimes, and we act at once.

EDWARD J. DUFFY, A. B. '17

THE French government has gone to Canossa. After years of hatred and opposition to the Church, the atheistic French government has been forced to capitulate, and has finally sent an ambassador to the Pope. Poor, proud government of France! To think that your puny strength, your loosely organized state, could successfully antagonize the Pope when rules of far more powerful nations have failed. Napoleon resisted the Pope, and for five long, bitter years on barren St. Helena he rued his resistance. Bismarck dared to set himself against the Pope, and his power withered away.

The Capitulation of the French Government. Thus it has been throughout the history of the world: what would not yield to the Popes perished. Rome would not yield, and Rome, proud Rome, the mistress of the world, the mightiest empire of all time, fell in ruin. Through all the ages it has been so: God has constantly demonstrated that the Pope is His Vicar by humbling his enemies. To some of them He has given a long time for repentance; but, if they have not repented, His vengeance has fallen swift and sure. And so it is that the Pope, even as a prisoner in his own kingdom, commands the respect of the world.

The French government has seen the hand-writing on the wall. The infidel government of France, which had declared eternal war on the Pope and everything connected with the Pope, which had stubbornly opposed him for so many years, has at last surrendered. In the great world-war in which it is now engaged the French government has beheld the signs of God's wrath. In its eager haste to avert the impending doom, by settling accounts with the All-powerful, it has not been content simply to reestablish amicable relations with the Pope personally, it has even entered into communication with the General of the Jesuits—the hated Jesuits! Truly the French government has capitulated with a vengeance!

IGNATIUS P. WALSH, A. B., '17

Alumni

ONE of the most brilliant functions ever held under the auspices of any Department of the University was the Reunion and Musicale of the Alumni Association, given at the Red Room, Hotel LaSalle, on the afternoon of Sunday, December fifth.

The Musicale was the first of a number of popular functions which the Alumni have planned for this year. During the summer, **Reunion and Musicale.** President Payton J. Tuohy, A. B., '05, called the Officers of the Association together, and laid before them his proposal for a new course of action in Alumni affairs. Mr. Tuohy protested that the advantages and benefits of an organization like our Alumni, capable of exerting an immense influence in Catholic and educational circles, should be confined only to its members. With a view to extending the activities of the Alumni, he suggested a number of popular functions, to which the women friends of the members of the Alumni Association could be invited. The idea met with favorable reception, and the Musicale was the first event of the Alumni's program for the year.

Previous to the Musicale, a reception and reunion was held in the parlors and clubroom adjoining the Red Room. It was universally acknowledged the most animated meeting the Alumni ever had. Over two hundred of the "old boys" were present, accompanied by about two hundred and fifty feminine guests. The entertainment offered was a recital by Mr. Edward Collins, a pianist of international reputation, formerly a member of Madame Schuman-Heink's company, and Mr. Louis Kreidler, a former baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York.

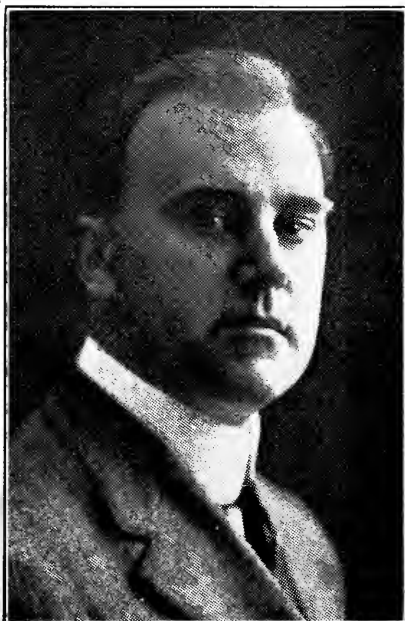
Before the recital, a short speech of welcome was made by Mr. Tuohy, who introduced the artists.

The program:

- I. Piano:
 - (a) Nocturne C Minor.....*Chopin*
 - (b) Scherzo C Sharp Minor.....*Chopin*
- II. Vocal:
 - (a) Bird of the Wilderness.....*Horseman*
 - (b) Life and Death.....*Coleridge-Taylor*
- III. Piano:
 - (a) Improvisation*MacDowell*
 - (b) Caprice *Paderewski*
- IV. Vocal:
 - (a) Zur Johannsnacht *Grieg*
(The Eve of Saint John)



MR. EDWARD COLLINS



MR. LOUIS KREIDLER



- (b) Auf Der Reise Zur Heimat.....Grieg
(Homeward Bound)
- (c) Der JaegerGrieg
(The Hunter)

V. Piano:

- (a) LiebestraumLiszt
- (b) La CampanellaLiszt

VI. Vocal:

- Toreador (Song from Carmen).....Bizet
(Steinway Piano Furnished By Lyon & Healy)

Mr. Collins' evident mastery of his instrument and the brilliancy of his execution held his audience from the very opening note. His playing was remarkable for its precision and accuracy; the delicacy and sureness of touch, clarity of tone and correctness of rendition and interpretation affirmed Mr. Collins the finished artist. Two selections especially admired were the *Scherzo C Sharp Minor* of Chopin, and *La Campanella* of Liszt. At the conclusion of his last number, Mr. Collins was prevailed upon to encore with a selection of his own composition from the *Four Waltzes*. His happy rendition of his own melodies delighted his hearers, and he received a tremendous ovation as he finished.

Mr. Kreidler opened with Horseman's *Bird of the Wilderness*. He sang easily and with grace, accommodating his voice to the auditorium. Coleridge-Taylor's *Life and Death* followed. Next were three selections from Grieg, and the *Toreador Song* from Carmen constituted the finale. The emotional and lyric expressiveness of Mr. Kreidler's voice charmed his audience, and he was called upon for an encore after every number. The well-known *Toreador Song* with its sonorous march chorus was especially liked.

To these gentlemen who so courteously afforded an afternoon of rare entertainment to its friends and members, the Alumni Association tenders its thanks, and its best wishes for the success of both artists. Mr. Collins and Mr. Kreidler are at present engaged in teaching and private tour work in and around Chicago. It is not unlikely that further opportunity may be given to their audience of Sunday the fifth to hear both gentlemen again in the future.

After the recital, Father P. A. Mullens, S. J., the Faculty Moderator, made a short speech which he termed a "grace note," with "grace" construed as thanks, and "note" as a brief remark. Father Mullens congratulated and thanked both the artists for affording the members and friends of the Alumni an afternoon of rare entertainment. On behalf of the Alumni, he expressed his appreciation and delight at the enthusiastic reception and attention with which this first popular program of the Association had met.

Mr. Tuohy followed with a few brief remarks about the new policy of the Alumni, and stated that the Musicale was only a first and preliminary effort, and that its success would be taken as sufficient and encouraging

assurance for proceeding with their plans. In conclusion, he invited all present to remain and "get acquainted." Nearly everybody did.

Too much credit cannot be given Mr. Tuohy and the other Officers for this welcome innovation that heralds the new policy of the Alumni. Social activities in the University, and especially at St. Ignatius, have been cut-and-dried, and taken for granted too long, and this new movement to make them more attractive and extensive in scope cannot but meet with universal approval.

The MAGAZINE extends to the Alumni its best wishes for even greater success in their future efforts.

The Brundage Medals. One of the most encouraging developments in athletics at St. Ignatius has been the offer of the Brundage Medals for individual excellence in athletic competition.

Howard A. Brundage, ex. '13, LL. B. '14, is the donor of the medals. While at College, and afterwards, Mr. Brundage has always shown a warm interest in both varsity and academy athletics. Last season he devoted much of his time daily to coaching the St. Ignatius foot ball teams. At the opening of this year, Mr. Brundage's time would not permit him to assist in coaching the teams, but in a letter to Mr. James Walsh, S. J., the Assistant Director of Athletics, he offered a set of medals to promote athletic activity. Mr. Brundage's plan was as follows:

That any registered student, who is a member of the Athletic Association, and of good scholastic standing, may compete and vote for competing candidates, placing his vote either singly on one candidate or distributing it among a number.

That each game will have a certain value in points: Football, 100, baseball, basketball, indoor, each 75, swimming, track, tennis, golf, etc., 50.

At the close of each season for each game, a vote by ballot shall be cast for the three most deserving candidates by all members of the Athletic Association; and at the end of the year the candidate having the largest number of points will be awarded a gold medal, the one having the second largest number, a silver medal, and the third a bronze medal. The counting of the ballots shall be in the hands of an especially appointed committee, which shall conduct the balloting.

In offering these awards, Mr. Brundage hopes that it will instill a new spirit of competition into the school, that it will increase the membership of the Athletic Association, that it will swell the attendance at all public games, that it will augment student support, and tend to develop the all-around athlete.

It is needless to say that Mr. Brundage's very generous offer has been accepted and appreciated greatly by both the Faculty and students. It has resulted in an evident stimulation in school athletics, and given many students who ordinarily do not come out for teams a new conception of the value of athletic participation.

One of the benefits, and not the least, has been the effect on the students

of the knowledge that the Alumni are actively interested in their affairs. Hitherto the Alumni have been a rather unknown quantity to students at St. Ignatius, although Mr. Brundage is well known. The medals will undoubtedly serve to institute a permanent bond between the old and the new students.

The '09 Reunion. On Monday evening, November twenty-ninth, the K. W. V. (Knights of the White Vest), an organization built up within and around the class of '09, entertained at a banquet and smoker given in Parlor Q of the Grand Pacific Hotel. When the "old boys" gathered they heard with regret that Mr. Ignatius Doyle, chief of the clan and toastmaster of the evening, could not be present owing to unexpected demands on his time. This regret, however, wore away as the banqueters realized how cleverly his understudy, Mr. John Ward, was smiling his way through the rearranged program. Too much credit cannot be given him, especially for the tact he displayed in silencing our esteemed friend, Mr. Alfred O. Lambeau. Alfred Oscar evidently thought that he was once again in the Senior Debating Society, talking against time on a point of order and determined to hold the floor at any cost.

Among the speakers of the evening were Rev. William Roberts, Mr. William Carroll and Dr. Edward V. Del Beccaro, while the Class Quartette, by rendering songs old and new, revived countless recollections of happy, care-free days at college. It is six years since graduation—a fact difficult to realize even by one separated entirely from his classmates throughout this period. The class are still the same jolly, generous, manly men they were on their departure from their Alma Mater. Time has only served to bring out the characteristics in stronger and clearer relief, and to deepen the "old boys'" appreciation of the debt each owes to good companionship through the plastic period of college days. The evening passed so pleasantly that it seemed hardly half an hour from the time Mr. Ward rapped for order until the last toast was given to the continued success of our Alma Mater.

REV. J. AMBROSE MURRAY, A. B., '09

'09 Since the last issue of the LOYOLA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, James L. Foley, M. D., has distinguished himself by outstripping all competitors in a Civil Service examination and thereby securing an excellent position on the staff of the New Municipal Tuberculosis Sanitarium.

Edward V. Del Beccaro, M. D., is closing a two-year internship at the Michael Reese Hospital, and in the near future expects to launch forth for himself into the medical world, as he candidly states, to save suffering humanity and a few odd dollars.

Old students who remember the Berghoff brothers will be pleased to learn that Robert is practicing medicine with offices in the Marshall Field Annex. Windthorst is engaged in law, while Clement is at Harvard, preparing for the degree of Master of Arts.

Mr. Daniel A. Lord, S. J., now at the School of Divinity of St. Louis

University, is a member of the Popular Lecture Bureau of that university. Mr. Lord, sometime in spring, will give a lecture in the modern English course on George Bernard Shaw.

A Letter from the Front. Morgan F. Cronin, ex. '16, a Soldier of Fortune now serving on the English Field Hospital Corps on the first line of the trenches in France, has sent a very graphic letter to Joseph X. Gubbins, a former classmate. We reprint extracts below.

The letter is dated October eighteenth, 1915, from "Same Old Place in France." Mr. Cronin is not aware of his exact location. The envelope mailed from headquarters, is postmarked "Corbie" and "Paris." Enclosed with the letter were a couple of notes addressed to Mr. Cronin from officers in the field, and a grimy death list of those under his care for one day. They are very graphic souvenirs of the war, and help to convey intimately, as nothing else can, the vastness of the struggle abroad.

. . . Your letter reminds me that there is a place where peace reigns and you do not always have to be on your guard.

It is a Monday night, just about 10:30 p. m. and I am seated in an Advanced Dressing Station (that is where the wounded receive their first treatment). My writing desk is an old table which no doubt in happier days bore the weight of many a good dinner. Funny thing, tonight my thoughts will stray to food, but then I am abominably hungry. The last two weeks we have been working on Chicago canned beef, hard biscuits and strawberry jam. We are too far in advance to get our regular supply.

They are shelling this place tonight. Ever since six o'clock they have been at it. We have moved our wounded to a place of safety and now there are only a few of us here in case a German shell should fall in the right place. Then we will have to go and do what we can. Where I am now is a comparatively safe place, unless the Huns train on us. No doubt, though, they have some other objective.

For the past three weeks it has been a veritable picture of hell here but we have the enemy on the run and they admit it. On this front we have and still are pushing them back slowly but surely. If you could collect all the wierd noises you ever heard in your life and double them you may conceive what it sounds like. There is a whizz of shrapnel, then the dull bang when it lands, the crash of the "Jack Johnsons," so called from the dense black smoke, going through the air, the "crush—pzz zah" of machine gun fire and the sharp whistle of the high powered rifle. Add to these a dark night (all the fighting is done at night now because the aeroplanes can see everything in daylight), the darkness punctuated by star shells (common sky rockets that enable one to see the trenches of the enemy), add again cursing and yelling and the piteous cry of the wounded and you may gather what war is. The old charges, the reading of which thrill one, are no more; now you lie in a cold wet trench (ditch) wide awake, waiting, waiting, waiting for you know not what. And in the daytime you see so forcibly the destruc-

tion a modern shell carries. You see running zigzag, little ridges that seem never ending. These are the trenches. If you wish to leave this life suddenly, you can stick your head above the trenches. Between the enemy's trenches and ours is a strip of ground varying from 10 to 500 yards at places. This strip is called "neutral" ground and is honeycombed with barbed wire, shell holes and all the other contrivances that will hold back the enemy should they attempt a charge. At night parties go out and fix up the barb wire. If they are lucky, they come back; more often than not the star shells show them to the enemy and then you hear the pzz of machine guns.

Our casualties were very heavy during our big advance and most of the wounded and all of the killed had to remain where they fell because once we captured a German trench there was no way of getting back of our lines except to cross the "neutral" ground; this meant certain death. . . .

After the big advance I worked fifty-four hours under a continuous fire, bandaging and giving morphia. At last I was played out and I and the other two Medics working together gathered and made a barricade of what we could find and went to sleep. I slept for four hours, and then it was the same thing all over again.

. . . Shortly I expect to go to England for a rest. I have come through so much that I believe I am bullet-proof and I will surely have some photos taken.

Pardon this writing, as I am in a devil of a rush. Will write again soon. . . .

As ever yours,

MORGAN F. CRONIN.

P. S. Who won the World's series?

The MAGAZINE sincerely hopes that Mr. Cronin will continue to be bullet-proof, and that he will return unharmed. .

Francis F. Moran, '01, is now Assistant Attorney General for the City of Chicago. He is in the Inheritance Tax Department, and has law offices at the Otis Building.

Thomas Guinane was married on the twenty-ninth of November, at Plainfield. The MAGAZINE extends its congratulations and best wishes. Mr. Guinane, recent students will remember, taught at the College for two or three years after his graduation.

Thomas F. Maher, ex. '16, St. Mary's College, Kansas, '15, is with '16. the firm of Sears, Meagher and Whitney. Tom is also studying law at Kent College.

Walter Groves, ex. '16, is advertising manager for the Gorman Tailoring Company. He is also enrolled at Loyola Law School.

John Kehoe, ex. '16, is employed in the St. Paul freight office.

Joseph X. Gubbins, ex. '16, has distinguished himself in salt salesmanship, and has been appointed Illinois representative for the Morton Salt Company.

Charles Bidwill, ex. '16, is in the Legal Department of the Board of Local Improvements.

John (Legs) Macgregor, ex. '18, is studying engineering at Illinois. He was on the team this year and was one of the number that received an "I." Douglas Goodwillie and John Kimmins, ex. '19, are also at Illinois, studying agriculture.

LEO E. MCGIVENA, A. B., '16 .

Shrapnel

A WERY merry Wistmas, boys! Christmas is really the only day that fits. May you have many more of them!

* * *

We had intended giving each one of you a valuable souvenir with your copy of *Shrapnel*, but circumstances interfered and you will have to go without it. However, we herewith bestow upon you a powerful array of mental gifts—presence of mind, you might call them. Now please don't go strutting around just because you happen to be *gifted* persons!

We might go on with this forever, exclaiming "Holly gee!" and informing you how one of the Christmas bells fell on our mistletoe and how it is not only black and blue but also is evergreen; but just as the verb for varn is to varnish so the verb pun is to punish, and to our equivocal flippancies we must give surcease. Cease, sir, Cease!

* * *

Is is very often that we are showered with stirring encomiums upon our humorous ability, but our innate reserve prevents us from making them known to the world. Yet, sweet-scented roses like the following should not be left to die out in the cold, coaled winter:

One 'day when I was reading
Our L. U. MAGAZINE;
I came across a lot of junk—
The worst I'd ever seen.
'Twas in a funny (?) column
And *Shrapnel* was its name,
And death should be the punishment,
For him who is to blame.

R. D. M. C. F.

(An initial attempt, as 'twere.)

The initials are for Ray Flavin—"Bold Flavin of the Sophomores."

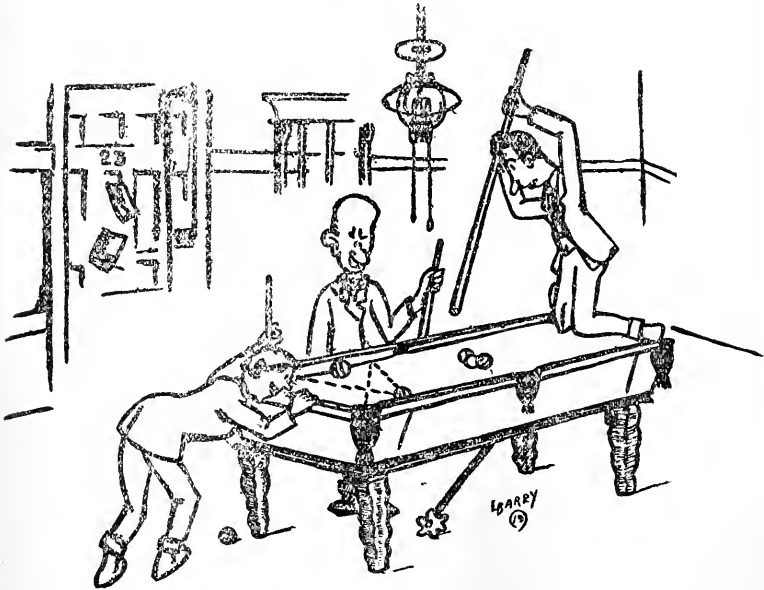
* * *

IT'S NEWS TO US.

McGivena suggested this
One night when we were walking;
The air was cold (?), for he, not I,
Was doing all the talking.
He said he'd seen the thing in *Puck*—
Had seized it like a grapnel,
And thought it great
If I could prate
With similar strain in *Shrapnel*.

The L. U. MAG. November, was
 By far its banner issue,
 And everyone around admired
 Its contents and their tissue;
 A month ago our boys enjoyed
 Their long-sought distribution;
 The Football Teams
 By now, it seems,
 Have got their absolution.

The Editors a meeting had
 The thirteenth of November;
 The College Club has come to stay,
 And with it every member.
 Some tournaments are in the air
 And some are on the table;
 The brand of pool
 In this old school
 Is surely very able.



The L. O. A. has started in
 Another happy season,
 And students argue pro and con
 With little rime or reason.
 The orchestra four tenors needs,
 And each must be a hummer;
 While right away
 (I think they say)
 The Glee Club needs a drummer.

The Library has books withdrawn
 In every line save fiction,
 Which students here refuse to read
 That they may save their diction.
 The other branching schools of ours—
 Of dear old Ma, Loyola,
 Behave quite fine,
 Refuse the stein
 And take just "Coca Cola."

We're glad to hear that things are thus,
 That everything is booming,
 For though we like plans in the bud,
 We love them in the blooming.
 And so don't play the pessimist,
 Be never sad nor surly.
 Now, this means you!
 Get up and do
 Your Christmas shopping early!



OUR OWN STATISTICIAN, MR. ERNEST W. THIELE

By Himself (to one side, alone.)

There are three kinds of statistics: the raw, such as are found in the City Directory and the obituary column; the digested, such as are found in *Whittaker's Almanac* and the reports of the Census Bureau; and the predigested, such as appear in *Popular Mechanics* and *Everybody's Magazine*. All our statistics (the following) are fully cooked and predigested.

The students of St. Ignatius College spend every year, 100 years, in the College. If these years were placed end to end, they would reach backward to the exile of Napoleon, and forward to H. G. Wells. But this hundred years seems like a thousand to the victims, and, accordingly, we are brought back to the Dark Ages, and forward to June 17, 1916.

Every year these students at St. Ignatius ascend and descend about 50,000,000 steps. If they were steps in a horizontal direction, they would reach around the world. In the ascent the students do about 1,200,000,000 foot pounds of work, enough to lift fifty tons to the top of Pike's Peak, or enough to blow St. Ignatius College sky-high, or enough to carry a Junior's philosophy book home for him. Every day the students go up a higher mountain than any on earth.

Permit me to add some miscellaneous statistics. The fictions told to the Prefect of Discipline would keep the *Saturday Evening Post* incessantly oversupplied. The sighs emitted by troubled students would keep all the windmills in Holland running for a month. And the wish that a fire-drill would interrupt the recitation has been gratified just .000013 per cent of the time.

* * *

Artist to the Orator: "Will you sit for me?"

Question: If, when in Rome, we should do as the Romans do, does it mean that when in Dutch we should likewise do as the Dutchmen do?

Answer: By all means, unless there be a chink in the curtain.

* * *

A page from a reliable lumber concern's letter book:

"Dear Sir:

"We beg to advise you we cannot fill your order for 50 doors for the new — building. We are at this time out of doors. . . ."

* * *

OUR EXCERPT COLUMN.

Knocking about the *Sanctum*, and fooling around with the great piles of magazine literature that litter its tables, we got the thought that it might be nice for you to know what was going on in the other schools on this continent. Now we cannot quote you whole magazines as they are printed, so small excerpts from here and there will have to be your pittance.

From *The Dreamer*, Winnipeg, Canada:

"Mr. James Howard, a teacher of higher mathematics in this school,

was last week stricken with the news that his only sister was seriously ill in Toronto. The students are sincerely hoping that the sister will recover."

From the *Iowac*, Des Moines, Iowa, in their "Exchange" column:

"We sincerely wish that those editors with whom we exchange would kindly send us copies of their magazines in return."

From *The Oak Tree*, Sacramento, California:

"The basketball prospects for the season 1915-1916 are bright. So many are reporting for practice at the very start that Manager Fairchild has much trouble supplying them all with suits. Otherwise things are very rosy."

From *The Ubook*, Savannah, N. C.:

"If President Wilson was not so impartial, we might be led to consider him neutral. But as it is, he does not seem to have any liking either one way or the other."

From *The N. O. U. Magazine*, New Orleans, La.:

"The beginning of the year was very auspicious. Improvements are going on all around. The Registrar has enrolled two hundred new students from Texas alone, and the Treasurer has recently announced the installation of four new guaranteed safes in his office."

From *The University of Phoenix Ledger*, Phoenix, Ariz.:

"The debate of the Phoenix Debating Society was on: 'Resolved that the state of Arizona should be wet.' Messrs. Guinane and Haverly held the affirmative, while Messrs. Nagel and Twombly opposed. The result was dry. Mr. Burns, our Director, was the best speaker."

From *The Milestone*, Ottawa, N. Y.:

"The little candy store on the first floor has been closed by the Faculty on account of its influence towards prodigality and dissipation."

* * *

It sims that Murray Seems, or it seems that Murray Sims, of Sophomore, or whatever his name is, has had a great deal of trouble in proving the authenticity of that little French poem we published for him in November's *Shrapnel*. He sends on a letter, in which he strives to say several things. Don't mind him, boys, don't mind him!

Mr. Mangan:

Will you kindly tell the world which credits blindly that I wrote those Frenchy verses (which, eh! alack! and curses! were as bad as I ere wrote, sir), that I'm really not the goat, sir, that I didn't write the stuff, sir. Still that will not be enough, sir.

Tell them that I do not care to be put down as the writer, and what man dares to, to say so, must be looking for a fight, or else he's simply bats or crazy or his brain is fogged and lazy—for to fight me is a crime, sir. Why, I've killed men for a dime, sir!

So, unless the writer wishes, by the gods and little fishes, to be scattered o'er the ground, sir, or be shot just like a hound, sir—

say, don't use my name in vain, sir, or I'll clout you with my cane, sir. I have with me Thomas Carey, wildest of the Dutch,—be wary; and indulge my little whims.

Ego dixit,
Murray Sims.

Very good, Eddie, that is, Murray—we like your style; it is so effective and self-contradictory. One more thing, just who is this “sir” whom you appear to be speaking to? We always thought that we were of more use than the second syllable in a double rime.

* * *

Mr. Emmet O'Neil, the pleasant and affable Sophomore, has contributed a few highly interesting articles to the restful pages of *Shrapnel*. His remarks follow in this order (disorder):

The Spanish Class is at work constructing a poem for *Shrapnel*. Portland Cement will be used.

George McConnell (with a cue in one hand, a pool ball in the other, and a chair in the other): “Who wants to fight?” All replies mute, except for a few silent ones.

From Prospectus.

Professor: “Have you seen ‘Pro Milone’?”

Steward: “No Maloney in this room.”

Another One.

Professor of English: “Mr. Schultz, just what reason did Burke have to preach conciliation with the colonies, when his own wife had hit him with a vase that morning, etc.?”

Schultz, a sort of Butter-Nut (just as plainly as Burke himself might have answered): “Father, I can't talk loud enough to be heard.”

We ought to make known to the Philosophers a new system of argument that will greatly facilitate the passing of the Board Exams. Toots Weisenberger's method: “If it is this why couldn't this be that if that was this. But sposin' assumin' the hypothesis this that was this was that, could not this be that?”

Phone BO2B. Mr. Duffy will answer.

That last one of Mr. O'Neil's may confuse you pro tem for a time; but you ought to be able to work it out. It refers to some sort of a mutual admiration between the two in the case.

* * *

Here's one by John B. McCauley, Fresh.

Bugology.

A centipede was happy once
Until a frog in fun
Asked, “Pray, which leg comes after which,
And howly is it done?”

This raised her mind to such a pitch,
 She lay distracted in a ditch,
 Considering how to run.

* * *

ROME.

Enthralled, in joyful palsy there I stood;
 Enraptured, I could utter not a word;
 The ecstasy of the new-mothered bird,
 Gazing upon its younglings in the wood
 Was mine. It seemed as though a lifted hood
 Had added to my life a precious third.
 I looked and saw all that before I'd heard;
 I thanked my stars that fate had been so good.

So this was Rome, the ancients' pride and light,
 The Rome the Tiber touched, of Italy;
 Oh, what romantic thoughts invaded me . . .
 But then I read a sign and said, "Good night!"
 And at my foolishness I laughed, "Ha! Ha!"
 Because the sign had said it was Rome, Ga.

By THOMAS EDWARD CAREY, A. B., '19

* * *

Hitherto heretofore, we have been running along like a clock, have we not? Then it ought to be pretty near time to wind up.

But we would consider it an injustice, an act of ignorant and abusive superciliousness and turgescency, if we were to do so (wind up) without wishing you once more from the depths of our soul, from the uttermost recesses of our heart, from each monad, atom, molecule existing in some sensitive organs where the feeling be lodged,—without wishing you—a Christmas and a New Year: that is to say, A Merry Christmas and a Bright New Year; the greeting's old, but none the less sincere.

"God bless us all," was the wish of Tiny Tim, and of us, too, though we don't resemble him. Of Tiny Tim, was it? The Dickens, you say!

JAMES T. MANGAN, A. B., '17

Exchanges

THE functions of most exchange columns seems to be the distribution of lavish, and often undeserved approbation upon the products of college magazinedom. To us, this seems a totally erroneous notion, a valueless parading of the good and bad alike; for praise loses efficacy if it is universal. We believe that if there is an article of little or no merit in a magazine of otherwise praiseworthy content, that the valueless article should receive censure; for such censure attaches more significance to the appreciation of the good. Every essay or poem that deals with sacred or pious subjects is not necessarily good; in fact most such efforts are at best very mediocre, because in taking a theme too deep and difficult for his ability, the student author usually succeeds only in making it hackneyed and commonplace. Sincerity, then, has its own worth, and must not be deprived of place in the exchange column. The function of the exchange is to censure as well as praise; to exercise a scholarly and careful, if not skilled, discrimination of literary values.

A modest, unprepossessing newcomer, the *Lumina*, whose dress **Lumina.** does not do justice to its content. Scholastically speaking, *Lumina* is "long" on matter, but "short" on form. Its appearance would be much improved by the judicious use of space in its pages. The opening number has a number of unusually good verses; we shall not attempt to pick the best. Two essays, two stories, a book-review and several editorials complete the *Lumina's* roster. All are of unusual merit. We are glad to see, too, a space for humor and its varying constituents "Driftwood" is its name.

We shall look for *Lumina* again; with a little more attention to its appearance, it ought easily rank with the best of college papers.

The best looking publication in our Sanctum was the October **Tamarack.** issue of *The Tamarack*, the University of Detroit magazine, with its mottled brown cover, and its gold embossed memorial plate. "The Test" and "Treason," both stories, are the only long articles in the issue. It contains however, a large number of shorter pieces, and much verse. Its advertising pages are a delight to the eye, and reflect much credit upon the business staff.

A large heap of college publications lies before us. But this time the Ex-man is pressed for both time and space. He begs your indulgence for his brevity, and will try to include more reviews in the next number.

The staff of the LOYOLA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE extends its best wishes for a happy New Year and prosperous season to the whole of college magazinedom.

LEO E. MCGIVENA, A. B., '16

University Chronicle

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Distribution. On Wednesday, November seventeenth, the students were crowded into the Assembly Hall for the first quarterly distribution. As in former years a large number carried away the much-coveted prizes. Many of the marks were very high, while others indicated that a few of the students had been doing a low grade of work. Father Furay commended those who had merited ribbons, and urged the others to do better next time. He then reminded all that the new system of marking was now in effect, which was a gentle warning for some to raise their marks before the close of the first semester. The assembly closed with the announcement of a half-holiday.

Sodality. The meetings of the Sodality held on each Monday are largely attended by the members. The interesting instructions given by the Reverend Director, Father Magevney, are a source of much profit to the members who always give the closest attention to his remarks. The date for the reception of the candidates has not as yet been fixed, but it is expected that it will take place sometime during the month. On account of the large number of candidates, it is thought that the reception will be very impressive, and the enlarged membership gained thereby will be a source of much gratification to our Reverend President, Father Furay, who has always manifested so much interest in this society's welfare.

Memorial Mass. The solemn requiem high Mass for all the deceased members of the College Faculty, benefactors, and former students, was celebrated on Monday, November twenty-ninth. The entire student body assisted at the Mass, which was celebrated in the large Church. This is an annual custom and it is especially fitting that during the month of November, devoted in a particular way to the departed souls, those who have been formerly among us should be remembered.

Loyola Oratorical Association. The Loyola Oratorical Association, owing to the numerous vacations, and the absence of the 'Seniors and Juniors, fell short of the usual number of meetings for the quarter. But if the meetings were less frequent, their quality has not diminished; rather, it has, if anything become better. Debates were delivered to larger and more interested audiences as the period of the quarter wore on. Naturally stimulated, the debaters fairly outdid themselves.

Several new innovations marked the progress of the period. Among

others were the resolutions to increase the number of our public functions and to change once a month, the literary to an oratorical meeting.

Added spirit has evinced itself in the numbers and fire, not only of the entertainers but of the speakers from the house.

On October twentieth Messrs. Richards and J. Hanrahan championed the question, "Resolved: That the La Folette Seaman's Acts should be repealed." Messrs. Heinzen and Kilgore opposed them.

The Debate, "Resolved: That Universal Military Service should be adopted in the United States," was heard on October twenty-seventh. Messrs. Peterson and Maresh held the affirmative; Messrs. Weisenburger and John Ryan the negative.

On November third, a stirring oration on Oliver Cromwell was delivered by Mr. I. Walsh. Mr. Quigley spoke on the Liquor Question, Mr. J. Hanrahan on Ship Subsidy and Mr. Shortall on The Morality of the Stage. The last three gentlemen spoke *ex tempore*.

At the meeting of December first, it was argued by Messrs. Pechous and W. Hanrahan, that "The Government should be empowered to settle wage disputes," while Messrs. D. Cunningham and B. Conlon championed the opposition.

Though the lecture season is not far advanced, the lecturers of the Jeanne d'Arc Club have already filled more than twenty-five engagements. Early in November Mr. Hayes lectured three times in Minneapolis under the auspices of the Society of the Little Flower, and twice at Sinssinawa to the Sisters and students of St. Clara Academy. The Catholic Woman's League is accustomed to engage lecturers who have won national fame and influence. But their program on November twentieth was a fine bit of recognition of home talent. On that day Messrs. Hayes and Garland delighted the ladies of the League by their portrayal of the Unfolding of the Little Flower and showed what the young men of Chicago can do when they are given the opportunity.

Messrs. Ignatius and Sinon Walsh recently made their initial appearance as Knights of Jeanne d'Arc before an audience in Mt. Carmel parish hall. The valiant Patron of the Club had reason to be well pleased with these new recruits who are henceforth to be the special champions of her cause.

No less successful and promising was the manner in which Messrs. Edward Colnon and Robert Poynton conducted their first Pilgrimage to Lourdes in Spirit with the Sisters and students of Nazareth Academy, La Grange, as pilgrims. This lecture has been recast and the illustrations increased to one hundred and thirty-five. The memorable Irish pilgrimage to Lourdes in 1913 and the Eucharistic Congress held there just before the outbreak of the war are among the new features. The number of calls for this lecture indicate that it will be more popular than ever this season. It will be delivered at Mercy Hospital on December tenth and at St. Mary's High School December twelfth.

A very special effort has been made to gather materials for the lecture on Father Marquette that will do justice to The Ideal Blackrobe. There



MR. HOWARD BRUNDAGE



is much interest manifested in the prospective presentation of this subject, and Mr. Fitzgerald hopes to be ready to satisfy that curiosity early in the new year.

The State Deputies of the Knights of Columbus in Wisconsin and Minnesota are arranging a lecture tour for Mr. Fitzgerald who will give the lecture on Columbus to all the local councils in those states. Calls for the Columbus lecture have also been received from New York, St. Louis, Philadelphia and San Francisco.

W. Bourke Cockran. The students were very much disappointed on learning that the Hon. W. Bourke Cockran paid the College a visit on the morning of November thirtieth without being able to address them. He expressed much regret that owing to the early departure of his train he was unable to do so. Father Wynne, S. J., editor of the Catholic Encyclopedia, accompanied him on his visit, and after Mass in the chapel both departed for New York.

Father Garesché. On November twenty-eighth the College was favored by a hurried visit from Father Edward F. Garesché, S. J., editor-in-chief of "*The Queen's Work*." The students were very sorry not to have heard the well-known Jesuit whose editorials and other articles are looked forward to so eagerly each month. All are earnestly hoping he will again visit this institution and address the student-body.

Athletics. The basket ball squad, under the direction of Father Flynn, S. J., promises to put St. Ignatius among the leading teams of Chicago. There is every prospect that this year's team will outclass those of former years, as Zahringer, Holton, Driscoll and McNulty are still with us, to say nothing of a score of other aspirants.

Eugene Zahringer, A. B. '18, has been chosen Captain; Joseph F. Kerwin, A. B. '16, is Manager. The following incomplete schedule has been arranged:

- Dec. 12—Campion College, Prairie du Chien, Wis.....at home
- Dec. 14—Armour Institute.....at Armour
- Dec. 22—Campion College, Prairie du Chien, Wis.at home
- Jan. 20—St. Joseph College, Rensselaer, Ind.....at home
- Jan. 29—Notre Dame.....at Notre Dame
- Feb. 3—St. Joseph College, Rensselaer, Ind.....at St. Joseph
- Feb. 5—St. Viator College, Bourbonnais, Ill.....at home
- Feb. 10—Campion College, Prairie du Chien, Wis.at Campion
- Feb. 12—St. Viator College, Bourbonnais, Ill.at St. Viator
- Feb. 23—Lewis Institute.....at Lewis
- Jan. 3—St. Bede College, Peru, Ind.....at Peru

Negotiations for games are being made with Lewis Institute, Wheaton College and a number of other colleges.

All that is needed to make the season a success is the support of the student-body, and it is to be hoped that this will be forthcoming without

calling into use the worn-out, stone-age method of mass-meetings, etc., which arouse the spirit of the average student only temporarily.

That the Press has not been idle is sufficiently proved by the appearance of the *MAGAZINE*. Besides this, and the usual routine of church calendars, tickets, and other job work, the Press has printed the magazine of Loyola Academy, *The Profile*, and *The Dream of the Soldier Saint*, the preparation of which was announced in the last issue.

LAW.

The third meeting of the Equity Club, held at Heinly's Senior Class. Restaurant on Thursday evening, October twenty-eighth, proved to be one of the most interesting yet held by this organization, which is now well along in the third year of its existence. Long-suffering "Demon Rum" was the subject of a spirited debate. The question, "Resolved that National Prohibition is Desirable," brought forth several good arguments, and much discussion by a number of the members after the close of the debate. The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. M. R. Killgallon and E. H. Quinn, while the negative had for its defenders Messrs. F. A. Hurley and W. F. Waugh. Mr. Harry Beam presided as chairman. Although the foregoing was carded as a four-round no-decision affair, both the "sediment and sentiment" seemed to be with the negative.

The members of the Equity Club were unaware that within its limited confines there were so many noted (?) authorities on such a diversity of subjects, as was disclosed when Chairman Beam called on them for a few remarks at the close of the debate.

Senators Görman and Hurley have been in attendance at the Legislature, now engaged in special session at Springfield.

"Abie" Conners has borne upon his classic countenance for some time past the most nearly perfect specimen of a "blue-eye" that we have ever had the opportunity of observing. It was sustained by him as the result of a fall which occurred while he was casually strolling down Hyde Park Boulevard at high noon. He had his hands in his pockets.

Ed. Quinn: "Say Bill, who writes your *MAGAZINE* notes for you?"

Waugh: "Why 'Abie' Conners, of course."

Paul Hassell: "Gosh! Another black eye for Conners."

At the last writing we arose to remark that in the course of our review we were discovering many things which to our knowledge had not previously existed. After having listened to a lengthy discourse by Michael Tremko on "The Husbandry of Crime," and having shot figurative holes through Dick Regan's "straw men" at the rate of about three (men) per evening, Prof. McMahon has decided that it is a fifty-fifty proposition.

Overheard: "Gee, I'm certainly glad George Muldner doesn't snore."

The fourth meeting of the Equity Club was held Thursday evening, November eighteenth, at the Brevoort Hotel, with Mr. A. V. Conners presiding.

The subject, "Resolved, That International Disputes should be settled by Arbitration," was debated by Messrs. R. H. Regan and J. J. Killgallon, representing the affirmative, and Messrs. J. P. Quinlan and J. W. Fitzpatrick on the side of the negative. All of the speakers are to be complimented upon the able way in which they handled the subject. The second negative, Mr. Fitzpatrick, is to be especially commended. When "Fitz" loosed his forty-two centimeter in the general direction of the "dove of peace," he certainly did make the feathers fly. The consensus of opinion among the members favored the negative.

At the conclusion of the regular program, President Killgallon, acting on the suggestion of Mr. Conners, visited the Forum Club, whose meeting was in progress in the room adjoining. On his suggestion the meeting was continued jointly by the two clubs.

On invitations from the Chair, Messrs. Quinlan and Fitzpatrick delivered oratorical selections, the names of which we do not recall, and Harry Beam did a turn at the piano, winding up his part of the performance in a blaze of glory to the tune of the Star Spangled Banner.

Harry is practicing faithfully and ere long we expect to be informed that he has so thoroughly mastered the execution of this national anthem that one hand only will suffice for the tickling of the ivories, and that the other will be free to wave the FLAG, a little stunt of Harry's which serves to increase his effectiveness as it were. "I love the stock yards!"

Mr. Tom Stack declined an invitation to speak, as did also Messrs. Quinn and Conners: great pressure was brought to bear on Mike Killgallon to keep him from singing.

Mr. George F. Mulligan, Professor of Practice and Procedure, was chairman of the committee on arrangements for the big meeting held recently at the Coliseum, at which the Hon. W. Bourke Cockran of New York delivered his lecture entitled, "A Plea for Peace." To Mr. Mulligan is due much credit for the success of the meeting.

WILLIAM F. WAUGH, LL.B., '16

It's odd, isn't it, how one's regard for another will change under varying circumstances. The other night one of the **Junior Class.** boys, at a rather inopportune moment, said to me: "Say, Bob, that fellow, Bill Waugh, is a prince of a chap, isn't he?" Now at any other time I would have heartily agreed with the statement that Bill is one in a thousand and would have proceeded to hand Bill a few bouquets myself. But it so happened that I had just concluded an interview with the Honorable William, in the course of which he heartlessly informed me that the Class Notes would be due the next day. My opinion of Bill, as we "embryo lawyers" love to say, "then and there, at the time and place aforementioned, et cetera" underwent a rapid and not very complimentary change. For I hadn't given the confounded notes a thought, and worse still, had permitted the most brilliant remarks of our most brilliant class, together with the keenest humor since Mark Twain, to escape me without taking a single note.

But such a predicament as this wouldn't bother me very much were I a clever poet like my friend Waugh. He surely can think up the snappiest little law poems. By the way, that is a rather peculiar combination; to my mind law and poetry don't hitch. Law is hard fact (and not infrequently it's altogether too hard for our poor intellects), while poetry—well, speaking as an acknowledged critic (ahem) poetry is an idealized form of "super-heated atmosphere." But let's not get off the subject. I am supposed to be noting some notes, so here goes:

We *note* (note the note), "I speak no language but my own" (how is that for swiping Otis Skinner's stuff?) "avec plaisir" (here comes the note)—the rapid rise of another classmate of ours, the Honorable Henriquez Gill, who is now hobnobbing with the far-famed Jim Fitz, at the Sociology School, guiding the beloved femininity through the mazes of Spanish. Oh! How the Fates have favored some men! Why couldn't we have been born brilliant enough to fashion and develop the ideas of Loyola's fair ones? Curses on a cruel world!

Speaking of potatoes, Gill, how's your dentist?

Once more the Juniors proved themselves to be the liveliest class in the school. At the recent Alumni Musicales we had a better representation than either of the other classes. Not that we deserve any credit for our attendance, for we were certainly well repaid for our showing. And right here I want to give the rest of your old "stick-in-the-muds" a friendly tip: the next time *your* Alumni (don't forget it is your Alumni) stages an affair be sure and put in an appearance for you're certain to meet with an exceptionally fine treat.

The old saying that "the best of friends must part" was brought home rather forcibly to our class the other evening at the conclusion of Mr. P. H. O'Donnell's course of lectures on "Negotiable Instruments." We feel very much indebted to Mr. O'Donnell for his patience and perserverance, and sincerely hope that a realization of the fact that we know Negotiable Instruments will be some slight reward for his infinite trouble and solicitude.

Boys, it has come to my knowledge that the Coughlins are "betting" again. "Jim" always was a devil-with-the-ladies with that unparalleled line of "salve" of his; and John,—well, for further information apply to Mr. Lowell A. Lawson.

The "On-again-off-again Finnegans" are at it again. Ceresse lost his, but Lawley's is on again. Don't ask me what it is; I can't describe it, just hunt up Bill and behold—the beautiful!

Have you noticed that Murray—has been wearing a long face of late? He told me on the quiet that he was very much afraid that Chicago would soon become smokeless and that, too, before "Ed" was ready to sell his legal knowledge to the already impatient public. Don't worry, Ed, you will always have plenty of opportunity to exercise your talents as a smoke-inspector in Mr. Baumer's class.

Callaghan and Co. have informed me that the Honorable Markam's wonderful work on "Revised Pleading" will soon be ready for the market. Do your Christmas shopping early and avoid the rush.

"Noting Notes" for a crowd of old bachelors is very monotonous, uninteresting work. My brothers in "Notes," when unable to think of anything else, can always extend their congratulations to some proud father upon the arrival of a new prodigy, and, so it seems, not infrequently extend their sympathies to some unlucky Miss who has made off with one of their prize class-mates. Wake up, some of you regulars, and startle the class. Give us a chance, and you will be proud of *our* congratulations. We will now call upon Mr. Dooley for a few appropriate remarks on the subject under consideration.

ROBT. J. GARLAND, LL.B., '17

Freshman Class. The Freshman Class or rather The Forum Club held its first dinner in the Brevoort Hotel on the night of October twelfth, 1915.

President Lambert K. Hayes, blushing and suave, presided and as it was the first meeting and everybody somewhat "shy," he called on each member individually to rise and give a reason for the faith that was in him. Let it be said for the glory of '18 that every one responded nobly.

Professor Tuohy was the guest of the evening and perhaps because he was introduced as the "father of the club" he gave us some advice. In a splendid address, Professor Tuohy told us what he hoped we would do and pointed out the pitfalls we would have to avoid if we were to realize our ambitions and his hopes. And the best thing about it was the fact that it was not a bit like a sermon.

If Professor Tuohy could have attended the second dinner held at the same hotel on November eighteenth, he would have been surprised and delighted to see how quickly his hopes were being realized. It certainly was "some" meeting.

Just to show that the Forum is a pure democracy and that the rule is every man for his fellow, and all for Loyola, President Hayes handed the gavel over to the Vice-President, Harry G. Malone, for the evening.

Vice-President Malone, not only blushing but also exuding moisture, arose to his feet and called the meeting to order. The change was marvelous and where a month before there was hesitation and lack of confidence there was now alacrity and confidence. The Freshman Class had found itself!

Mr. Malone opened the meeting with a few words of welcome followed by reading an article on "The Young Man and the Law" from *America*, the best Catholic Magazine published.

The Freshman class is fortunate in having in its membership two of the best entertainers in the city in the persons of Loftus and Gleason. The burden (and it seemed to be a pleasant one) of entertaining fell upon their shoulders and upon the shoulders of Messrs. Kelly and Hogan. Mr. Loftus, at the piano, and Messrs. Kelly and Hogan with songs, and the original and only "Jim" Gleason with song and jest and story, made the time speed happily on.

The great surprise of the evening came when R. C. O'Connell answered the call of the chairman and arose to speak on "Feudalism and Feudal Titles."

It was a masterpiece of construction; in matter and arrangement, and in diction and delivery, Mr. O'Connell reached a high mark. He held the attention of the audience from the first to the last word, not by any trick of oratory but by presenting his subject clearly and logically.

The other speakers of the evening were Messrs. Burns and J. H. Burke. Mr. Burns gave a vivid description of a murder trial in the South and Mr. Burke, in what the books on oratory call a peroration, explained why he knew that "procrastination is the thief of time."

The Senior Class was in the next room debating on "War or Peace" and having decided that either or both are inevitable and hearing the sounds of music in our room, they despatched an envoy to ask admittance. The doors were thrown open and the boys of '16 and the boys of '18 gathered together under the common banner of Loyola. Mr. Malone said a few words of welcome to which Mr. Kilgallon responded. Each ventured the hope that it would be only the first of many such union meetings for the promotion of fellowship amongst the students of the Law Department.

Then just to show that all the entertainers were not on the Freshman side of the house, the Seniors presented Mr. Beam in piano solos and Messrs. Fitzpatrick and Quinlan in recitations.

When it developed that Dunne of the Seniors was drinking milk, the chairman decided that it was time to go home and get the morning papers. Accordingly, the meeting was adjourned.

Gardner, of the Seniors and of the Legislature, having learned the theory of "family rights" from Professor Graber, has taken up the practical end by getting himself a wife.

All through Elementary Law!!! Thanks to the patience and wisdom of Professor Graber. Here's hoping we will meet again.

Father Mullens says "none better," in speaking of Kehoe, our genial secretary, and we all second the motion.

Here's a greeting to Professor Augustine J. Bowe. Three cheers and a tiger!!! 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah!!!

WILLIAM URBAN FRANEY, LL.B., '18

MEDICINE.

M. J. Donovan, M. D., '15, president of last year's senior class has opened an office at 71st and Cottage Grove Ave. Dr. Donovan has our best wishes for success.

Emanuel Apostolides, M. D., '15 has located at Ogden Ave. and Madison St. He also lectures to the nurses at the Jefferson Park Hospital.

W. P. Honon and E. Mart Egan, M. D., '14 are serving internships at the Mercy Hospital.

Ira B. Robertson, R. C. Caufield, E. G. Brust and B. B. Black, M. D., '15, are serving internships at Jefferson Park hospital:

F. F. Walsh, A. F. McWaid and V. J. Neale, M. D., '15, are serving at St. Bernard's.

Mark M. Duffy and Sheppard Remington, M. D., '15, are serving internships at the Alexian Brothers' Hospital.

Joseph Heher and D. J. McChesney, M. D., '15, are practicing medicine in in Seattle, Washington.

The Hospitals now giving clinics to Seniors are, St. Mary's, St. Bernard's, Columbia, Columbus, Washington Park, St. Joseph's, Lakeside, Jefferson Park, St. Elizabeth's and West Side.

The Board of Health has established an Infant Welfare Station at the College Dispensary. This together with the Pediatrics clinic at the Mary Crane Nursery and the Infant Welfare station No. 1 should afford us ample training in the diseases of children.

W. J. PICKETT, M. D., '16

Senior Class. The Seniors under the direction of Dr. Apostolides have charge of the Salvation Dispensary at 709 South State street.

A. C. Bruner was called home November third on the death of his father. The class join in extending him their deepest sympathy.

Be it known that J. R. Betthausen has taken unto himself a wife. Congratulations Joe! Also thanks for the cigars!

Can you imagine Earl Langford lecturing to the Northwestern Seniors on Pathology? Hand it to Sam, for he got away with it.

We were somewhat startled last week when we noticed Kelly passing around a box of cigars. Immediately we suspected politics, but our composure was soon restored when we learned that nothing had happened other than that N. V. Graves had plunged into matrimony. We are going to quit buying if the boys insist on getting married.

The latest addition to the Senior Class, a new piano, furnishes us with plenty of amusement during our spare time. We wouldn't mind listening to Neilson's singing if we didn't have to watch Finkleberg dance.

Now that Christmas is at hand do your "plugging" early.

W. J. PICKETT, M. D., '16

Junior Class. The Stag has come and the Stag has gone and the class is a few dollars poorer than before. The class is certainly indebted to Dr. McLane for his untiring efforts to make the event a success.

In looking over the class we see many new faces and miss a few of our former classmates.

That Dr. Leo M. Steiner, who has severed his connections with the school, has quite a number of friends in the class is shown by the deep expressions of regret at his going.

Dr. MacDairmod certainly did throw a whole lot of "pep" into the class when he administered that severe reprimand. We are all with him strong now, and most of us know the differential diagnosis between Scarlet Fever and Measles.

The Year Book Committee are the busiest people on earth. If the whole class shows half the energy shown by McCrary there is no doubt of the success of the Book.

The Editor of this column has something on Aton but owing to insufficient information on the subject cannot publish it. He intends to get to the bottom of the matter and write more about it in the next issue.

Although we have elected Dr. Morden Honorary President of the class, he still sends the paper around for our signature. We wonder if anyone is "pulling one over" on him? Ask Looney.

We have finished one spoke in the surgery wheel, and hope we have passed in the exam.

The ceiling in our class-room has not Spotted Fever. That is where they fixed the plaster so it would not fall on your head.

We wish you all a merry Christmas and happy New Year, and hope you will come back from your vacation fresh for the exams.

D. E. SHEA, M. D., '17

PRE-MEDICINE.

Every member of the Pre-med class is striving most earnestly to reach the main Medical Department next fall. We are all working with the motto: "In the bright lexicon of Youth there is no such word as fail."

In the last issue of this magazine the editor of the engineering notes, E. C. Pohlmann, who should have been named after a sleeping car, boasted of the territory from which the engineers came. They have nothing on the Pre-medics. We come from places as distant as Minnesota, North Dakota, Texas, Roumania, Dublin and Oak Park.

Prof. of Biology: "What is similar to a weed?"

Student: "Robert Plant." (Joke.)

Allen: "What is linoleum?"

Helpers: "That's corn flakes." (You'll see the joke tomorrow.)

Prof. Morgan (in Chemistry Quiz): "How would you test the percentage of alcohol in beer, Mr. Bauske?"

Bauske: "I would taste it."

Ode to Chemistry.

Our anxious feet at toll of bell
 To halls of chemistry pell-mell
 Go hustling; but a slow foot strays
 In nether region's mystic gaze;
 Our wandering Allen finds the hall
 In time to hear a carpet-call;
 This opening for the day achieved,
 All other tensions are relieved.

Chemistry Lab.

Eaton to Storekeeper: "This connecting hose is too short. Have you any more?"

Storekeeper Pfiffner: "Just the pair on my feet."

Professor of Logic: "What does the term 'courageous' mean?"

Fat Gutmann: "Bad actor in a fight." (See it? Neither do we.)

Prof. Morgan: "Why so late this A. M., Mr. Allen?"

Mr. Allen: "Bad digestion of traffic."

Prof. of Biology: "Give an example of the manifestations of life."

Bauske: "That large tree out there."

Prof.: "All right, but how do you know it is alive?"

Bauske: "If it were dead it would be cut down." (Please do not laugh in the corridors.)

Roebuck: "Are you going to Logic today, Rusch?"

Rusch: "Yes, one hour sleep a day never hurts any man."

Allen had a note-book
Full of German text;
Allen lost his note-book;
Why shouldn't he be vexed!

Mankowski: "Are you going to take German, Perlow?"

Perlow: "No, the Germans will all be dead by the time I learn it."

Stefanic, from Clinton, Ia., who is aspiring to be Clinton's leading surgeon, cut his hand while trying to hold a jelly-fish still enough to dissect. The wound was not serious, but we all hope that the next time he will use an anchor on the jelly-fish to keep it still.

J. O. EATON, M. D., '19

Athletics. For the first time in the annals of Younger Loyola has an Athletic Association been organized. Since 1912 neither of the North branch departments have partaken in University athletics; and owing to the limited number of students and lack of material neither separately nor jointly, with the exception of the Engineering students of 1914-15, have they attempted to undertake athletic activities. But this year with a large number of students and with material that promises success, Younger Loyola has organized. And by this means she hopes to arouse that much-needed quality of University activity—COLLEGE SPIRIT. Thereby she also hopes to promote a feeling of friendship and a more intimate relation between the students of the different departments.

A mass meeting was held on October twenty-sixth, 1915, and after a short address by professors of the different departments, and by several members of the Engineering, Pharmacy and Pre-Medic classes, the following students were elected on the board of control for one year:

Walter F. Walsh, *President*
J. F. MacNamara, *Vice-President*
J. O. Eaton, *Secretary*
J. S. Corcoran, *Treasurer*

As the football season was well under way it was decided by the student-body to drop the sport this year. Prospects for basket-ball, track and baseball teams were then discussed. Loyola has plenty of good material for each team and expects to demonstrate its superiority when the proper time comes.

Concerning baseball it seems to be the consensus of opinion that we shall have one of the best college baseball teams in the country. The men under-

stand the inside of the game, can field and hit well, and in Walsh have one of the best college hurlers in the business.

A basketball team is yet an uncertainty, but if arrangements with the Academy can be made we surely shall have a winning team.

Track prospects look just as bright as baseball. We can boast of one eleven-minute man, and several others who can give a good account of themselves in their particular line.

All we can do now is to issue a public challenge to Chicago U., Northwestern, Notre Dame, Purdue and all the rest of the older colleges. We fear none, for we know we shall receive the support of every one interested in Loyola.

J. O. EATON, M. D., '19

SOCIOLOGY.

The term just ending has been the most successful one in the history of the School of Sociology. This success is evidenced not only in a larger enrollment but also in the enthusiastic spirit which pervades the classes. One cannot mistake the eager expression on the faces of the students as they enter the classrooms.

The extension classes in History of Education, Celtic History, Literature, Psychology and Spanish have proved an unqualified success. The students of Celtic History spent one lecture period at St. Patrick's church where Miss Meade gave a most illuminating talk on Celtic Art. At the close, one member of the class remarked that it seemed like touring Europe in one of those "select, personally conducted travel-parties."

The course in modern English Catholic writers has proved very attractive. In the *New World*, each week, appears a resume of the current lecture. Thus far, the works of Milner, Newman, DeVere, Patmore and Lionel Johnson have been studied.

During the past week the instructors have been taking their customary revenge in the shape of term-examinations; but the students feel that, as between writing these intellectual effusions and correcting them, they have a shade the best of the situation.

A number of the students attended the sessions of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae at the Sherman House, and took part in the discussions. At the closing conference, the Reverend Frederic Siedenburgh, S. J., gave a most optimistic and inspirational talk on "The Service of Woman to Society."

While the students welcome the Christmas recess as a breathing space in the busy holiday season, they are looking forward with increasing interest to the continuation of these classes in the winter term.

AGNES B. CLOHESY.

PHARMACY.

Senior Class. Through the persistent efforts of Dr. Von Zelinski, a new name, Dr. Borchert, has been added to the Faculty. Dr. Borchert will assist Dr. Von Zelinski in guiding the class along the road of *Materia Medica*. The class is highly pleased with the new member of the Faculty.

On November sixteenth, a large number of the Juniors as well as the Seniors turned out to attend a lecture on Aerial or Gaseous Disinfection by Seward W. Williams, at the Illinois School of Pharmacy. The lecture was a dandy. It involved a little organic chemistry; and since the Senior Class is somewhat acquainted with organic chemistry they appreciated the lecture all the more. Dean Secord and his wife were also present.

Messrs. M. Siskel and Y. Newman who started the year with the class were obliged to drop out. Mr. Siskel was the President and also the Editor of the class, and Newman was the Treasurer. Both are Assistant Pharmacists, and were in school bright students. The entire class regrets their loss. However, they assure us that they will be back next fall to finish up the Senior year.

Messrs. Rexford, Hershfield and Brooks took the State Board examination for Assistant on December second, and the Class sincerely hopes that by the time these notes are published all three will be Registered Assistants. The candidates are all confident.

The Class was somewhat easy-going the first month of school, but after Prof. Secord impressed upon our minds the importance of studying, all the boys got down to business and good results have already been shown. This of course pleases the Dean.

Quantitative Analysis proved to be a stumbling-block to a good many, but after a few stiff lectures, it was so simplified that all the boys now take to it like ducks to water.

After a year of continuous promises, the scope was finally put in condition and the black curtains were secured, so that Prof. Wheeler is now in a position to give illustrated lectures in Histology, which he believes will help the boys considerably. Some boys fancy it, as they too believe they can comprehend the study much easier. Others like the idea, on account of the room being dark; they can "cop" a couple hours of sleep.

G. T. Neuzil was elected Treasurer. This of course was necessary. The ex-treasurer had the class so trained that on Monday morning the members would come down with their dues in their hands, and would be somewhat fidgety until they were able to dispose of them. The new Treasurer thinks it a very good habit to get the class into.

After a thorough discussion of pills in class and after defining them as spherical masses, Mr. Brooks insists upon making them square. Mr. Brooks will either have to make them round or otherwise have the Pharmacopial definition changed, if he cares to have his method correct.

Notice—to all energetic and ambitious pharmacists. A new way of manufacturing Bland's Pills. U. S. P. Method: Add a few drops of water

so as to obtain a mass of pilular consistence. Method of Pinkie Hines (champion pill maker): Add enough water to make a soup-like resemblance; then add enough Glycyrrhiza (about 15 Gm.) until a mass of plastic consistence is formed, then roll into pencil, divide equally into two parts, reject one part and divide the other into fifty pills. Dose, 4 pills.

According to Doc. Stegeman, Olive Oil is a constituent of *Abies balsamea*. Thanks to Doc for this information; should the olive oil supply be exhausted or not obtainable on account of the present war we will have another source from where to obtain it.

Regardless of what laboratory it may be, Hines is to be seen deeply interested in the Bunsen Burner. At first it was thought that possibly Mr. Hines had never seen one of these burners before, but since he does it day in and day out, a few members of the class came to the conclusion that he must be working on some scheme to improve this burner. We are just calling this to your attention at this time so that some day if you happen to hear of a Hines' burner you will be familiar with the name and the fact that this energetic young gentleman has attained his world's fame at L. U.

The season's greetings to all. Let us hope that when the first bell of 1916 assembles us again, the curtain will rise on a body of students filled with firmer determination to cooperate with Dean Secord and the rest of the Faculty in making the present Loyola's banner year.

GEORGE T. NEUZIL, Ph.G., '16

**Junior
Class.**

Notwithstanding the forbidding forecasts of rough weather, the gay Pharmacy lads of the good ship *Junior* sailed along, with joy in their hearts and a song on their lips, over the great sea of knowledge.

It was just off the cape of Pharnakon that the jolly crew had to weather the first storm (exams). This, however, was a trifling matter. More dangerous waters lay ahead. They knew of the world-famed storms off Cape Chemistry, of which they still had to taste. Off this wonderful promontory they found sailing extremely difficult, losing a number of hands in trying to keep the ship in its forward course. But brave sailors though they were and bold, even the stoutest hearts began to quail when typhoons and simoons followed in quick succession. The forecasts had presaged four more storms. For these the *Junior* must now be repaired. And the lads were just in the act of overhauling her when a terrific gale swept down upon them in the straits of Pharmaceutical Problems, which was quickly followed by another coming from the direction of the Isle of Botany. When these winds had at length blown over, the sailor lads were left in a rather exhausted condition.

They are sure that the storms they must face before making the quiet waters of Holiday Bay can hardly be more trying than those they have already weathered.

Lieutenant Carter has been a very good scout, staying away from camp a number of hours, thereby making it possible for the Class to get out a little earlier; but this Capt. Secord would not suffer to continue, for he believes in preparedness. The Captain therefore lectured and quizzed on days we

would have wished very much to beat an early retreat. However, we showed the Captain that Lieutenant Carter believes in drilling, though he does dismiss the troop somewhat earlier.

Mr. Pish has gained so much knowledge since attending college that he hardly knew where to start to tell about it when questioned by Dr. Carter.

Mr. Horlock's locks look beautiful now that the boys have taken the trouble to have them trimmed for him. We are sure he will endeavor to keep the beautiful bangs with us. For sure, everyone loves the beautiful.

Mr. Stein has concluded to stay with us, at least for the lectures and laboratory periods in pharmacy.

Messrs. Holtover, Murphy, Diamond and Gronau were going to give a number of Eastern dances to raise enough money to buy a Henry Jitney-Bus to get the boys to school on time Thursday mornings. But this scheme was nipped in the bud by the sudden appearance of the ——?

Either Mr. Castle has finally decided that exposing his right limb was not having a good effect on the boys, or Cicero has a new tailor, for his trousers are now of even length.

Mr. Sharps was called a —— by the Dean. I am sure we all agree that the epithet is befitting.

Making vacua with 250 cc. flasks is rather expensive. The watch word now is "let the other fellow try it first."

ARTHUR P. GRONAU, Ph.G., '17

ENGINEERING.

Sophomore Class. Now that the winter has set in, the jovial men of meets and bounds will dispense altogether with the tripod and chain. Dressed in a pair of overalls and jumper, resembling the stripes of Joliet, they will besmear their external aspect with the cream of the shop.

Allow me to introduce to you one of Loyola's foremost engineering students, Mr. Ferdinand Wilhelm Gelderman, alias "Pewee," one of Germany's famous economists and logicians, heir to the century of the million, darling of the financial gods, former owner of a part five cabbage-patch "unter den Linden," and great grandson of the Kaiser. Though young, attainments stand out upon him like continental labels on a Passaic (N. J.) suitcase.

"Mex" is more than certain that he will be elected President of Mexico. Since he has royal blood in his veins we are inclined to believe that he will succeed. If so, we hope that our requests for positions, as Treasurer or Chief Municipal Engineer, will not be subjects for the waste-basket of infinitesimals.

Steve Corcoran from "Minahsota" will henceforth be seen walking around school wearing "goggles," those barriers to "ever ready for the game," guards against attack from irated bantam-hope "pugs," and preventers of blue and black eyes. Some consolation, eh?

Gee! we Suffermores do suffer. Just imagine—we take Physics three times a week.

Two engineering students have been elected officers of the Athletic Association, Mr. Walsh, Pres., and Mr. Corcoran, Treasurer. To these as well as to Mr. MacNamara, Vice-President, and Mr. Eaton, Sec., the Engineers extend their hearty congratulations.

Philip J. McKenna, Jr., has his car at the Loyola shops and with the help of several of his colleagues is "tuning 'er up." After the Christmas holidays, as a result of his experience, one will see in the rear of his residence at 7462 Sheridan Road a shingle attached to the garage, with the following inscription:

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Mr. Walsh came near being a subject for gaseous evolution when the bottom of a gallon bottle of HCl stuck to the table. He agrees with us since the occurrence of the accident that "all is not gold that glitters," and that it's a wise child that keeps the stopper in his bottle of testing-acid.

"Pewee," the class logician, in answer to an argument for cooperative commonwealth alley inspectors: "You quote Marx and Hyndman and Kautsky—what are they?—shines! Tolstoy—his garret is full of rats."

All out-of-town students have been exhausting for the last month the science of prognostication as to the probabilities of raising sufficient money for a trip to the home-town. To judge by the looks of things they must have succeeded. They will leave for home in a few weeks to spend the Christmas holidays, and to enjoy the rapturous sleigh rides with old-time chums, when the moon gives light o'er the snow-swept meadows, chaperoned by "the jingling and the tinkling of the bells."

The season's greetings to all Engineers, Pharmacists and Pre-Medics, with wishes for a pleasant Christmas vacation.

Field Columbian Museum. Armed with a 42 centimeter geology (worth \$4.00) as the chief protection against invasion of error, the Sophomore class in company with Professor Morgan, teacher of Geology, left the school on November nineteenth for the Field Columbian Museum, to inspect the various minerals, ores and stones of the Geological Department.

Due to the rain the fresh-air cars were not running, so for one hour we had to endure the stifling atmosphere of a stuffy "L" car. When we reached Sixty-third and Jackson Park avenue, the end of the line, Hartnett was seized with a desire for something to eat. Accordingly we had to stop at a near-by restaurant for a light lunch of pigeon-throat halibut, with Bessemer potatoes, java and C. & M. pie. This infused new life into Hartnett as well as into the rest of the class, and with light hearts and wet feet we started for the Museum.

After a short walk we reached the building, which, judging from the design, must have been at one time a beautiful structure, but which, now is a ghost, a mere shadow of its former excellence and grandeur. The interior is large, of antique construction, and possesses an air of mystery and curiosity. One large hall occupies the center of the building from which the entrances lead to the different departments.

We walked down the center passageway to the Geological Department. Here minerals in varying colors, shapes and sizes were arranged in a most extensive and brilliant display. Samples of agate, for instance, were exhibited from the crude mineral to the polished and artificially colored form. We lost no time in starting to examine these rocks whose megascopic properties had been explained in class by Prof. Morgan. After a thorough scrutiny and study of these minerals, we passed to the practical side, convinced that the properties of these rocks, which hitherto we knew only pictorially or descriptively, had been vividly impressed on our memory.

In the building-stone department the minerals which we had just examined from a geological viewpoint were exhibited in their commercial form, and as regards their value in construction work. In this room the ores of gold, silver, copper, nickel, and iron were also displayed. The process by which these metals are extracted from their ores was briefly explained and illustrated by miniature models. These were of absorbing interest and, it is needless to say, of great profit.

In closing we may say that our geological expedition was quite worth while, and that the megascopic knowledge we acquired will be of great help to us in our study of Geology.

EDWARD C. POHLMANN, B. S., '18

Freshman Class. The "Freshies" succeeded in distinguishing themselves in everything but college algebra. Here a large percentage accidentally (or otherwise), were conditioned. Professor Cahill says that we are all model young gentlemen, but should pay a little more attention to what Professor Kelly has to say.

Mr. Amberg has a number of cognomens, the most popular of which are "Big Six," "Legs," and "Shorty," while Mr. Ure is "The Human Kangaroo." Some of the engineers have attempted to change Gelderman's name from "Pewee" to "Weepy," but have met with only a little success. Passow retains his title "Fat," and his inseparable companion, Mr. Lynch, is still known as "Skinny."

Professor Morgan recently told "Fat" Passow that it was better to come to school late than never, and, as a result, "Fat" and his twin sister, "Skinny," make it a point to come to chemistry lecture, even if they are a mere forty-five minutes or so late.

On a Rainy Day.

Pewee: "Say, Big Six, why don't you go out and get wet so you'll shrink a little."

Amberg: "Is that how you got so small?"

Mr. Case (and Martin's pies) assures us that the cylinders of his new fliver are made of brand new pork and beans cans and not of old tomato cans, as we all believe; but he refuses to bring it to school so that we can find out whether his contention is true or not. (In behalf of the class, I beseech you, Bill, to tell us what you are going to do with it.)

A. L. KECH, B. S., '19

ACADEMIES.

Distribution of premiums for the first quarterly examination **St. Ignatius.** was held on Wednesday, November Seventeenth. As usual, quite a number went up for decorations. The first quarter has passed very quietly and smoothly with nothing to excite us, not even a football victory.

And speaking of football victories why, "there ain't no such animal"—yes, we did win a game or two. The College Freshmen, becoming rather uppish, challenged the Academy football team. The team was composed mainly of last year's players, but we trimmed them to the tune of 34 to 0. But one Saturday afternoon we journeyed to the North Side, full of bright hopes and dreams of victory over our ancient enemy, Loyola Academy. But alas, alas, and alack-a-day! They beat us 26 to 8. St. Viator's, however, fell a victim to our charms, and we left there with 34 tucked under our belt, while they went hungry with 0. And finally, to cap the climax, on Thanksgiving we gracefully submitted to a terrific walloping by De Paul, score 33-0. But for all that, credit must be given to the team. In every game they were greatly outweighed and outclassed in experience. The majority of the men still have another year here, which speaks well for next year's team. Coach Pliska deserves much thanks for his untiring efforts.

Father Leahey's talks every Monday afternoon at the Junior Sodality meetings grow more and more interesting, and the attendance grows larger.

Mass for the deceased professors and benefactors of St. Ignatius College was celebrated Monday, November twenty-ninth: Father Spirig. Celebrant, Father Breen, Deacon, and Mr. Gross, S. J., Sub-deacon. On the first Friday in November, solemn reception of candidates for admission into the Frequent Communion Guild was held. Reverend Father Rector preached a very interesting sermon.

Through the generosity of Mr. Brundage, a former student of St. Ignatius, a fund for the distribution of three medals annually, for the most valuable athlete in the school, has been founded. The choice is to be made by the ballots of the students at the conclusion of each athletic season. At the end of the football season, Bernard Egan was adjudged the most valuable man with Peter Doretta as second, and Charles Leydon third. The plan seems quite popular, judging by the number of votes cast.

F. W. HAYES, Academy, '16

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Loyola. The first quarterly competitions found us all well primed. Friday, November twelfth, was distribution day. Rev. Father Rector honored us by his presence on that day and awarded the premiums. Professor Clarke conducted the musical program, which was highly appreciated by the student-body. After distributing the premiums, Father Rector congratulated the leaders of the various classes and the students in general on their splendid showing. He was especially pleased to see that those who had distinguished themselves on the football field were equally successful in intellectual pursuits.

The first number of *The Profile*, the Academy paper, was issued on November thirtieth. *The Profile* is to feature the literary side of our academic countenance. Hitherto, we have been well known because of our athletic achievements. We were, however, equally successful in mental athletics. From henceforth we hope to acquaint conservative critics with the fact that our intellectual ability is a little better than mediocre.

Our football season was a most successful one. We played six games, winning four, and at the end of the other two battles the scales balanced evenly. Fickle fate, however, deprived us of a golden opportunity to contend for the city championship. On October thirtieth, we had some visitors from the West Side. Coach Pliska's youngsters invaded our territory. It is needless to state that Hardy, Martin, Loftus, O'Rourke and Co. brought home the bacon. When the dust cleared away we found that we had accumulated 26 points while our time-honored rivals had chalked up but 8. St. Ignatius, however, put up a plucky fight; and their followers, whose loyalty we do not question, certainly gave them grand support.

On Tuesday, November twenty-third, the first meeting of the Debating Society was held. The following officers were elected for the coming year:

President, J. E. Coogan.

Vice-President, Joseph W. Cummings.

Secretary, Quin Ryan.

Treasurer, Raymond Hardy.

Program Committee: George McDonough,
Edmund Loftus,
Joseph Gauer,
Frederick Tritschler.

The Basketball season was formally opened on November thirtieth. Most of last year's stars are still with us and with the addition of Hardy, Martin and O'Rourke, we expect to get back into the championship class.

St. Ignatius, did you notice how well the Loyola men "rooted" at the De Paul game?

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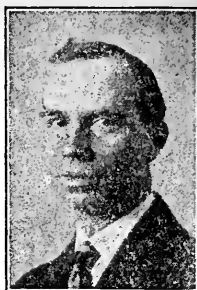
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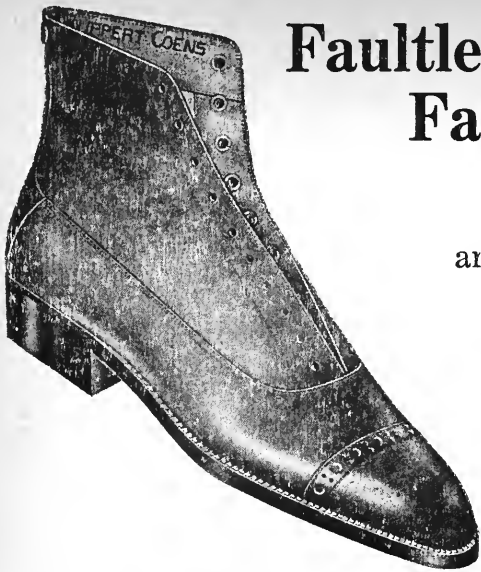
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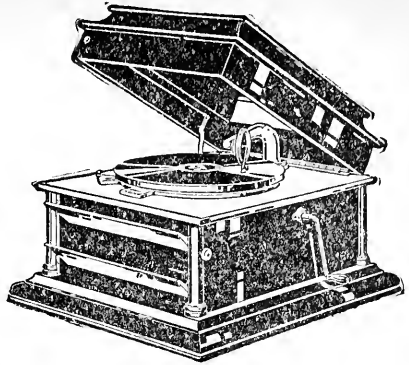
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“Before, a pleasant pasture field, and trees,
And waters brightening through the arching break
Of boughs”

Loyola University Magazine

VOL. XV

MARCH, 1916

NO. 3

Calanoptore

GRACE to Thee
For pacing company on lonely ways
That sometime you might point and I might see
The Thing that never eye surveys,
That lingers veiled in waters, green and tree —
To Thee — for the seeing of the Thing.

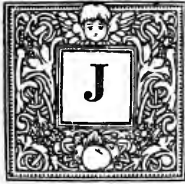
And once the Thing shone by the Lake —
Before, a pleasant pasture field, and trees,
And waters brightening through the arching break
Of boughs; a meadow brook a-laughing flees
The clutching grasses; soft-eyed cattle graze,
And sleepy cowherds only tend their dreams.
The mellow hour of late day gently sways
A yielding world toward shadow, and there gleams
Upon the Lake, gleams in the arching frame
Of trees, the last, the strangely strangest light.
And then the Thing, the awesome splendor, came,
— The splendor of tranquillity — Unsight?
And yet . . . the Thing shone by the Lake. . .

I see but pleasant pasture field, and trees,
And waters brightening through the arching break
Of boughs; a meadow brook that, laughing, flees
The clutching grasses

Spirit, who struck this Thing aglow for me
In waters, green and trees — ever grace to Thee.

EDWARD D. REYNOLDS, A.B., '16

Joyce Kilmer



JOYCE KILMER, the author of *Trees and Other Poems*, was born in 1886. This present year should therefore make him thirty years old, an age that would entitle him a veritable stripling in letters. But of Mr. Kilmer at thirty may be said three notable things: Firstly, he is a poet; a recent poet, but of assured merit. Secondly, he is a rising authoritative voice in literary criticism. Thirdly, he is an established power in Catholic literature, and a leader in Catholic movements, although a convert to the Faith of only a few years. All of which Mr. Kilmer has accomplished in a remarkably brief period; since 1908, in fact, when he was graduated from Columbia.

By these attainments, Mr. Kilmer has rather gone against all proper tradition, which makes failure the precursor of good poetry and a period in Grub street the inevitable preface to literary success. A fourth attainment that would have most weight in the minds of most people might be added; namely, as a literary man, Mr. Kilmer is sufficiently prosperous to have an office in New York and a home in New Jersey, again controverting the prevalent opinion that literature is a poor staff, but a good something else, however the hoary adage has it. With this last, though, we shall not concern ourselves. We shall leave it to most people.

Mr. Kilmer's career was meteoric. Out of college eight years, he spent the first two in imparting syntax and Caesar to the rising generation of Norristown, Pennsylvania, the next three as assistant editor on the staff of the Standard Dictionary, and the last three at a number of literary occupations. At present, he is *The Literary Digest's* critic of poetry, is on the staff of *The Bookman*, and a frequent and valued contributor to various publications. And occasionally he even finds time to go on short lecture tours. He is also the author of two thin volumes of poems, *A Summer of Love*, which was published in 1911, and *Trees and Other Poems*, brought out by Doran last year.

As a critic, Mr. Kilmer is widely known. His department in *The Literary Digest* has become a welcoming receptacle for the best

of current verse, and his scholarly articles in *The Bookman*, *The Catholic World*, and other publications have been attractively meritorious. His criticism is ever sane, wholesome and kindly, strongly constructive and rationally optimistic, yet forcefully censorious when necessary. It might be well here to emphasize the fact that the majority of Mr. Kilmer's work is secularly published and extensively read by non-Catholics; so his authoritative status in letters is a general status, a popular station, and not dependent upon or restricted to Catholic followers.

As a poet, in Catholic circles, Mr. Kilmer is associated most frequently with names that are senior to his own, both in respect to age and the duration of their period before the public. Thomas Walsh and Thomas A. Daly are his craft brothers. But in point of popular reputation, Mr. Kilmer eclipses the former and worthily equals the latter. His poems have a double appeal; like Mr. Walsh's, they are read by the more-than-average reader; like Mr. Daly's, they are capable of the appreciation of the average reader. This latter fact has won them broad circulation. Catholic papers, local, sectional and organal, have gladly reprinted them after their original publication. Mr. Kilmer, moreover, has found time to lecture rather broadly upon topics Catholic and artistic, and thus has had in many localities the benefit of a personal introduction to numbers of people who would not hear of him otherwise.

One other phase of Mr. Kilmer's position may have something to do with his popularity among Catholics. He is a convert. Thomas A. Daly, for instance, we have always felt "wan of us." But Mr. Kilmer was not one of us. He was an outsider who came in. And the additional knowledge and view of a man from the outside, the value and experience, the personal adventure of the transition, cannot fail to be of interest to the people who are on the inside and have always been on the inside and could not conceive how existence must be in any other state than on the inside. Accordingly, we have looked upon Mr. Kilmer as somewhat of a prodigy; and a prodigy is always wonderful and attractive and interesting when he is one of us.

Trees and Other Poems is rather an odd little work. In the first place, the title poem is not met at the beginning; and in the second place, it is so short that when we do find it we wonder why the author chose to separate it and prescind it to the distinction of

a title from among the "Other Poems." The poems themselves are unusual, too. We are unused to a man being singer and satirist, philosopher and fool simultaneously, even within the same poem. The admixture of sobriety and whimsey would condemn another man; but we like it in Mr. Kilmer.

The keynote of the volume is sounded by the author in the quartet of Coventry Patmore's lines that face the title page:

"Mine is no horse with wings to gain,
The region of the Spheral clime;
He does but drag a rumbling wain,
Cheered by the coupled bells of rhyme."

Which is sometimes true, and sometimes not. However staidly frivolous and earth-bound this Pegasus of Mr. Kilmer's may be most of the time, there are some moments when he attains a decidedly lofty attitude; and there are instances in which the "rumbling" of the wain sounds suspiciously like the clanging of steel-tired chariot wheels on high peaks of stone. Pegasus may be harness-broken, but he does not forget his nature.

The first poem of the book, "The Twelve Forty-five," is the reflections of a homeward bound commuter—a commuter of all things!—that animal which is represented in the comic sheet and popular idea (nearly identical?) as condemned to matutinal and vespereal hibernation, with handicaps of breakfast and encumbrances of small-scale agricultural implements. But this commuter, watching the towns fly past in the midnight darkness, makes the train a thing of romance, a creature of purpose and power, an agent of kindness and love that unites families and fills homes; not

". . . wantonly we break the rest
Of town and village, nor do we
Lightly profane night's sanctity.
What Love's commands the train fulfills . . .
Houses that wistfully demand
A father—son—some human thing
That this, the midnight train, may bring . . .
To its high honor be it said
It carries people home to bed."

Next comes "Pennies," the trivial incident of a child, who tired of his hoard of shining coins, throws them away and experi-

ences a new pleasure in finding them again. And from such an act the author learns—strange lines, these would be, for a Protestant:

“Lo, comfort blooms on pain, and peace on strife,
And gain on loss.
What is the key to Everlasting Life?
A blood-stained Cross.”

Creditable verses, for Pegasus, aren't they?

We pass on to “Trees”—the title-poem, but third in the book—twelve lines in couplets, tenderly whimsical, simply imaged, of ingenuous sentiment and the single thought:

“I think that I shall never see
A poem as lovely as a tree.”

and concluded, after eight more lines:

“Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.”

Mr. Kilmer possesses peculiar skill with this sort of rhymed couplet. In “To Certain Poets,” it becomes ironic, caustic, when turned against:

“You little poets mincing there
With women's hearts and women's hair!”

who

“. . . strut and smirk your little while
So mildly, delicately vile!”

And win for the poet

“The merchant's sneer, the clerk's disdain,
These are the burden of our pain.”

In “Citizens of the World,” this same couplet is used thus diversified to prayer:

“. . . through my lips that uttered sin
The King of Glory enters in.”

Perhaps the highest lyric note is struck in the four poems, subscribed “For Aline”—to the poet's wife—lyrics of an Elizabethan flavor, and inimitable music. Are not these lines from “As Winds That Blow Against a Star” reminiscent of verses choired to Celia, to Cynthia or Rosalind?

“Now by what whim of wanton chance
Do radiant eyes know sombre days?”

And feet that shod in light should dance
 Walk weary and laborious days?
 "The darts of toil and sorrow, sent
 Against your peaceful beauty, are
 As foolish and as impotent
 As winds that blow against a star."

There is evident throughout these poems a thorough satisfaction, a deep contentment and sincere appreciation of a creature that few are privileged to know, and fewer sing. The lyric element is so noticeably predominant that upon a second perusal, the reader finds himself adapting the lines to unwritten song, as one does in going over the lyric of a song. Notice, in this third stanza from "Love's Lantern:"

"O golden lights and lights like wine
 How dim your boasted splendors are.
 Behold this little lamp of mine;
 It is more starlike than a star!"

Somehow, a certain richness has crept into this extremely simple diction, a quality neither inherent nor possessed by the words alone.

In "Wealth" he evaluates his singular fortune:

"I would possess a host of lovely things,
 But I am poor and such joys may not be.
 So God, who lifts the poor and humble kings,
 Sent loveliness itself to dwell with me."

In "Vision" again, we find a resonance of the same note:

"Homer, they tell us, was blind and could not see the
 beautiful faces
 Looking up into his own and reflecting the joy of his
 dream,
 Yet did he seem
 Gifted with eyes that could follow the gods to their hol-
 iest places.

I have no vision of gods, not of Eros with love-arrows
 laden,
 Jupiter thundering death or of Juno his white-breasted
 queen,
 Yet have I seen
 All of the joy of the world in the innocent heart of a
 maiden."

Four poems, worthy of any woman, real or imagined; four beautiful compliments, the more unusual in this age so rare of compliments. Mr. Kilmer, it may be of interest to add, married when he was twenty-two, an action indicative of high courage in a literary man of that age. Perhaps this fact should have been noted as a fifth distinction to the list of four already given.

There are many other poems in the volume, and much could be said of any of them. He takes a humble, an ordinary subject, and conjures out of it romance, adventure, humor and even spirituality. Witness this varied contents, "Madness," "Delicatessen," "Alarm Clocks," "St. Laurence," "To a Young Poet Who Killed Himself," "Servant Girl and Grocer's Boy," "The Fourth Shepherd," and you have some idea of Mr. Kilmer's scope of subjects and range of treatment. Not that the title indicates the treatment; not at all. He may descend from deep seriousness to utter chaff, eulogize and in the next line trail a paradoxical censure. It is for this reason that a reader, at first sight, is liable to get an impression that the tone of the whole is light or humorous or whimsical, but such is not the case. There is much solid meat, much sterling food for thought among and even behind the poetic tomfooleries.

Mr. Kilmer's style is noticeable for extreme plainness of diction, and simplicity of imagery. His heights are never sensuous nor imaginative; they are always intellectual; and the same might be said of his humor, too. He has no preponderancy of color, of vividness, of dazzling word play; his adjectives are sufficient and no more.

We may look forward to new and greater accomplishments in poetry from him. At least, he is artist enough to attempt greater accomplishments; but how his craft in verse will change or develop, it is hard to say. But he is the finished poet, having learned what Thompson learned, the mystic message and the secret key to all superior understanding, to all higher artistry:

"Light songs we breathe that perish with our breath,
Out of our lips that have not kissed the rod.
They shall not live who have not tasted death,
They only sing who are struck dumb by God."

LEO E. MCGIVENA, A. B., '16

Hor. Carm. III. 13.

(Translation)

FOUNT out-sparkling crystal's shine,
Worthy of the wreaths and wine
We are wont to proffer,
Thee a kid we offer.

On his brow in double swell
His first budding horns foretell
Mating, rivals broken;
False, alas, the token.

For tomorrow he shall spill
His warm life-blood in thy chill
Waters; — he, that lately
Gamboled, not sedately.

Through the dog-days' raging heat
Still thou giv'st refreshment sweet
To plough-oxen jaded;
Herds on meadows faded.

Fount, thou shalt be famous made;
I'll tell how, 'neath holm-oak's shade,
Thy clear waters, brawling,
From the rock are falling.

ERNEST W. THIELE, A.B., '16

The Aromatic Trail



ONEY talks," says every person you meet.

"Money not only talks," said Stephen Powers, "it smells."

This Stephen Powers was Stephen Powers of the Secret Service.

"And by smelling," went on Steve, addressing his remarks to his partner in duty, Harry Black, "I do not mean that it is rotten, or tainted or all 'graft stuff.' I simply state that it has an odor, and a pleasant one at that. Our bills get this aroma right at the mint and it sticks to them for quite a long time."

But Harry Black was slightly abrupt with his partner.

"What has all this to do," he inquired, "with our capturing this band of notorious counterfeiters who are running amuck somewhere in this state?"

"Harry," replied Steve, "you are not as quick as you used to be. Thus far we have failed to round up this devilish gang: they have always got completely by, and we seem like babies when compared with them. Now our reputations, and perhaps our jobs, are at stake, unless we round them up in a hurry. And so I'm working on a new idea."

A light broke through Harry's brain.

"Ah, I see!" he cried; "When all things fail, try something else!"

"Precisely. And that leads me to this question of aroma. Our bills smell, don't they? They have a good and pleasant odor, as you may know. But here's something you don't know, Harry. Those counterfeits that have been passed in this state smell just a little bit stronger and more pleasant than the real bills."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Harry. "But that can't help us so very much. Our noses are not drawn so fine, that we can pick out a man on the street and follow him up, just because he smells a little more like ready money than other men."

"I claim it is possible! And I'm going to act quickly on this idea of mine. Tonight I leave for the mint to train myself in the

sentencies of this one odor. You stay and keep watch till I come back. Inside of a week, I'll be able to tell a Fiver from a One with both eyes closed!"

* * *

Let us skip a week. Steve finally got back, and grimly heard Harry's report that he had discovered nothing while he was away.

"But I have discovered something!" said Steve. "Come on out on the street and watch me work."

They went through the throngs on the street. Steve, with nose on edge, as it were, like a bloodhound seeking his prey, walked along by Harry's side, sometimes slowly, sometimes fast. What his comrade's nose was discovering was all a mystery to Harry, but he waited.

A half hour of the walking elapsed.

"Aha," exclaimed Steve sniffing, "there goes my man! Come, let us follow him."

He was a rather well-dressed young fellow, tall, pleasant-featured, but just inclined to be a little foppish. But they followed him. You know how secret service men follow—a hundred or so feet behind—the other side of the street.

They kept right on after him. He ascended a bright, clean-looking apartment building. Up a flight of stairs—and they watched him go into a suite on the second floor.

"Shall we go right in after him?" asked Harry.

"No, no. We have to give him a chance to bring out his tools, and start in on his monkey business of fooling this great government of ours!"

A half hour later, two men with two guns, burst into the suite of rooms which they had seen the young man enter. Was he working on his presses and his machines? Was he turning out bills and notes by the thousands? Was he dipping, and smoothing, and drying, and forging? No, sir! No, sir!

From a little bottle in his hand he had just poured something on the lapel of his coat, and he was now pouring some more of the liquid on his handkerchief.

"We are officers!" spoke Steve and Harry, showing their guns and stars.

"Let me see that bottle!" shouted Steve.

His words were meant to awe and to intimidate, and they did.

"Why—why—here, sir—" said the young man.

Steve smelled. His face turned white. His hand started to shake. Through glazed eyes he read the label on the bottle:

THE READY MONEY SCENT

Produces Exactly the Odor of a Crisp
New Treasury Bill

ONE DOLLAR THE BOTTLE

Steve began to retreat for the door, pushing Harry ahead of him. He was a wreck; he had failed completely. But with resentful and undeserved scorn, he turned upon the young man.

"You mollycoddle," he sneered, "no one but a woman uses perfume!"

JAMES THOMAS MANGAN, A. B., '17

Hill-Country Morning

OBLIVION wasted as it came. . . .
A wraith of hills lifts pale and strange.
A shimmer bursts the inner flame
And shivers into tree and grange.

Clouds wreathe along the rivers. Clouds
Go sifting through the dripping trees
Below, and glumly troop in crowds
Through fences and o'er grassy leas.

Out of the writhing clouds around
The wraith of hills gleams gray and green,
And free and winged and glory-crowned
It poises in its sky demesne.

A sentient aura wraps with weird
Solemnity the tenuous frame
Of half-seen things -- a vision reared
From out the aether-vault of flame.

A trembling aura that reveals
By light in mists, cold, streaming gray,
By stillness that the spirit feels
The solemnness of breaking day.

Not strange to visioned man of hills
Each dawn, anew a vision spun;
Calm beauty in the fields he tills
Makes pure a labor grossly done.

EDWARD D. REYNOLDS, A.B., '16

Chivalry



HERE is something romantic, alluring, entrancing about the very name of Chivalry. To those who are acquainted with the novels of Scott or the idylls of Tennyson, the word at once calls up visions of brave Crusaders performing prodigies of valor against the Moslem hordes, of mail-clad chevaliers shattering their lances on each other's visors in the shock of battle, and stainless knights jousting in friendly emulation before the eyes of "fair women and brave men." But, sad to say, Chivalry did not always remain thus: the ideal Chivalry of which Scott wrote and Tennyson sang lived its short life, and then, like all things human, slowly underwent decay. It was not beautiful in its decline, this Chivalry which we admire so much, for the scenes of its debasement are as revolting as the pictures of its grandeur are elegant.

Chivalry was, primarily and above all, an institution of the nobility. It took no account of the common people, who, except in rare instances were barred from its ranks, but isolated the peers even more than heretofore. Accordingly, as time went on, it tended to enkindle in the hearts of the patricians a pride of birth and station but little, if at all inferior to that of Richard III when he haughtily exclaimed:

"But I was born so high
Our aery buildeth in the cedar's top
And dallies with the wind and scorns the sun."

This arrogance, which Chivalry helped to breed in the dominant class, did not fail to excite a corresponding contempt in the commoners, who regarded the institution as a frivolous pastime, better suited for the amusement of court idlers than for the occupation of men who professed an interest in the real, serious business of life. It must be confessed that there was much in the organization in its decadent state to justify this opinion; but it would be altogether unjust to conclude on this account that Chivalry was an idle sport or a senseless formality. Far from it. The institution which did

so much to educate and refine the barbarian, to put a check on his brutality, to hold up before him beautiful ideals of virtue, learning and culture to which he might reasonably aspire, did not exist in vain. The organization which gave to the world a Baldwin to lead the assault at Acre, a Godfrey at Ascalon, a Tancred at Antioch, a Richard at Jaffa, a Don Juan at Lepanto and a Bayard at Fornovo must have possessed very excellent members indeed. What is censurable in Chivalry appeared only after the order of knighthood had lost its high spiritual significance, and had come to rest on more selfish human motives. Such change of spirit soon reduced this once noble union of great souls to mere foppery, or, worse still, to a mask and shield of licentiousness. But as long as it retained its pristine character, and the chevalier strove with all his strength to imitate the virtues of the ideal knight,

“Who revered his conscience as his king;
Whose glory was redressing human wrong;
Who spoke no slander, no, nor listened to it;
Who loved one only and who clave to her—”

so long was Chivalry what the Church intended it to be when she originated it: a humanizing influence and a restraint on the passions of the still untamed people.

Like all movements that tended to civilize the barbarians who swept over Europe after the fall of Rome, Chivalry had its inception in the Catholic Church. Far back in the early part of the eleventh century the mother of the faithful inaugurated, at the Synod of Tuluges (1027), the Truce of God to curb the savage and warlike instincts of her factious children. Here we behold the first rift in the clouds of barbarism that had shrouded the fairest provinces of Europe in gloom and misery and suffering for centuries. The arduous and unflinching labors of the Catholic clergy were at last rewarded: Goth and Hun, Frank and Norman, Alan and Lombard, together with all the other nations which had been blended into the refractory and turbulent peoples of medieval Europe, were brought to a realization of the necessity of self-restraint and complete obedience to lawful authority and to a true appreciation of Christian honor and mercy. It was indeed a rude birth; but time refined the crudities which marked it in its conception. As we glance back now, after nine hundred years, it seems passing strange that the

noble spirit of Chivalry, which we so much admire, should have had its origin in such unfavorable surroundings; almost as strange as that the educated and cultured men and women, whom we see in the world about us, should be descended from the barbarians who overran the Continent, pillaging and destroying wherever they went.

At the outset Chivalry was a distinctly military institution, but, as it progressed, its character changed. The knights were the soldiers by profession of the Middle Ages; and for centuries they bore the brunt of battle and decided the fate of nations. Warfare was their work and amusement, and they lived for little else. Prior to the advent of Chivalry, heavy-armed infantry had always been the chief dependence of a country in battle; but the legionaries could not withstand the terrific onset of steel-clad horsemen, charging down upon them at full gallop, and, consequently, became of minor importance. With another change in military tactics and the introduction of gunpowder, the foot-soldiers later regained the position which they had held from Marathon to Cannae and from Cannae to Fontanet. So insignificant a part, however, did the unmounted warriors play from the eleventh to the fifteenth century that battles were frequently decided by the combats of armored champions, chosen from each host, without the main body of troops ever going into action.

As long as this condition obtained the chevalier was of supreme importance on the battlefield, and this very consequence in war, which was the chief occupation of the times, gave him a correspondingly high position in society. Knighthood was, in general, reserved for those 'to the purple born'; but the king could, on occasion, confer it upon a member of the *bourgeoise* for exceptional services. Socially the cavalier lived a life apart from his poorer fellowmen, often, it must be confessed, caring little whether they existed or not, only in so far as they served his ends. Such was the jealousy with which the chevaliers guarded their high station and excluded all of humble extraction from a share in the great advantages attached to membership in their order that every knight was marked among his inferiors by unmistakable badges: his weapons, the lance, the sword and battle-axe; his armor, a panoply of steel and a huge shield; his crest, a banner, which he invariably bore on his shield. In addition to these appurtenances, the cava-

lier was required to have sufficient mounts, and some personal attendants.

Before the coveted rank could be gained the aspirant was compelled to undergo years of preliminary training in arms, so that all who were knighted were skilled fighters. On this account candidates for knighthood were usually placed at an early age in the household of some great lord, there to be versed in all the accomplishments of the times and trained in martial exercises. After successfully completing his probation and fulfilling the requirements of service in the field, the postulant, if he had reached the age of twenty-one years, was dubbed a full-fledged knight.

In the period of its foundation, while the Truce of God was in force, Chivalry was a purely military organization; but during the Crusades it took on a decidedly religious character. The armies which took part in each Crusade formed a temporary order of a distinctly religious nature, whose members had vowed to devote themselves to the protection of the weak and the helpless—women, children and the Church. In addition to these, special orders of religious knights, such as the Knights Templar, the Hospitallers of St. John, the Knights of Malta and the Knights of the Cross, were organized for the declared purpose of defending the Church. In this manner the Catholic Church diverted the restless and warlike energies of her people from fruitless and causeless quarrels at home, and directed them against the infidel, who was threatening Europe. With the inspiration of religion Chivalry reached its climax, for it gave its members an opportunity of engaging valor in one of the noblest causes that has ever enlisted the aid of man. It preserved peace at home, and it very materially assisted the advance of the world by introducing some of the learning of the Orient. Chivalry, as long as it retained its religious character, instilled into its followers personal and social virtues; but, this character lost, the influence was lost with it.

The history of Chivalry after the Crusades is a record of decadence. From the high considerations of religious loyalty and duty, which had previously inspired it, knighthood degenerated to such an extent that the desire of honor and fame became the main-spring of action. Even in this condition, Chivalry, though very inferior to what it had been during the Crusades, nevertheless possessed much that was admirable and praiseworthy, for it still incul-

cated, theoretically at least, many excellent ideals. But once started on downward, excess succeeded excess until all sense of proportion was completely lost and the moral bonds were hopelessly relaxed. It must be remembered, however, that this deplorable state of affairs did not extend to all grades of society. In the first place, it was confined to the relatively small number of persons who composed the nobility, and who alone were admitted into the ranks of Chivalry. Furthermore, even among the peers it was by no means universal, though common.

It is clear that this nether Chivalry could not long continue. The better nature of the people, who had begun to assert their power, revolted against it. Moreover, the advent of gunpowder, which deprived the armored horsemen of their all-important position in warfare and, consequently, of their chief excuse for existing as members of a military institution, hastened its end. It perished most ingloriously and unworthily as a mere court ceremony, meaningless, absurd and foppish—a thing for scorn and ridicule. In some few places it still lingers in a sort of post-mortem existence, represented by such so-called orders as the Order of the Garter and the Order of the Golden Fleece, which have only an honorary significance.

Chivalry as a definite system of rules for the regulation of the conduct of knights is a thing of the past. It had its vices as it had its virtues; but we must do it the justice to say that its virtues far exceeded its vices, and that it was only when perverted and turned into channels which its originators never intended it to follow, that it became subject to abuses. In its earlier and nobler stages Chivalry served its purpose: it civilized, educated and refined the semi-barbarous peoples of Europe, dignified woman as man's companion, and gave the world beautiful and lofty ideals. To us, however, it has bequeathed some of its good results—the courtesies, conventions and politenesses which enter into our every day life and impart a zest to human intercourse—the little things that make life worth while. For this and for the ideals which it has left us, as well as for the numerous other benefits which it has conferred upon the race, it shall always be remembered.

IGNATIUS P. WALSH, A. B., '17

Sweetness and Light



FROM the doorway of the Seneca House Judge Nelson Winters surveyed a glorious world. He beamed upon it in utter contentment; he teetered back and forth on his toes, his principal bulk thrust prominently forth under a colorful waist-coat, his coat opened and his hands in his pockets, a long cheroot pointed gallantly into the breeze—he was beyond all doubt content with himself and with his cosmos. Surely, the drabness of Seneca's principal avenue of commerce and pleasure had not thus surprised and delighted him; that would have been beyond belief. But after all, Seneca *was* part of his Life, and Life was very sweet to the Judge just now.

In this condition of utter contentment, he contemplated himself and all humanity, and a great love for both began to surge up in his soul; he began dimly to feel that he would like to do something for humanity—he modestly thought nothing of himself—he would delight to breathe some of his own light and sweetness into the dour lives of others . . . a saintly smile spread its aura of benediction over his face. . . .

A familiar figure, now well down the street, called him from pleasant reverie.

“Charming fellow, that parson,” he remarked inconsequentially to the landlord lounging beside him. The landlord only grunted—he was thinking of prohibition.

“Yes, indeed, my dear friend,” the Judge continued, “Mr. Curtis is all that you say. Really, a keen philosopher, a man of truly Christian principle, most remarkable outlook on life, actually cheerful in the face of his congregation.” The Judge had never fathomed Mr. Curtis; the parson was all too wonderful.

“Good morning, parson. Magnificent day!”

“Good morning, good morning, Judge. Magnificent, you say? Dare say—whew—” and he mopped a brow which was profusely dewed. It was in fact, exceedingly hot that day. The minister was a nervous little person with the air of a prosperous, if modest,

city business man. True to his appearances he was energetic at all seasons, and hot weather irritated him.

The Judge surveyed him benignly, and remarked with conscious appropriateness to his company and his state of mind, "Ah, but it really is a heaven-given day. The Lord smiles on us indeed. I was even now thinking of all the blessings that we enjoy—but I am grateful and give thanks," he added, with amiable hypocrisy. The Judge thought of the Lord only when in direst need.

The parson merely sniffed, in equally amiable fashion and with perfect understanding.

"You don't say, quite remarkable of you, really, quite remarkable! Well, I suppose it is a lovely day, considering all that you say of it." He returned a ministerial bow to a parishioner on the opposite side of the street.

The Judge followed his action with a glance, leisurely but curious. He chuckled as he recognized the sad faced individual who always walked in such an agonizing hurry. But the chuckle was not long-lived and he began to speak with some heat. He had forgotten for the moment his satisfaction with the world, he had in fact found something that was wrong with humanity.

"Mr. Curtis, that's the sorriest victim of the villainies of the world and the cussedness of the human race that I have been privileged to see."

"Know him. One of my shorn flock."

"Can't you do anything for him?" The Judge felt that his friend had failed to find a remedy. He darkly feared his idol, the parson, had feet of clay, and it made him indignant.

"Tried to once. But I'm glad I didn't succeed in changing his lot. He would have changed too; and that would kill me."

"Eh?"—this strange attitude of mind was not grasped by the Judge.

"He's the variety in life. Only example of his species, only selfless creature I ever saw. Kill me if he changes!"

"Oh!"—a glimmer of understanding. It all went back to this. If somebody could succeed in giving this man ordinary common sense, he would become selfish like any other man. This would not do; for one thing, the variety in the parson's life would forever cease. The Judge, however, could not assent to this.

"It's rather difficult though, for him, supporting that scoundrel

of a brother, and never a whimper." He sighed. It was indeed beyond him. Under like circumstances the Judge would have roared loudly and often.

"But what did you try to do for him?" He was still a little angry with the parson; he desired full explanation.

"Didn't know what to do myself. Went to Father Tracy across town. Told me to use my discretion and all the courage of my convictions and pick out a suitable wife for poor, dear Henry's brother. One that would keep him beneficially employed, or at least make life properly miserable for him. Had several ladies in mind, but I lost my nerve."

"That was a—ah—rather drastic remedy, to be sure." Now it had suddenly occurred to this impetuous soul that here was a chance to do for his fellowman. He embraced it enthusiastically.

"But something ought to be done, something at once—bold, but with more—ah—finesse, as it were."

And then, inspiration!

"The very idea, my dear sir, the very idea! At once——"

"But Judge." Little Mr. Curtis saw his stupendous friend charging into a situation of the utmost delicacy with some absurd plan and he viewed the prospect with proper alarm.

"Not another word, sir, no protests! Just a matter for a little tact and astuteness."

"But that's just it," burst out the agonized Curtis, "Good heavens, man!" But the Judge was off, waving a pudgy hand in adieu.

Quite in a casual manner the Judge managed a meeting with the object of his beneficent intentions, the victim of a parasite brother.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Gibbs, well, well——" the judge greeted him gustily. Henry Gibbs was very much surprised and not a little dismayed at this heartiness. He was unaccustomed to it; he was a modest flower that did not find its way boldly among its fairer fellows.

"How are you, anyway?" the Judge continued. "Looking well, you are, my dear sir!" He paused in some astonishment. Henry was almost convulsed with embarrassment, and wildly sought to escape.

The Judge, quite appalled at the result of his friendliness, now

threw diplomacy to the winds. His subtleties were not leading him even indirectly to the point.

"I say—um—my dear friend—I was just speaking with your pastor—ah—he tells me your brother—I mean, you are—not very well." He smiled perspiringly though somehow he felt that Henry's health was of no consequence to him, it did not seem to pertain. . . .

"Why, I am quite well, thank you." Henry almost said "sir"—

The Judge was now certain that Henry's physical well-being was of no interest. He felt no delight on hearing this; indeed, Henry's health was not leading to the point. . . .

A great desire for action, true action, shook him.

"Henry, by all that is sensible, why do you let your brother live on your substance. He is a wastrel, a loafer, a—"

"Why, why, Mr. Winters—I—I don't understand!"

"My dear Henry, pray forgive my brutality—we rough old dogs, you know"—he laughed with good humored depreciation of his heartless brutality—"You see, don't you?—Don't you realize that your brother is a loafer?"

Henry showed signs of comprehension. The Judge was under the delusion that his brother was a common loafer! He smiled sweetly and proceeded to rectify the error.

"Charles, you know, is very delicate in health," he began. The Judge gasped; Charles was lean, husky and six feet, had never failed a day to make the rounds of village gathering-places, hotel bar, pool room, grocery—

Henry went on. "You see he is very delicate and it would be hardly safe for him to work." He smiled; the Judge's misapprehension had been removed.

But it had not been explained, thought the Judge . . . and when he finished speaking, Henry looked troubled. He could not but admit that his brother was lazy, was deceiving him about his delicate health, was living on him (facts in truth which, long known, but never admitted publicly, were scarcely admitted to himself). But he only smiled in his inane way.

"You see, Judge, he is my brother and I—" he paused to think of something in a commonsense vein that he might offer as excuse for his brother; this tempestuous person was hard to satisfy.

"Eh? What if he is your brother?"

"I ought to keep him, don't you think?"

"Oh . . ."

"Yes—" The matter was settled. Henry smiled.

"Henry, I am touched." With obviously deep feeling he pressed Henry's hand into both his own. He paused. "Ah, dear friend, but are you doing right by Charles, are you doing right by the Lord (he was even hypocrite enough not to blush) by allowing your brother to tread his wasteful path? Indeed, you never think of yourself, and only of your brother, but do you think of him in the right way, a soul to save, a character to be made? . . ."

Henry was now greatly troubled. He was being accused himself—of faithlessness, at least misuse of a great trust. He was in his way a simple soul, simpler even than the Judge who could at moments be a strange variety of hypocrite; but because both of them were simple, each in his own way, an outlandish plan was proposed, and seriously considered—and more strangely accepted.

Henry became positively frightened for his soul's salvation—for he had patiently, and with huge unselfishness, supported his brother in idleness. He must change all this. . . .

The Judge offered the opportunity. "Henry, you have been a saving man and you have some money." In truth he couldn't imagine Henry as otherwise than saving. "You must go away, let Charles remain and support himself—and then everything will be right, eh? What do you think of that idea?" Nothing in Henry's mind could add to this plan! The Judge glowed with approval of himself and his idea.

"But the mortgage on the house—?"

"Oh—" This was rather disconcerting! "Indeed—your house, I suppose?" he asked dubiously.

"Oh no, the house belongs to Charles, of course." Henry would deprecate any such thought that he should own a house while Charles did not.

"Of course, of course, my dear Henry! Then why not let Charles pay the mortgage? Really, you should have thought of that yourself, it's so simple."

Even Henry thought so, for the next day he went away.

The Judge was quite elated over his scheme; he sought out Charles, to see how that amiable person would take his enforced need of working. He was not even disturbed in his placid confidence

to find that Charles had asked no one for work, nor was he disturbed to find Charles in the pool room.

"How are you getting along, Charles?" he asked with kindly interest. The sight of the lonely billiardist affected him almost to remorse.

In answer Charles jerked a thumb to the line of wooden counters over his head. The Judge studied them with gradually dawning comprehension. Charles was "getting along" nicely; his score was excellent. While the visitor was awed into wondering if congratulations were in order, Charles continued his play.

"Oh, I see!"—"Heavens," he thought, "what have I done to this poor fellow, that he cannot understand his real situation. The blow of parting with his brother was too much." Aloud, "I hear your brother has gone away."

"Yeah."

"He will be gone some time, I have been given to understand."

"Yeah." An excellent shot resulted.

"Ah—and what are you doing—now?"

Answer seemed superfluous under the circumstances; the billiardist was completely occupied.

"What did you say?" urged the Judge.

"Umm—" The shot was well made.

"I was wondering, Charles, if there was anything you cared to do," the Judge offered tactfully.

Again answer seemed superfluous. Charles evidently had sufficient on his hands for the moment.

"Any particular occupation you would prefer, you know?" Somehow, the Judge felt, Charles was not rising to the occasion.

"Eh?"—Encouragement; Charles was evincing interest. The Judge summoned all his courage. He put the matter boldly, rudely, he feared.

"What kind of a *job* do you want?"

"Job?"

"Yes, to be sure, my dear boy, a—a *job*." But Charles did not take offense; his billiard play was never for a moment unsteadied by any indignation at the Judge's crude suggestions. Yet the latter felt that Charles should have grasped the situation by this time. The issue called for a great leader; the crisis was at hand. Blandly the Judge began anew.

"My dear Charles, we all feel for you. All your friends realize that you are in unfortunate circumstances. But such is life, dear friend; we would like to help you, give you the opportunity of making your way. In a word, you must get a job."

Charles hearkened apparently; perhaps a sudden realization of the great truths of life possessed him.

"Thanks, Judge—you're a good fellow—you're the best friend I have." The best friend was deeply edified. Already he smacked the taste of righteous deeds which he was inspiring in others. One had but to spread sweetness and light about him and he would regenerate the human race.

"Yes, Judge, you're my best friend"—he paused, evidently to check his emotion—"if you could just let me take ten dollars for a few days?" . . . Presently, the judge was without, a little saddened perhaps, a little chastened, a little lighter in pocket. . . . Then he pushed back his hat, tilted his cigar, opened his coat, put hands in pockets and was himself again. Thus did he believe.

Mr. Charles Gibbs was another man who believed in himself. True, he realized that there was not much to believe in, but he gave that faith with all his heart and soul. That he had never been destined for labor was the whole scope of his faith—but to that he would hold tenaciously. His brother's desertion had genuinely shocked and grieved him. First he had blustered and threatened—a process that had usually been sufficient to quell his brother's infrequent rebellions and assertions of independence. Finding Henry strangely unresponsive to such treatment, he had not despaired, but merely changed his tactics. He began to feel the sudden approach of an "attack"—he promised his brother that this "attack" must eventuate within a few days; it was the duty of Henry to stay at home. He waited in perfectly justifiable confidence a complete surrender by Henry. It did not come. Henry only smiled pleasantly, he was only doing his duty, it was hard, he said (it was indeed), it was hard, but what must be must be, when duty calls. . . .

Charles was utterly without speech; not because "duty" appealed to him as a profound and sufficient argument, but it was so unusual, it was turning the planets in their courses. And Henry went away, still smiling, withal sadly.

Charles was still in a weakened state when he met the Judge—but with ten dollars! he felt his strength return. A desire for action

came upon him; he would wrestle with the world; he thought rapidly; he considered marriage; he became convinced of its fateful necessity; and he acted.

Now such a rush of venturesome scheming and bold decision never could come upon Charles in a single moment. A moment of such magnitude would be the result of inspiration alone, a moment worthy of Judge Winters. But such moments could never be Charles', even in a crisis; he would have died; and as it was, the scheme nearly paralyzed him after it had been developing for hours. He had given much uneasy cogitation to the possibility of working, and the prospects made him shudder. He thought of the alternative, perhaps slow starvation,—and thirst! These meditations occupied some time. It added to his misery to think of his house, which must be sacrificed to an unpaid mortgage. Charles contemplated such a misfortune, especially in connection with the lady holding the mortgage. He wondered. . . . And then something that was almost inspiration came to him—marry the lady! The idea somehow appealed to him—just then.

His suit, delicately presented, he thought, and free from all suspicion and persuasive to love's best taste, occupied a mere week What she thought would be hard to say, but it came to pass on the seventh day. . . ."

The marriage was a success from the start,—that is, almost from the start. For, of course, they had their little disagreement before settling to a life of perfect unanimity. The disagreement was itself but a trifle. The new Mrs. Gibbs suggested to her husband that he get work. She had herself worked in the world and now she longed for duties and a life purely domestic. She had provided a house, at least, a canceled mortgage; she now expected much of him. . . . In return, Charles pointed out that she already had an excellent situation; it would be a pity to give it up; her opportunities for advancement were splendid, she ought to continue on her promising course. He would himself be satisfied to be an inspiration to her, a moral support against the buffets of the world, a home maker, for it was really he who had provided the house. The genial dispute was promising heat when she suggested that if he did not get a job she would send for his brother. She was under the impression that Henry had terrorized his brother's life—so Charles had said. Mistakenly she supposed that Henry

was a menace, a threat to her husband. He surprised her by agreeing at once. Charles saw much purpose in his brother's return. Henry would be a good provider for both. Thus the lovers' quarrel was ended; even so, the rule of but one will was established.

Naturally, Mr. Curtis had been informed of this turn of events. In fact, he had performed the ceremony. He immediately told the Judge.

"Congratulate the happy couple, Judge?" he asked as they met two days after the wedding.

"A wedding, parson? Why, I have not so much as heard of it. Who are the blessed children?"

"Charlie Gibbs and Amanda Bowler."

"Charlie Gibbs?—What in—thunder, sir? Do you mean to tell me that you let him get married without advising me?"

"Couldn't help it, couldn't help it, Judge. Told you once that I wanted to get him married—couldn't resist the opportunity. Why shouldn't I?"

"Confound it, man, my plans, my plans, you've ruined them! What is going to become of me?"

Mr. Curtis had been entirely aware of the Judge's plans. That gentleman's extraordinary antics in improving the lot of Henry Gibbs had given him the acutest delight. He had seldom savored such a morsel of absurdity as the Judge. But the Judge had refused him his confidence; he had not been let in on the merry adventure, and he wanted revenge. So he took his revenge, a nice amicable, ministerial revenge, in spoiling the Judge's scheme in a way that would injure no one, he thought, and do some good both to Henry and Charles Gibbs.

"Become of *you*? Why, my dear sir, what *is* to become of you? Oh! I see! aspiring to the lady yourself, eh? Disappointed now, eh?"

The Judge could only gulp down his wrath. His plans were spoiled; Charlie would never work, now that he had a wife with a "situation." And he, himself, was accused of aspiring to that lady, of all persons!

"Oh, Heavens, parson, don't you see that Charlie Gibbs will never work again—at all, I mean?" He hoped to appall the minister with the responsibility for this outrageous conclusion of Charlie Gibbs' affairs.

"Quite so, quite so," agreed Mr. Curtis, complacently.

"And that noble woman will be forever enslaved to a life of drudgery!" Curtis must see the awful consequences of allowing Charles to be married. He must realize what he had done in spoiling that nobly conceived plan of freeing Henry. Mr. Curtis did not see it, however.

"Quite wrong, sir, quite wrong. That woman will never be enslaved. I know her well. Selected her myself for Charlie's wife—only my nerve failed when it came to action. Now Charlie has done it himself.—Besides, Judge, and hearken well, I think Henry will soon return to his duties."

"Just as bad," replied the Judge bitterly. "What will poor Henry think of me now?" He was lost in misery for a moment, then he brightened visibly. Hope yet burned in that unquenchable breast.

"Ah, dear Curtis, all may yet be well. Now you are sure of Mrs. Gibbs? I sincerely hope she is all you imply—but she must be a veritable virago. And then Henry himself—I have confidence in Henry. I do not think he will support his brother any longer. I reasoned with him, I strengthened him, I showed him the way—I do not think he will fall before his brother's blandishments. We may yet save him."

"Yes? Well, perhaps—we shall see. Sure that Charles will send for Henry? It will be a last resort—considering Amanda."

Henry *did* come. His brother and sister-in-law met him at the station. He blinked at the pair wonderingly. He did not fully understand; only that he was being brought home to care for his brother and his brother's wife. He did not congratulate them, and the greetings were of the most perfunctory order. But as Charles and Amanda looked at him, they realized that all was well. . . .

The Judge dashed up with Mr. Curtis trailing behind at a more dignified speed.

"My dear boy—" gasped the Judge at Henry. "I—I—" Henry smiled, a smile of pain, that suggested betrayal and yet forgiveness on his part. He was still friendly.

"Henry," called his brother, waiting at a distance.

"Henry," called Amanda, in entire command, at last.

Henry went. . . .

"Lord," breathed the Judge, looking after the woe-begone little figure. He wiped the cold perspiration from his brow.

"Well?—" And Mr. Curtis smiled as he looked from Henry to the astounded Judge. "Well?—" he repeated.

The Judge was beyond answer; he could only look after the happy little family group, he could only stare, indignant, his ordinary complacency utterly destroyed, his illusions vanished.

"I think I told you this would happen, Judge." The parson himself was a bit shaken—he pitied poor Henry and yet knew that his pity was unneeded.

"I never could believe that it could come to this!"

"Henry is happy—enough," said Mr. Curtis.

"Eh?"

"Quite happy, quite happy." The minister's eyes twinkled.

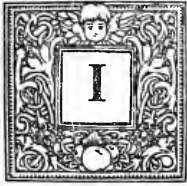
"In the name of common sense, will you explain how? Is he bewitched, crazy?" roared the Judge, who had recovered to some extent, especially in voice.

"Not crazy. He is just happy to work for his brother. I told you, Judge, he was the only man of his kind that you are ever likely to meet, the only utterly unselfish man. He may be a fool, but I am glad he hasn't changed."

"Oh," murmured the Judge.

EDWARD D. REYNOLDS, A. B., '16

The Freedom of the Will



IN his everyday life man is subject to many influences, some hurrying him resistlessly in accordance with physical laws, others attracting him to something, because it is a good. In fact, the life of a rational being is nothing else than a persistent striving toward what is good. It is clear to every unprejudiced mind that to man a light has been given, to guide him on his way toward perfection. In this light we examine the motives that influence us; and in choosing among the various motives that life presents to us we are exercising our free-will. My freedom does not consist in acting without a motive, but in making my choice of the motives inciting me to action. It is in my power to submit to one or the other of the influences I find myself under at a given moment. And this power, among all the beings in the material universe, is possessed by man alone.

Matter changes its shape and size, undergoes chemical modifications, manifests various phenomena according to definite, fixed laws. Matter does not will the changes it undergoes; it is driven to those changes. In like manner, the animals struggle to preserve themselves, to propagate their kind, and so on, not because they so will, but because they are driven to this by the instincts they possess. Man, on the contrary, the rational being, chooses when and for what end to preserve himself, and has the power to decide whether he shall live or die, propagate the species or dedicate his life to the service of his fellow-men.

There is absolutely no evidence of will, of knowing what is good and bad, of choosing when and how to act, in the activity of the elements of nature. Irrespective of time and place, they always act in the same manner under like conditions. The same is true of animals. All attempts to show that animals have the power to discriminate and choose have failed. The hungry eagle catches the first sparrow that happens to cross its path, and is never touched by the agony of the prey in its claws. It is man only, the rational being, that has ideas of bad and good, concepts of wrong and right. Man only stops to deliberate whether he shall rob or starve, kill or sacri-

face himself, act one way or the other, when motives soliciting his acts present themselves. Of all the beings that exist man alone manifests the power to act or to abstain from action when the conditions required to elicit a volition are present; man only is morally free—has a free will.

In admitting that as a rational being man is a free agent for good or evil, we are not alone. That mankind as a whole is with us may be seen from the universal ethical concepts. It is a striking historical truth that the people at large have never questioned that we are to be blamed for certain acts and deserve praise for others; that we are bound to observe moral laws, to preserve and promote social order. History tells us that even four thousand years ago the Egyptians considered as wrong stealing, cheating, killing, offending in any way one's fellow-man, and had laws aiming at the prevention of disorders of every sort. Now of what use and meaning are all these notions of responsibility, if man's conduct has been predetermined, if man's acts have been foreordained? Denying man's moral freedom, how could we explain the moral consciousness of the human race? What would be the meaning of our life if we were mere puppets in the grasp of forces outside ourselves? These questions are so obtrusive that one is led to wonder how it has come to pass that some people today deny the freedom of the will.

With the great material progress of the last few centuries the nations of Western Europe found themselves in the midst of new and startling discoveries. New facts became known. New hopes were awakened. Some of the prejudices of the past became untenable. A revaluation of the old values became necessary. The faith in the past was shaken. During these times of transition not even the firmest, most general beliefs escaped question. Accordingly, led by the hasty generalizations of the rash scientists, a school of philosophers arose who denied the freedom of the will. In the matter around them they saw no such freedom; and as, in their view, man was only matter, they denied his freedom too. Such was the origin of the theory of determinism—a system born of haste and rashness.

At the same time, with the advent of machinery, great economic and industrial changes took place in the civilized world. Social conditions were changed, and a readjustment of society became

necessary. Bloody revolutions took place; but all attempts to settle the social order aright failed. People were temporarily at a loss; they felt that the foundations of their lives were shaken. Thus unsettled, and influenced by the teachings of the determinist philosophers, some even of the common people were led to doubt the freedom of their wills. Besides, determinism justified all wrong-doing. Thus it gained a considerable number of adherents.

But conscience never fails to assert itself. People could temporarily believe that right and wrong are only relative terms, that the moral principles of the great religious teachers that have guided the world for ages past were nothing but products of ignorant minds, that obligation, merit, responsibility, justice, all the concepts that go to make the moral consciousness of the human race were nothing but childish delusions. In the end, however, the evidence which has made men sure they were free, must prevail. People were unable to withstand the irresistible persuasion that they were free agents. And so determinism, for all its attractiveness, is today, and must always be, the doctrine of only a few philosophers.

C. M. STOYCOFF, B.S., M.D., '16

L'Envoi

DEEP in the night, far laughter floated up to me,
Wild, elfin laughter, of a silvery sylphen tone;
Weird dryad chuckles and faint din of distant revelry;
And then high piping from a fluted reed. Alone
I listened longingly

A crocus waved its yellow crown
In the low breeze. New violets in brave array
Like children shyly waiting kisses, eyes cast down,
Were nestled in the damp. Barbaric tulips gay,
In greeting shook their crimson cups

Summer shall see
New fields of burnished grasses, shot with scarlet flare
Of poppies flaming palpitant in luxury,
Semi-inebriate with wind and sun and air.
Summer shall see the tall-trunked birches whitely gleam
Upon the hill some rainy morning through the mist;
The willows in the moonlight droop, and kiss the stream;
The streamlet's tender ripple where it has been kissed . . .
Summer shall know matinal coolness; the hot flush
Of midday on the land; the splash of laggard rain
In sweeping legions overhead; the drowsy hush
Of heat-faint afternoons; the low, incessant strain
Of insect note, and marshy croak throughout the night,
And bird calls all the day every lovely thing
The earth can show shall Summer see ere it takes flight . . .

But I shall not. I shall not live even till Spring.
Lo, all these sylvan sounds and stirrings fired me

And set my closed eyes visioning

Spring sudden came

Upon the city in the dark. Strange minstrelsy
Of crickets sounded in the Loop. Greenery laid claim
To all the grimy canyons, and quick trellised o'er
The floors of steel and stone. Each narrow window ledge
Broke forth in bloom. Bold, climbing tendrils, striving for
A place, burst through the glass, and gave the city pledge
Of idleness by twining through typewriter keys,
And clambering into desks, locking machinery
In slavish shops, disabling gloomy factories.
Vines even clogged the presses' high velocity,
And stilled their clanging thunder, while the pressman dozed,
The inky devil dreamt of Spring . . . the smeared sheets tore
In tattered shreds, and left forever undisclosed
Their secrets - incident, disaster, crime and war!

Then swept Spring down into the ghetto and the slum,
And turned its drear habiliments to vernal green;
Made every alley flower, each ash-can sprout with some
Fresh bloom, each filthy, narrow street a vernal scene.
Love, Romance, Youth and Beauty ran rampant
Down smelly Twelfth Street . . sleeping Jewry saw them not,
Except a crippled child, wakeful and vigilant
Who pressed close to the pane, and raptured, but forgot
That these fair folk were more than figments of a dream . . .

Was it too rare, too wholly fine, this visioning ?

A voice rose in the darkness like a sudden gleam
And said "*Fool, in thy heart, canst make it ever Spring!*"

LEO E. MCGIVENA, A.B., 16

The Bubble



HE quiet of the lonely little store was shattered by nine vociferous cheers, and a wild westerner slapped the little storekeeper on the back.

"Well, Fink," cried the man, when his enthusiasm permitted articulation, "we put it over! Ten thousand we had to promise them, and enough land for a farm, but Albion will be a junction, a real city, instead of a dump like it is now. Just saw the new railroad's man off on the train. Won't it feel good to get into the real estate business again,—in a thriving little city of five thousand!"

"What city's that, Mr. Stevens?" asked Fink, somewhat dazed.

"This place, Albion, you poor simp. Going to start a department store?"

"You mean, if this town gets five thousand people?"

"Yes; don't you believe it? Oh, rats, you'll see the point in about three months. But here, I came in to celebrate. Gimme a drink!"

"Drinks at Sweeney's; this isn't a saloon," said Fink, disgustedly.

"Why, that's right! Well, I dassent drink anyway. Gimme some pretzels, to remind me of beer. Well, I've got a lot of work ahead, but a lot of money too. It feels good to be back in my right business. Dry farming in Montana is hell. So long; when you find out the place is alive let me know. I see it hasn't sunk in yet." And he left the astonished storekeeper gazing at the door where he went out.

The next day he left town to go to Butte. But signs of his activities soon began to appear. A preliminary surveying party came and did its work. And the storekeeper noted with astonishment that there were often six or seven arrivals on the single train. Another surveying party began staking off town lots. That settled it. Next day Fink went to the city himself and was very busy. And soon afterwards the little store was adorned with a large sign: "Fink's Restaurant."

A few days later, a distinctly urban apparition entered the new restaurant. It took the proprietor several minutes to surround the

idea that it was the city's originator. Stevens had always been more western than the real westerners. Now he was the very type and ideal of the real estate agent.

"Permit me to congratulate you on your awakening, mine host. I perceive that, while you cannot perceive an opportunity ten feet off, you know one when it hits you in the face."

"Well, I know a customer when I see one; and I know a dollar when I see it too. These people all seem to have money to blow in, and I'm getting what I can."

"Very proper spirit. In that case, no doubt you're going to buy some lots in the town. I'll sell you a fine one, opposite the square where the courthouse is going to be, cheap."

"No, sir: I can see the people; I can't see the courthouse."

"Nobody will sell you the state capitol, will they, Mr. Fink?" concluded Stevens admiringly, as he went out to superintend the building of his new office.

To a vivid imagination like the agent's it was easy to see the city already built. In fact, everything was there except the houses, and there were signs that they were coming. Stevens' office and subdivision were not the only ones; large signs proclaimed the good location and cheapness of various tracts; and a perfect forest of stakes indicated the lots. They showed where the streets were to run, and a wide bare swath marked the course of the railroad-to-be. Prospective citizens were there, too;—so many that the place had almost the air of a village, and the five houses of the town had to be supplemented by tents to accommodate them. In short, the boom was on.

"Have you noticed any shooting of late, Fink?" asked Stevens one day.

"No, I'm too busy."

"Well, if you do, you'll know I am preparing to realize a life-long ambition."

"What's that? Come again."

"I like to talk to you, you're such a shining mark. You see, I'm going to start a bank, and I have to be ready for bandits, don't I? So I've been practising."

"More foolishness; aren't you satisfied to be as lucky as you are?"

"We've got to have some place to put our earnings, don't we?"

And real estate is the next thing to banking. I feel that I'll make a fine banker; so when the safe comes, the Bank of Albion will be open for business. Going to open an account?"

"How should I have any extra to put in the bank?" demanded Fink.

"Oh, very well." And Stevens left, well satisfied with himself.

Of course everybody, except Fink, put his money in the Bank of Albion. Convenience and civic pride alike demanded it. So Stevens did a rushing business from the start. He was in his glory. Though worked to distraction, he tried to grow portly, as a banker should be. And the pride he took in standing behind his window, with a long line in front of him, acting in every capacity, fully compensated him for the loss of sleep. He had now a chance to be of real use to his town, and you may be sure that he was not ultra-conservative in his valuation of the property on which he loaned money.

The time for the payment of the money to the railroad was at hand, and the construction of the road was to begin as soon as it was paid. Everything seemed prosperous, and more people were coming into town every day, when the catastrophe occurred.

One morning, as Stevens was standing at his single window, one of his old neighbors attached himself to the waiting line. He had the day before sold the last of his farm, and was now celebrating the event. He had been at Sweeney's a little too long, that the experienced eye of the banker saw; yet to the casual glance he seemed perfectly sober.

"I want the two thousand I've got in your bank," he said when his turn came. "Going to celebrate right."

"You don't want it; you know you don't; better go home, Bill," said the banker.

"No, come across. Want it all.

"You can't have it. Run along."

"What! Can't have it!"

"No."—The waiting line was beginning to grow impatient.—"We haven't got it. Call again. Go on now, Bill; you know I'm your friend."

Bill went off muttering about his two thousand and the impending failure of the bank. Two newly arrived strangers in the back of the line followed him, and began to spread the news.

"Say, I had a narrow escape. Just going to put my money in the bank, when the teller stopped payment. She must be going bust, sure."

"What! I've got two hundred in there myself!" And so, with incredible speed, the rumor of the bank's impending failure spread. With amazing quickness the line at the window began to grow. Far out into the street it stretched itself, until most of the town's inhabitants were in it. And it was no longer a patient line; it was anxious, clamorous. Inside of an hour, the bank closed its doors, and the crowd became a mob.

But nothing came of it; there was nothing to be had. So, little by little, as fast as they could get the money for railroad fare, the population began to melt away. The signs and stakes and half-built houses were still there; but the bank was dead, and with it the town. There was no one to pay the promised money to the railroad; and the railroad never came.

After the inhabitants had gone, Fink also made ready to leave. The former bank president called on him.

"You're not going, too!"

Yes; going to Butte to start a regular store. I did pretty well while this boom lasted. No use staying now, though, when I can do better in the city."

"I suppose not. But I can't go away from here. Why, this is my town: I made it! I can't go away."

"I tell you what I'll do. You can run this store for me till something better turns up. I can't take it along, and it was on account of you that I did so well."

"Thanks. For the time I will. You see, I'm going to hold on here. Crawford, where the junction will be, will have Albion's chance. So I'm going to buy up lots here quietly, and hold them till Albion's a suburb of Crawford."

He is still holding them, in the midst of the city that was to be. Crawford is now a thriving little town of three hundred inhabitants.

ERNEST W. THIELE, A. B., '16



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EVER since the censorship board was first instituted for the motion picture there has been controversy concerning its legality, its justice and its sincerity of purpose. At the present time there is an agitation for a Federal Censorship Board, which is to be authorized by Congress. A few of the big producing companies have united in favor of it! But there is still the general cry among the film folk to abolish *all* censorship.

It is well in a discussion of the question to **Film Censorship** consider the position of the producer. He obtains a scenario, which is the product of a well-paid staff. This outline is handed to a high salaried director, who in turn selects an expensive cast. The actual production costs a small fortune, and the story is released. A board of censors mutilates the film, until the continuity of the story is broken or it is

rendered an unmarketable maze of incident. Then the manufacturer protests most vigorously for the abolishment of all censorship.

But here is where the film magnate is making his greatest mistake. He wishes to stop all censorship! There are some photo-plays, which should not only be denied a permit for exhibition, but which should be utterly destroyed to prevent their ever being shown. There are others, which should have suggestive subtitles removed as far as possible without impairing the narrative, or in some cases new ones inserted. There are still others, which might be viewed only by adults and lastly, there are the remaining few, though they ought to be many, which are allowed to pass unscathed.

Of the so-called dramas which should be dispensed with, there are those which contain not only a vile story but abominable presentation. It could be imposed as a rule that these two are nearly always synonymous! They are an insult to an intelligent audience and can only be classed with the *risque* novel and the indecent problem play. The other instances in which censorship is needed are too well known for comment.

The last mentioned class above includes those that are really worthy and a scattering few that are the victims of censorship.

It is with these victims of censorship always in mind that the film people make the plea for the abolishment of all censorship. There was an example of such a picture not very long ago. The story was a farce, in which a thief disposed of some stolen jewels into the pockets of an innocent character. This individual in turn placed them in the pocket of his neighbor. The interchange involved many people, creating laughable consequences. In the end the real thief received his just punishment and the comical tangle was adjusted to the satisfaction of all. The whole story was so farcical, that even a child would know that it was a comedy and could not be left with any confused ideas. But a certain board of censorship ordered all scenes of the transfer of the gems to be barred! They were necessary for the right understanding of the subsequent events, and the general effect of the film was destroyed. In this case the judgment of the board was incorrect and perhaps stupid.

But this is not sufficient reason for the abolishment of all censorship; yet many articles are written to persuade public opinion to that conclusion. To begin with there is no excuse for a company filming a story of questionable character or sordid details. It does not

take a completed picture to discover that the plot is vile and liable to censorship or rejection. The motion picture affects more widely and more vividly than any other medium of expression and should not be abused. The establishment of such boards is not the result of malice or prejudice, but the natural outcome of infringing upon the decency of the community. The argument against them, that the productions which they are to censor are parallel to books and the stage, which are not censored, is a false analogy. Books cannot conjure up for the imagination by any description what a moving picture actually presents. The stage does not extend to all the nooks or corners or purses that the "movies" reach.

The real solution of the difficulty lies with the film people themselves. The sooner they realize that they cannot violate the standards of public morals, just so short-lived will be censorship. There is no excuse for the "souls-in-slavery" type of drama, if it can even be called such. They are intended as psychological treatises but are merely psychological rot. The number of good wholesome stories suitable for the screen is just as large as the amount of sensational trash. Clean, entertaining fiction is always as accessible as miserable sordid tales. The latter depend for the most part on abnormality, and are worthless as an interpretation of life in general. But the pleasant, stainless stories are usually a just presentation of life, or else can be classed as romance. They will defy censorship and be more wholly satisfying to the millions of daily patrons. Here too is where the producer is lacking to a great extent. He is so engrossed with the theatre owner, that he never sees the audience behind him; and they are the ones to please and protect.

EDWARD J. DUFFY, A. B., '17

IT is an almost universally acknowledged fact that the crime of the present day is not concealed enough from the mind of the child. Today the criminal is endowed in childish eyes with all the tinselled trappings of a Bluebeard or a Captain Kidd of old. Notions of bandit exploits, knavery, scandal, blackmail, are allowed to creep into the little brain and imbed themselves by means of a thrilling and adventurous note that charms and fascinates. In the effervescence and sparkle of the draught there is hidden a dreadful and a menacing poison. **Criminal Publicity** is the sparkle that attracts the child, yet it is the poison that really affects him.

A child in the time of the elementary school, is in the formative and imaginative period of its life. In every dark passage he sees lurking Indians. At twilight, on the little pond behind the house, looms up the black, phantom hulk of a pirate ship, shrouded with gloom, its dark, dismal rigging stretching high above the roof of the shed. A sleepy, scrawny, Thomas cat becomes at will a tawny mountain lion, and the child quickly seizes his Winchester, which, likely as not, is his mother's broom, "to drop the varmint in its tracks." Do not the dreams of boyhood float back through the vistas of the years when one watches a group of future "diamond greats" in action? And what is a more pleasant sight than some youthful Davy Crocketts encamped in a city lot, garbed in their cowpuncher play suits, with the wide bandannas and sombreros of legend, their make-believe rifles, their "roaring" camp-fires smudging and the trophies of the day's hunt, frankfurters, realized from a raid on mother's pantry, boiling in the "war-kettle"? It does take much imagination to metamorphose frankfurters into jerked venison, a city lot into a rolling prairie; it demands an active brain to conjure up such creations; but this power the American boy has.

And there is another thing to contend with in dealing with a red-blooded and active boy, his precocious curiosity. The cold water of experience has not chilled the youthful fervor and confidence nor dampened puerile egotism. It is a period of exultation in the continual discovery of the wonders of the cosmos, a thirst for the truth that is stranger than fiction. The stuff of character as yet knows no mould and is very mobile. It is to the youth of the present day, the confident and ambitious American boy, that this pageantry of vice and scandal is doing the most harm.

The complaint is not against the contents of the newspapers so much as it is against the way in which these subjects are treated. No boy is prompted to evil-doing by the attraction of the evil itself. But it is the spirit of adventure, the yearning after thrills, the insatiable desire of curiosity for the novelty of recklessness inflamed by the stirring accounts of yellow journalism that are conducive to evil.

Many remedies are offered; three stand out as being the most potent. Two, a close surveillance of the child's reading by the parents, and the proper training of the child by placing him in the right school, watching his religious training, and carefully observing

his companions, are absolutely necessary; yet they do not embrace all. It is another example of getting at fundamentals. We are aware that it is poor policy to attempt to stop a river by barricading its mouth; we must seek its source. This is the exact situation with regard to the yellow journals. A newspaper must print all the news, but how the newspaper prints this news, is an entirely different question. If it condones evil by a romantic treatment of crime and vice, and shades the account of a dastardly deed with attractive coloring, it should be branded as scurrilous.

The people of the United States have for a long time preferred to give the newspapers free rein, to prevent their being influenced by political or other sources. They have conferred on the editor the privilege of free press in order that his sheet may stand for justice, virtue and right. Yet this privilege has been frequently abused. The American people are on the whole a moral people and they have always deprecated wrong; but it is remarkably at variance with their principles to tolerate this yellow journalism that is detrimental to their children. They do not yet need absolutely to establish censorship, but they should seek sympathetic cooperation. An appeal could be voiced to the newspaper to vary for the better their presentation of harmful subjects. At the same time laws could be enacted to punish the persistent offender. Thus the prudent and conscientious journalist would not be deprived of free press, but the unscrupulous one could be forced to conform with propriety and decency.

WALTER T. QUIGLEY, A. B., '17

Alumni

A RECENT visit to the offices of Joseph H. Finn, '94, disclosed several interesting facts about Mr. Finn. Mr. Finn himself was not in at the time, but his secretary and office force were not as modest as the "boss" and told of some of his recent accomplishments.

Having read a notice in *Printers' Ink* about a little book entitled "Bigger, Better Business," by Jos. H. Finn, of the Nichols-Finn Advertising Agency, we called to learn something about both the book and its author.

"Bigger, Better Business" is a thin, leather-bound volume, containing six of the editorials Mr. Finn wrote last year some time in the column of that name which appears in the *Chicago Herald*. The members of his firm, believing the editorials to have more than a mere passing value, decided to preserve and distribute them. Accordingly, they were issued in book form, and were offered for distribution to advertising managers and business executives. The demand was so widespread that the first edition of two thousand was exhausted within a few weeks, and according to the diminutive company of the guard who says "Name, please" to you on the outer precincts, the second edition of three thousand "was goin' some." A huge stack of copies ready for mailing on the desk before him confirmed his statement.

The editorials are brief, solid, concisely written treatises, chiefly concerned with advertising and selling. Popularly presented as they are, in "everyday" language, they cannot fail to be of interest to the layman in general and to the business man in particular. They are headed respectively: The Big Idea in Merchandising, The Golden Value of Courtesy, Storming the Market by Master Merchandising, Harmonizing the Selling Effort, A Merchandising Talk to the Consumer, Territorial Advertising. Of especial interest to every body is the article on Courtesy. We quote a portion below:

It is disheartening—it is certainly discouraging to sales—to enter an institution sort of bubbling with friendliness—the result of the firm's cordial message and sincere appreciation of your trade—and then to be met by an individual who sizes you up disdainfully and waits on you at his or her own sweet time.

It is "riling" to pause while Kittie and Minnie discuss the new floorwalker and their latest gifts in wrist watches and lavallieres. It is infuriating to have a dapper "Bunker Bean" style of youth insist that your own taste is *bourgeois*, and that you should purchase this or that article for the final, indisputable reason that he wears one himself.

There should be no forgiveness—no punishment short of boiling in oil—for the party who fails to cover a sneer when you ask for

an article at a certain price, assuring you patronizingly that no one who is anything thinks of paying less than forty-nine cents more.

In modern living the opportunity for rubbing the "subject the wrong way" is a million-fold. Over telephones, on street cars, in elevators, theatre box-offices—yes, even in churches—this "public be squelched" policy is in great vogue. Somehow it is regarded as the proper professional attitude to be aloof, ungracious, condescending or stolidly indifferent.

It isn't professional. It is simply proof of abysmal ignorance.

Intelligence, initiative and courtesy are three big requirements in selling.

And the greatest of these is courtesy.

Mr. Finn has also gained some prominence in the field of motion pictures. Last summer he conducted a hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar campaign for the American Film Co., advertising their "Diamond from the Sky." The campaign was so successful that they entrusted their entire advertising account and publicity to him. The Thanouser Film Company followed suit, and later the whole Mutual Film Corporation, with their eight-million-dollar program annually, making Mr. Finn the largest film advertising man in the country. In consequence of this interest, Mr. Finn was invited to speak at the Motion Picture Board of Trade Banquet at Hotel Biltmore, New York, at which President Wilson was the chief speaker.

The MAGAZINE and Alumni wish him all success.

At the laymen's reception to Archbishop Mundelein, held Sunday, February thirteenth, at The Auditorium, Louis C. Brosseau, '05, was one of the speakers, and several Alumni were on the Reception Committee.

A very interesting letter was recently received from Mr. John K. Moore, '01, who is at present in Minneapolis. Returning from a recent trip to Nebraska, he stopped off at Omaha and visited some of his former professors. Mr. Moore was enthusiastic over Creighton's new Gym and Athletic Field, and expressed a wish "that Loyola had a Gym like Creighton's." He regretted very much, he said, that he would be unable to be present at St. Ignatius' Gym Exhibition this year. Mr. Moore has always been one of the foremost enthusiasts in Athletics at St. Ignatius, and has always coached and directed the Exhibitions. His own gymnastic abilities and original "stunts" have always been appreciated by the students and will be missed this year.

He also reported a visit to Arthur Terlecki, who is attending the Seminary at St. Paul. He says that Mr. Terlecki is well and satisfied, and according to the Seminary Register, seems to be getting more than his share of scholastic honors at St. Paul.

On March fourth, the Alumni will hold their annual Election at the Grand Pacific Hotel. The Election will be preceded by a beef-steak supper and smoker. The Moderator, Father Mullens, S. J., and Mr. Payton J. Tuohy, '05, the President, and the Committee on Arrangements, have been working hard to make this function as successful and

entertaining as the Musicale and Reception. All the members are expected to cooperate with him by being present.

The Alumni Reception was held on Sunday afternoon, January sixteenth, in the Louis XVI Room of Hotel Sherman. Despite the inclement weather, an audience of nearly four hundred were assembled for the purpose of meeting the new President of the University, Reverend Father John B. Furay, S. J., and hearing his first public address.

Previous to his address, several musical selections were rendered by Benson's Orchestra. When the audience was seated, Mr. Payton J. Tuohy, '05, the President of the Alumni Association, arose and in behalf of the Association extended a cordial welcome to all the friends of the University. He spoke briefly of the history of the College, the nucleus of the University, and told of the trials of the early fathers in establishing an institution of learning out on the Illinois prairie, outside of what was then the town of Chicago. In speaking of the present work of the College, and the aims and ambitions of the Alumni, Mr. Tuohy said:

In the pioneer days, there was the ignorance and illiteracy of the savage to contend with. In the modern day there is the organized system of false education to contend with. I make no mistake when I say that among the good offices to be performed by this University is that of guardian and protector of true, substantial, undefiled education. In other words, the object of Loyola University today is to place in the world men sufficiently equipped both in knowledge and character to defend the principles of civilization, men equipped with keen judgment, able to discern the true from the false.

The goodly representation of that finished product is truly represented within the ranks of this Alumni Association. These loyal members, proud of the history of their Alma Mater, proud of its purpose, and proud of its development, have grasped the opportunity of showing their appreciation in presenting to its members, the friends of the institution, and to the citizens of Chicago, the invitation to participate in the reception which is tendered to the Reverend Father Furay, the newly appointed President.

He then proceeded to the actual introduction.

Many of you already are acquainted with Father Furay. Your acquaintanceship dates back to the days in the class room of the College. To you the opportunity of renewing your acquaintanceship is at hand. To those of you who have not had the good fortune to have met him before, the opportunity is at hand.

I take pleasure therefore in presenting to you, Father Furay, the President of Loyola University.

Father Furay then came forward and made his first public address as President of the University. He spoke for some time about the purpose of Catholic education in general, and the need of leaders with Catholic ideals and principles in remedying the social problems of today. Speaking of the growth and progress of Loyola University, he said:

Loyola University as a University is not old. The first decade has not yet passed since it was founded. But St. Ignatius College,

which is the parent institution, is nearing the first half century of its existence. If half a century is not long in the life of an institution—and it is not—it is long in comparison with our own lives or the life of the community in which we live. For you and I grow old; as the years go by our powers fade; we cannot do the things that we once could do and in the end our souls return to the Creator from whence they came. But with an institution it is not so. Professors come and go; old faces that we have known and that were dear to us disappear and new ones take their places; successive generations of students pass through the college halls and go out to do the work of the world; yet the college is always young, always hopeful, always planning greater things for the future: so that after a decade or after a century or two centuries the institution goes forward carrying out in the same spirit the high and noble purposes that prompted the founders to begin it. The very same spirit that urged Fr. Damen to open the first Catholic college in Chicago nearly fifty years ago, when this great metropolis was only a struggling frontier city—this same purpose animates the Faculty today. It is our purpose now, as it was his then, to train true, refined Christian gentlemen, who will be centres of influence in the world in which we live.

You will get a better idea of the work Loyola University is doing today and has been doing in the past and of the progress that it has made, if I give you an account of its condition during the two separate periods that I had the privilege of being attached to the College Faculty.

It was my good fortune to be a member of the Faculty from August, 1898, to August, 1902,—four very pleasant years they were. We had an excellent school, but its curriculum was limited to the Liberal Arts Department, High School and College, and we had in all about four hundred and fifty students in attendance. On my return last August, I was amazed at the progress and expansion that had taken place during these thirteen intervening years. Where on my departure I left a College, on my return I found a University with one hundred and fifty professors and one thousand, six hundred and four students in all the departments. This University has a Medical College with two hundred and ninety-two students, a School of Engineering with thirty-eight students, a College of Law with one hundred and four students, a School of Pharmacy with sixty-one students, a School of Sociology with two hundred and seventeen students, and the Arts Department, which was the only department when I was here thirteen years ago, had increased to eight hundred and ninety-two students. Nor is this increase in numbers the only sign of its progress. During these intervening years the college has acquired a splendid new site of thirty-four acres on the North Shore, a site that is large enough to accommodate any future expansion of the University. On this site two buildings have already been erected—one of them through the princely generosity of Mr. Michael Cudahy whose name it bears. When the buildings now only planned or dreamed of have become a reality—and they will be a reality some day, for it is no longer an experiment, or rather it is an experiment that has succeeded—when these buildings, I say, now only projected

have been erected, there will be on the North Shore a group of buildings that will be a credit to the cause we represent and to the Catholic citizens of Chicago.

At the conclusion of his address a reception was formed and nearly the entire audience were introduced individually to Father Furay.

Father Furay himself was delighted with the event, and especially commended the Alumni Association for giving him the opportunity to meet at one time so many of the city's prominent people and "old boys" of the school. The Officers of the Alumni Association also expressed their entire satisfaction with the affair, the second step in their new program "to popularize the Alumni Association" and make it a more potent influence in the workings of the University.

The next step in this program of expansion will be the annual banquet, which the Officers promise will eclipse any function yet given by the Alumni.

Shrapnel

March or

by

LEO E. MCGIVENA, A. B., 1916

It is the month of fiercest winds and stormy skies,
The raw air pierces us with penetrating eyes;
While in the.....and in the.....
One may discern the.....and also.....
And every year we greet it 'neath the heavenly arch—
Oh March!.....Oh March.

.....but.....stem
No.....can conquer them!
Oh would that I—.....now
Or.....even.....perish.....anyhow.
With thirst for Spring our supplicating throats do parch,
Oh March!.....Oh.....!

.....then.
.....when,
.....band
.....strand.
Oh give me, sir, a package of your finest starch!
Oh March.....March.....March, oh March.

For some time we had been seriously considering running in our column a full tone (loud) picture of the College Restaurant. We broached the subject to McGivena, who can be very readily broached or approached. "McGivena," we said, "how about a picture of the Restaurant for *Shrapnel*? You know *Shrapnel's* first end—the humorous." A sneer crept over Mac's face—just like that—and he spoke. "A picture of the Restaurant? A picture of the Restaurant? Huh. Why that would require plates."

Our mistake, our mistake.

It was only the other day that Lundy nonchalantly remarked: "We scrofmores grotta a day off comun f'r St. John Christorium. We're havin' Horse now in Latin, but we'll get Tactics A Grikla pretty soon aft a while." As regards his Greek, Raymond had much to say about Demos-thenes, the Clown.

St. (meaning Student, not Saint)—"Je donnerai cette bière à le—"

Prof.—"Don't say 'à le,' say 'au.'"

St.—Oh.

The curtain will here drop for two minutes to denote the lapse of five months time. Goodness gracious me, how loud the sun is shining! I can hear it all the way from across the street.

Vieux Mais Bel Encore

"Comment trouvez-vous la langue française?"

"En ouvrant la bouche du Française."

To some uneducated people we may seem exclusive (for instance, to the Sophomores or Freshies), but we are not exclusive; so we will translate the above *old but still good*: How do you find the French tongue? By opening the Frenchman's mouth.

She Really Did

Because the milk got sour this morn
Her eye grew hot with anger's gleam,
And, lest it might occur again,
She whipped the cream.

Things like this often happen, especially when the steel loses its temper and the iron becomes wrought up. One cannot evade it unless one is as bold as brass. I say pish, sir! I say bicycles!

Sign espied on Clark Street: "Home Lee Sisters, Chinese Beauty Parlor."

Our mail was very thick this month. Why, we received as many as two letters. There is a remarkable thing about these two letters, however, and that is, that they are both genuine. You may not believe it when you look at the first, and you may become still more incredulous on glancing at the second; but styles don't lie, and in these two epistles the styles are the biggest evidence.

Mr. John G. Peterson has distinctively called his letter "An Attempt at Schrapnel." And from his imitable spelling of that word "Schrapnel," we certainly agree with him that it is an attempt on *Schrapnel's* life. His first item is very old and should be left alone, but we let it ride, as they say, that we might not destroy the flow of John's words. Here you are, Anthony:

James T. Mangan,
Editor of Schrapnel,
Gentle Friend:

It required a powerful effort of my will to write this to you for I've been violently angry at the Schrapnel section, ever since I was made the victim of a horrible and vicious mistake on the part of its whilom editor who erroneously put me down as the author of that pernicious novelette entitled, "The Gullieny of Gussie." But being of a forgiving nature, I downed that weakness, and am making known to you some interesting experiences which I've met with in my capacity of clerk in the College Book Store. Being systematic in all my work, I shall follow a fixed order, employing an orderly division.

ITEM 1

This conversation took place in the Book Store one noon between the two Jameses, Larkin and Maher, Seniors.

Mah: Talking about suits, James . . .

Lark (Putting left arm to his face, as if warding off a blow; right arm over heart): Don't, Mah, don't!

Mah: Why, what's eating you?

Lark: Oh, oh, I pressed my suit, but she rejected me.

N. B.—Poor dear James had failed in many a man's fondest hope, a woman's love. My sympathy!

ITEM 2

I was sitting at the desk, writing some English and expecting a customer at any moment, when six big individuals, three Freshmen and three Fourth-yearites—I purposely refrain from mentioning their names—rushed into the Book Store, their faces aglow with intense excitement, their eyes burning like so many balls of fire, their hair standing on end like that of a cat when moved by a certain emotion. I am tranquil by nature, dear James, but I confess that in this case I was affected. The pen dropped from my hand, I rose mechanically and stared. The six glared first at me, then at a certain article in the showcase, exclaiming meanwhile in a terrible tone, "John, John, John, oh!" Now I was horrified. I shuddered and involuntarily made for the showcase. "John, let us see that pen." (All this, James, was said in deep and awful accents.) I pulled out the said pen and my business ability for the moment dominating my other emotions, I said in quite a calm voice, "A self-filler, thirty-five cents." At this a loud shriek went forth from all the six, and then in a voice of thunder, "THIRTY-FOUR CENTS AT THE BOSTON STORE!"

The reaction in my disturbed soul was so great that I would have fainted flatly, only the money box was open, and this thought kept me in the realm of consciousness.

ITEM 3

A tall, dark-haired, handsome individual stopped at my place of business three times last week to ask if I sold "The Life of Jupiter." (Ye gods!)

ITEM 4

Standing at the counter, I was quite surprised one noon-hour to see a Junior enter, looking as if in a joyful dream. Evidently oblivious of everything around him, he leaned against the said counter with his back insultingly turned to me, and educed from his inside pocket an epistle which he presently began to read. Here, be it confessed to my shame, curiosity getting the better of my sense of the proper, I looked over his shoulder. "Sweetest darling, honey-bunch, I"—I could read no more, my pious eyes instantly closed, my soul being filled with disgust at the sight of such scandalous epithets.

Promising to keep an open eye and a straight ear for any other incidents which might interest you, I am, dear James, yours lovingly,

JOHN G. PETERSON

It is not often one receives as racy and as effective a letter as this and we certainly have to thank John Georgianna for not forgetting *Shrapnel*, or Schrapnel, as he calls it. And, by the way, that latter would not be an unbecoming name at all. Scraps are always welcomed by *Shrapnel*, whether they be scraps of conversation or fistic encounters.

The following poem, "When Crystal Snowflakes Gently Fall," has a

history. It was written by one Frank Modrizynski, Sophomore, and instantly brought to our attention, by others than himself. We called on Frank Youknow, and asked that he permit us to print his verses in *Shrapnel*, and he politely informed us that he would hunt up his "Crystal Snowflakes" immediately. But having hunted them up, he defaced, obliterated, annihilated, or melted them, and as a result the original will never become known to the world.

Yet this loss to art and literature has been made up in a way. *Shrapnel* is here printing that famous poem which began in Chicago and ended in Argentina (or is it Chile?), embodying all the true spirit of the first author, his wonderful meter, his captivating rhymes, and his silken transitions.

WHEN CRYSTAL SNOWFLAKES GENTLY FALL

BY FRANK MODRIZYNSKI, Soph.

When crystal snowflakes gently fall
 And frost is on the ground,¹
 I have to think of a beautiful farm
 On the heights of Long Island Sound;
 Of the old hired man who worked for us
 From Fargo, North Dakota,
 Who threshed the wheat and ground the mill
 And turned out Ceresota.²

I have to think of the good old days—
 When crystal snowflakes gently fall—
 Those days when Veronica and I
 Went dancing at the Farmers' Ball.³

In each white crystal shape I see
 The reason for the present war,
 And I think what beautiful bedspreads they⁴
 Would make for my old Ford.⁵

O crystal flakes, you make me think
 Of the boys of '76,
 Of Washington crossing the Delaware,
 Of Chaeron crossing the Styx.⁶

When crystal snowflakes gently fall
 I pity the artichoke crop in Monterey;⁷
 The old church bell tolls six o'clock noon,
 And what will the steeple say?

I remember when we had prizefights here
 in the place that belonged to Tattersall.
 But the public don't fall for that stuff nowadays,
 Only crystal snowflakes gently fall.

Convicts invariably have a pen mark
 In the hall, at the ball, that's all;⁸
 Something is rotten, I think, in Denmark
 When crystal snowflakes gently fall.

Notes—¹Geologists tell us that there is often frost on the ground when the snow is falling. This shows the discerning nature of the poet. ²Adv. ³Probably held the Ball everyday. ⁴This strongly denotes an attentive and solicitous disposition. ⁵License to rime "war" and "Ford" Applied For. ⁶Chaeron was no drummer. Frank knows his mythology. ⁷Long line to display intense sadness. ⁸Brought in at precisely the right moment, it gives the poem the punch. ⁹Coyly borrowed from elsewhere.

Herman Isheoff will now sing the most celebrated of ballads, "They are either too young or too old," and Robert Notallthere will follow him with a humorous recitation, entitled, "I've been 'darned' so many times, I must be a well-knit fellow."

Just hear them.

OUR EXCERPT COLUMN

Much has happened since we last reached you—much has happened here, and much has happened there. Most probably you can hardly contain yourselves in your anxiety to learn what has been going on in the various school and colleges, and we will not delay you longer than necessary. This column tries to be as comprehensive as possible and it often reaches to where no human eye can see.

From LOYOLA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, January, 1916:

"The students were very much disappointed on learning that the Hon. W. Bourke Cockran paid the College a visit on the morning of November thirtieth—(and, happily added)—without being able to address them."

From *The Clongwonian*, Dublin, Ire.:

"Sergeant Thos. Clancy of this University has just returned from the front with two decapitated arms. In direct contradistinction to the report that most of the warfare is in the trenches, Sergeant Clancy firmly declares that the fighting is thickest in the thickets."

From *The Newark Medical Journal*, Newark, N. J.:

"With the greatest regret we record the journey of Charles Fairbanks, an undegraduate of this school, to Denver, Colo. While working as an interne in the Getthemtherequick Hospital, he committed Tuberculosis."

From the *University of Hartford Herald*, Hartford, Conn.:

"Harold Hansen, Hartford '13, is now a prosperous cement contractor in this city. This just goes to show how Hartford men are making their marks in all the walks of life."

From *St. Teresa Academy's Bulletin*, Atlanta, Ga.:

"The evening the famous young violinist, George Kcyste, gave a recital in the Coliseum, all the young ladies of the Academy went to a man."

From the *Sitka Public High School Cloud*, Sitka, Alaska:

"The skating on the pond in back of the school for the last week has been delicious."

Mr. Francis T. Sujak, the Aristocratic Pole, has taken time to tell us that it's no use drawing anything for *Shrapnel*, that there's a big boob running it who refuses to accept anything in sketching. But though he is an artist at heart, he loves true word-painting also, and so he thought we ought to know about a little paragraph of Hopkinson Smith's which ran like this: "The fogs which at twilight had stolen down to the meadows and had made a night of it, now startled into life by the warm rays of the sun, were gathering up their skirts of shredded mist and tip-toeing back up the hillside, looking over their shoulders as they fled." "Now," says Sooge, "there's art in woods, and anyone, with any imagination at all, can readily see the fogs, once high up on the hillside's velvety breast, gaily unloosen their shoe laces, remove their jaunty caps, and all out of breath and thrilled with excitement from the hazard of their escapade, stretch out their arms and melt into smiles from the sheer joy of living."

That's all very well, Sooge, but what is life without immanent action?

Short But Swede

BY GEORGE McCONNEL, A. B., '18

There is a pleasure in this roughneck room,
 There is a joy when people slam the door;
 There is no sorrow there, nor is there gloom
 In the deep books of Greek and Latin lore,—
 It's not that I love Freshman less but Sophomore.

When conversation lags it is quite proper to discuss this present issue of *Shrapnel*. Some good jokes, some bad, much laughter, and many tears, all bottled up, ready to explode. This is not an offer, but a bit of advice. What fools we mortals be, while there's life there's hope, don't judge a magazine by its name, fill out special attached blank, pin a dollar bill to it, and prepare to laugh yourself sick for three rollicking months.

"I'll Shoot You With a Rubber Band"

(*Unpopular Song, No. 642.*)

BY THOMAS CAREY, Fresh.

Whenever I may find myself in need
 Of homework which I have not done but which I have to do,
 I surely am a little off my feed
 If I don't have a copy of it in a "jiff" or two;
 For to a fellow who has done the stuff the night before
 I shout most loudly, "Let me copy all that homework—or

Chorus:

I'll shoot you with a rubber band,
 I'll shoot you with a rubber band;
 If you refuse, it will be drastic,

I'll draw back this here band elastic.
 I'll take my aim and let it fly
 And all the same it'll hit your eye,
 Your tie, your nose, your cheek, your hand!
 I'll shoot you, I'll shoot you,
 I'll shoot you with a rubber band."

I find it is a neat and sly old trick
 Which seldom fails to work or do the thing which I want done;
 For every guy I try it on's so thick
 He doesn't know I mean the thing as just a bit of fun.
 Why, boy, I wouldn't harm the worm that crawls across my way,
 Much less as targetize a human being when I say:

Same Chorus:

"Is it true that you study hard?"

"No—hardly."

McGivena says, and we agree with him, "that the Teutons will come out victorious just as surely as Germany will win this present war, if she should."

NO TRUTH TO THIS

It had taken us about six long hours to prepare *Shrapnel* for L. U. MAGAZINE, and when we handed it in to the editor we gave a happy sigh of exultation, because we were through. "Now," we said, "we hope that everything on that old Ms. gets in." "Ms," we were told, and we construed it as meaning most surely. When the MAGAZINE came out of its shell, we read *Shrapnel* over and found that not a single word or phrase of ours had been omitted, transmitted, or transformed. (No truth to that.)

Seriously though, we heartily wish that the Moderator would be at least moderate in his Moderating.

"Perhaps it was just a coincidence," but exactly at the time of the February Examinations we saw pinned up on one of the walls a list of the Civil Service jobs still open.

Spring is coming. Don't you hear them? Or is they her? At any rate, it means that we must stop, for if we don't stop sometime, we will write forever. That's logic for you. No, I don't know him, but I know of him. Start your Christmas shaving now.

JAMES T. MANGAN, A. B., '17

Exchanges

THE volume of Exchanges that comes pouring into our Sanctum, monthly and bi-monthly, makes an impossible task for the reviewer to select the best and only the best. Such a task would be equalled only by the presumption of a reviewer who should attempt such a selection; certainly this one does not. The Ex-man can, then, but take those that are as a whole better than the majority. And the number entitled to such a classification naturally exceeds the limits of space and time. So at best we can take only a few each time that seem to us worthy of a notice.

There are many publications in whose single numbers a story or article or piece of verse appears that would be worthy of notice anywhere. But because they are above the general standing of the rest of the work in the publication, it is evident that we cannot devote the space of a notice to them.

At their best, reviews are but expressed appreciations. And the Ex-man takes this occasion to assure all those fellow workers whose productions have and will not be noticed in this column this year, that his appreciation, though unexpressed, nevertheless has a very real existence. The only possible manifestation of this silent appreciation lies in the continued exchange of his publication for theirs.

It is with pleasure that we note this year the increasing attention to improved forms of type and layout and the rising excellence of press work that are beginning to distinguish college publications. This betterment in appearances will redound to the value and status of the college publication as a whole, and make it more attractive to readers, more of an incentive to college writers, and a better investment to advertisers.

While we are speaking of advertising, by the way, we are reminded to remark of the thicker sections of advertisements appearing in college journals. A good blanket of advertisements in a college publication means a more prosperous publication and a live business staff. The presence of more "ad" pages can mean either that business is growing more favorable to higher education, or else is realizing the selling value of the college magazine. We are rather inclined to think that it is this latter consideration. The college publication in general reaches a consistently higher and larger class of prosperous buyers than any other class of mediums. And the spirit of support in both the student body and alumni in any live college have a persuasive value that no class or general publication can have. May the "ad" space grow!

After an absence of some years, *The Schoolman*, of St. Jerome's College, Berlin, Ontario, again appeared upon our table. We remembered it as one of the college magazines of first rank a few years back, and were glad to see that its quality and standard had not lowered.

The December number contains an excellent essay on "Francis Thompson's Essay On Shelley," by Raymond M. Clarke, '16. We congratulate the author upon his original treatment of the subject, and the finely developed presentation of the contrast existing between Thompson and Shelley. Too many essays on Thompson that appear in college magazines are carefully culled extracts from Meynell's biography and the preface to the "Select Poems." A little careful placing and connection makes a very creditable essay out of these extracts, and may win praise from readers and notices from reviewers, but we are inclined to wonder why the publisher does not prosecute for plagiarism. Mr. Clarke, however, has taken his own methods, and for a subject so difficult as Thompson or his works necessarily is, has succeeded admirably.

The Schoolman has a single story, "Through the Telephone." It reads like a synopsis of a highly melodramatic film play. "The Toilers" is very good and leaves the reader "with a deeper insight into and a broader sympathy for those of a class which too many are wont to look down upon."

We shall watch for future numbers.

The *D'Youville Magazine*, of D'Youville College, Buffalo, is issued only quarterly, but each number contains much that is of interest and value. Indeed, the wide range of topics, the variety of themes and treatment, the profusion of erudition, the high literary excellence and general air of culture are calculated sometimes to make the average male undergraduate wonder what he is doing with his four years at college. From the presence of '15 names on its contents sheet, though, we assume that D'Youville has a graduate school of literature, which may in some measure account for the standard of its publication.

"Beata Via" is a poem of seven ten-line stanzas, in memory of Sister Mary Camper, a late teacher. The panegyric emotion is sincerely expressed, and for a poem so long, the lyric tone is well kept up. "The Ministry of Poetry" by Loretto Morissey, is an essay on the place of poetry in life, its spiritual and aesthetic benefits, and its proper value. "Colour in Speech" is a highly interesting article by Charlotte M. Meagher. The author deprecates the barrenness of English speech in use, and accounts for it by the common, careless employment of hackneyed inexpressive words and phrases, and points out the remedy in more accuracy of speech and more frequent use of figures. "Her Native Environment," by Janet Maloney, is one of the best stories we have read in college magazines for some time. It deals with a young Italian girl, raised in the slums, and sent to Italy to develop her rather remarkable voice. But the transplanted daughter of the ghetto does not flourish in the native soil, and at last breaks faith and bonds by leaving, cabling the naive explanation "these foreigners

get on my nerves." Two literary essays, one on Coventry Patmore, by Margaret Kenny, and the other on Heinrich Heine, by Winifred Griffin, added the final touch of cosmopolitanism to the issue. From the versatile pen of Miss Nan O'Reilly come four contributions: "The Fear of Living," a story of a man whose "nerve" was gone and his influence upon his wife and children; "The Educative Value of the Novel," an essay; "A New Voice in American Poetry," a critique of Robert Frost's "North of Boston," and "The Awakening," a sympathetic appreciation of Rupert Brooke and his poetry. Miss O'Reilly's work is always scholarly and worth while. An address by Joyce Kilmer, "Catholic Women and Literature," is also printed in the number.

An entirely new visitor was *The Emory Phoenix*, of Emory University, Oxford, Georgia. Its cream colored cover with raised lettering and seal won our instant approbation. The layout in general, with the indented capitals and neat little pine tree endpieces, and the deckled pages, made the issue very attractive and "Christmasy."

"The Lure," a two-page poem in free verse, is very good. From the fact that it is unsigned, we judge that it comes from a member of the Faculty. "The Research Spirit," by Wilson Gee, Ph.D., is interesting and instructive; we are inclined to think though, that the author has not a very distinct idea of his subject when he includes religion as a proper field for the research spirit. "The Answer," by Thomas N. Morgan, Jr., is a very neat piece of verse; the *Phoenix* would benefit by having more like it. "French Wine and German Beer," by Louis LeConte, is a short story with a weak plot and poor development—the thread-bare theme of enmity between two "hyphenated" Americans and its ill consequence upon the younger generation. The writer's style alone makes it readable; he should give his ability better materials to work on. "Daydreams" is, despite its poetic title, very prosaically treated. "The Wanderers," by Doo Wha Lim, in the light of literary standards, cannot be said to be much of a story; but the foreign point of view, and the intimate revelation of Chinese life "from the inside," give it a naivete and charm that repays reading. "The Periscope," by Sub-Mareen, and "The Hall of Fame," if they are permanent institutions in the *Phoenix*, deserve praise. In any college paper, they would serve to foster spirit.

There is a "homey," community air throughout the *Phoenix*; it seems to be the work of many, and not merely a staff or select few. Perhaps such a policy of free entrance is not conducive to the highest literary excellence, but it should be a valuable inducement to literary endeavor and development. In closing, we call attention to the "ad" pages; they are extremely attractive.

We also beg to acknowledge the following welcome visitors to our Sanctum: *The Springhillian*, *Holy Cross Purple*, *The Dial*, *Canisius Monthly*, *St. John's University Record*, *St. Vincent College Journal*, *The Columbiad*, *The Viatorian*, *The Tamarack*, *The Redwood*, *University of Virginia Magazine*, *Manhattan Quarterly*, *Lumina*, *The Exponent*, *Duquesne Monthly*, *The*

College Spokcsman, The Schoolman, The Emory Phoenix, The Collegian, The Buff and Blue, The D'Youville Magazine, St. Joseph's Lillies, Helianthos, Labarum, The Young Eagle, The Champion, Nardin School Quarterly, The Laurel, The University of Ottawa Review, The Fordham Monthly, Creighton Chronicle, The Solanian, The Botolphian, Georgetown Journal, The Laurel, St. Mary's Sentinel, Niagara Index, Morning Star, The Chimes, The Rostrium, The Athenaeum, The Academia, The Gonzaga.

LEO E. MCGIVENA, A. B., '16

University Chronicle

ARTS AND SCIENCES

ON January fourteenth, at a meeting of the officers of the first term, Joseph F. Shortall, Leo E. McGivena and John G. Peterson were chosen as candidates for Prefect. At the election on the seventeenth of January, Joseph F. Shortall was elected Prefect, Leo E. McGivena, First Assistant, and John G. Peterson, Second Assistant. The other officers were appointed: Secretary, Peter P. Witmanski; Treasurer, Harlan J. Richards; Consultants, Emmet J. O'Neill, Aloysius A. Wojczynski, Edward D. Reynolds and Malcolm J. Boyle; Sacristans, Ignatius P. Walsh, James J. Larkin, James W. Maher, and Sherwin P. Sodalitty Murphy. The formal installation of these officers took place at the following regular meeting of the Sodality.

The meetings are looked forward to with a great deal of interest by all the Sodalists. Every member is anxious to show his devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and likewise to profit by the practical instructions of the Reverend Director. The students are deeply interested in these talks, and are striving to make them effective in their lives. Our society can feel justly proud of its record for the past part of the year, and we sincerely hope and expect to see this true spirit and zeal for the welfare of the Sodality long remain with St. Ignatius College.

Father Louis J. Fusz, S. J. Father Louis J. Fusz, S. J., who has spent the past nine years among the half-civilized Maya, Carib and Kekchi Indians of British Honduras, is at present the guest of the College. He is here lecturing in order to help raise sufficient funds to build an adequately equipped boarding school in Central America. His lectures have been given throughout Chicago and other cities of the Middle West. In the lectures, Father Fusz has a number of very interesting facts to relate concerning the activities and customs of the peoples which he served. He had a big territory to cover, embracing the countries as far north as the Monkey River, and west and south to the Guatemalan borders. Thousands of Indians live in this district and as a consequence he was continually going from settlement to settlement, administering the Sacraments and caring for his people. His only way of travel was in dories, propelled by Indians. Before he returned to the United States, however, he was sent a motor boat, and he has some interesting stories about the attention the boat attracted among the inland Indians. Father Fusz says that he found these people extremely docile, and very friendly, and not once during the time of his stay there was his life in danger. He intends, in the near future, to return to the field of his labors in Central America.

**Loyola
Oratorical
Association**

The most notable happenings during the last quarter in the society were the public debate and the election of officers. Owing to the examinations and holidays, the number of regular meetings was comparatively few, but more frequent meetings will be in order from now on.

On January nineteenth, the election of officers was held. All the offices except those of President and Vice-President were open. The result was as follows:

Recording Secretary.....	Edward J. Duffy
Corresponding Secretary.....	Ernest W. Thiele
Treasurer.....	Clarence Murphy
Censors.....	{ Francis Conron John Ryan

Mr. McGivena retained the office of Vice-President. A Committee on Programs was appointed by the Moderator, Fr. Mageveny. The members are: Mr. J. Shortall, Mr. Simon Walsh and Mr. A. Wojczynski.

The first regular meeting under the new regime was held on January twenty-sixth. The subject for discussion was: "Resolved, That the defenses of the United States are inadequate." The Affirmative was upheld by Messrs. Vitmanski and S. Murphy and the Negative by Messrs. O'Neill and Rudziewicz.

On account of Distribution two weeks elapsed before the next meeting, which was held on February ninth. The debate was: "Resolved, That the principles of the closed shop be adopted." Messrs. Barry and McEnery defended the Affirmative and Messrs. Benson and Thiele the Negative.

The Public Debate

On December twenty-first the first public debate of the Loyola Oratorical Association for the season 1915-1916 was held in the College Hall. The crowd was a source of no little disappointment, but can be attributed to the fact that the time was so close to Christmas. What the audience lacked in numbers they made up in enthusiasm, and the function was pronounced a success.

The following is the programme of the evening:

Music—The Palms	<i>Lincoln</i>
College Orchestra	
Declamation—Selection.....	John Pollard
Essay—Christmas in the Middle Ages.....	Edward Holloway
Declamation—Selection.....	Francis Gleason
Essay—Chivalry	Charles Pechous
Music—Home in Tennessee.....	<i>Donaldson</i>

* * *

Debate

Resolved: That the United States should adopt Compulsory Military Service.

Judges

Mr. Leo McGivena—Mr. Edward J. Duffy—Mr. Cyril Corbett.

Introductory by the Vice-President.....Leo E. McGivena
 First Affirmative.....Edward Reynolds
 First Negative.....Stanislaus Rudziewicz
 Music—War Songs*Laurendeau*
 Second Affirmative.....Erneste Beauvais
 Second Negative.....James Hanrahan
 Music—Soupirs D'amour.....*Wendling*

Speeches in Rebuttal

Concluding Remarks Decision of the Judges
 Mr. Leo E. McGivena, Chairman
 Music—Minnetonka*Nielsen*

On Tuesday, February eighth, the preliminaries for the Champion Debate were held in the College Hall. The four to qualify for the semi-finals were Messrs. McGivena, I. Walsh, Shortall and Quigley. Owing to Mr. Shortall's recent illness, he was forced to drop out, and Mr. Edward J. Duffy, the next to qualify, was chosen in his place.

The preliminary debate will be held on March first, and two of the four speakers will be selected to oppose Champion College on the twenty-ninth of March. The Champion Debate will be held in Chicago again this year.

The closing date for entrance to the Oratorical Contest was February eighteenth. A number of speeches were handed in. The preliminary will be held on the twenty-eighth and the contest proper early in March some-time.

Athletics After a period of inactivity during the football season, basketball started with a flourish. The schedule had been made up, and the team was practicing two weeks before a coach was engaged by Fr. Flynn. But this tardiness was fully atoned for by the fact that the team was put into the hands of a man that certainly knows the game. Mr. Moore has had vast experience in coaching, and his success lies not only in the fact that he knows the game, but because he is a great organizer. Considering the material and facilities that are at his command, he is rapidly rounding S. I. C. Athletics into shape, and it is to be hoped that he will be with us next year. The team has been working splendidly with the aid of the phenomenal basket shooting of Daniel Cunningham and John McNulty, and the steady consistent playing of the rest of the team. The team has been managed by Joseph F. Kerwin. Gene Zahringer is captain.

The season opened December twelfth, after a number of practice games, with a visit from Champion College. The game was hard played and ended in a runaway for our team.

St. Ignatius (41)	Campion College (14)
Cunningham, Breen.....R. F.....	Ries, Lennon
HoltonL. F.....	McKenzie
McNultyC.....	Ratchen
ZahringerR. G.....	Lennon; Butler
Egan, McAuley.....L. G.....	Zachman

Baskets—Cunningham (6), McNulty (9), Zahringer (1), Breen (1); Ratchen (2), Zachman (1), McKenzie (1). Free Throws—Cunningham (3), Holton (1), Breen (1); Ratchen (1), Zachman (5). Referee—Haggerty.

On January twenty-fourth we played St. Bede's College at home. The score at the end of the first half was 28 to 2.

St. Ignatius (50)		St. Bede (11)
Cunningham, Breen.....	R. F.....	Rodenmeyer
Holton	L. F.....	Martin
McNulty	C.....	Murphy
Minahan, Egan.....	R. G.....	Wallace, Bulfer
Zahringer, Driscoll.....	L. G.....	Nick

Baskets—Cunningham (6), McNulty (9), Holton (5), Zahringer, Minahan (2); Martin, Murphy, Wallace (1). Free Throws—Cunningham (2); Martin (3).

On January ninth we played the University of Chicago at Bartlett Gymnasium. The Maroons got a six point lead, but we passed them and led at the first half 14 to 9. In the second half Cunningham started to shoot his string of baskets and we forged into a comfortable lead.

St. Ignatius (33)		Chicago U. (16)
Cunningham	R. F.....	Norgren
Holton	L. F.....	Goldstone
McNulty	C.....	Gerdes
Egan, Minahan.....	R. G.....	Bent
Zahringer	L. G.....	Veazens, Young

Baskets—Cunningham (8), McNulty (4), Zahringer, Minahan (1); Norgren, Goldstone and Gerdes (2). Bent (1). Free Throws—Cunningham (5); Bent (2).

On January fifteenth, we played St. Joseph's College, which instead of being a game, was a practice in basket shooting for McNulty and Cunningham, while the rest of the team took track practice.

St. Ignatius (72)		St. Joseph (5)
Cunningham	L. F.....	Fettig, Seyfried
Holton, Breen.....	R. F.....	Lanson
McNulty	C.....	Dury
Zahringer, Driscoll.....	L. G.....	Bruin
McAuley, Egan.....	R. G.....	Tremel

Baskets—McNulty (15), Cunningham (14), Holton (2), McAuley, Zahringer, Breen (1); Lanson, Dury (1). Free Throws—Cunningham (4); Dury (1).

On January twenty-sixth, together with the Academy Team, we met Lane Technical College. McNulty, playing only one-half the game, made seven baskets, but while caging one, lost his balance and crashed into a post, cutting his forehead.

St. Ignatius (47)		Lane (16)
Cunningham	R. F.....	Strommer, Johnson
Holton	L. F.....	Martin, Black
McNulty, McAuley, Driscoll.....	C.....	Erickson
Zahringer	L. G.....	Peterson
Minahan	R. G.....	Rollman

Baskets—Cunningham (8), McNulty (7), Holton (2), Zahringer (4); Martin (3), Peterson (2), Erickson (1). Free Throws—Cunningham (4), Holton (1); Rollman, Peterson (2). Referee—Delaporte.

On January twenty-ninth, the team took a trip to Notre Dame, where we were defeated after a hard-fought game. The score at the end of the first half stood 13 to 10 in favor of Notre Dame. McNulty played the most consistent game for our side. Captain Daly of Notre Dame was injured, and may be kept out of the game for some time.

St. Ignatius (15)	Notre Dame (24)
Holton	L. F. Daly
Cunningham	R. F. Fitzgerald
McNulty, Driscoll.....	C. Meyers
Zahringer	L. G. King
Egan	R. G. McKenna

Baskets—Cunningham (2), McNulty (2), Holton (1); Meyers (5), Daly (2), Fitzgerald (2), King, McKenna (1). Free Throws—Cunningham (3); Fitzgerald (2). Referee—Miller.

On February fifth, our team was defeated by the Illinois Athletic Club, 52 to 26, in the I. A. C. Gymnasium. At half time the I. A. C. led 33 to 6, but in the second period we held them even. Zahringer was the main point-getter for our team with seven ringers. The absence of McNulty put a crimp in the team's work and accounts for the defeat.

St. Ignatius (26)	I. A. C. (52)
Cunningham	R. F. Johnson, Millikan
Holton, Driscoll.....	L. F. A. Presler, Williams
Zahringer	C. Feeney
Egan	R. G. W. Presler, Cockran
Minahan	L. G. Frieling

Baskets—Cunningham (2), Zahringer (7), Holton (1); A. Presler (8), Frieling (7), Feeney (5), Johnson, Williams (2), Millikan (1). Free Throws—Johnson (1), Feeney (1); Cunningham (6).

There are a few games still on the schedule to be played. One of them includes a trip to Prairie du Chien; another, a trip to Rensselaer, Ind.

The Jeanne d'Arc Club The Club continues to widen the sphere of its activity and influence. This is evidenced by the fact that the lecturers are filling more engagements than ever in places distant from Chicago.

During January Mr. Fitzgerald delivered several lectures at St. Mary's of the Woods: "Columbus," "The Real Social Service," and "Catholic Revivals in English Literature." In February he began a series of engagements in Wisconsin. These were arranged by the Knights of Columbus lecture bureau for the local councils of that state. He had smooth sailing until he reached Waterloo. Soon after he arrived in the town, a delegation of the Knights of Luther called on him at the hotel and informed him that he better not try to speak in that town as there would be trouble if he did. Mindful of the fact that such a flurry never deterred Columbus, Mr. Fitzgerald politely informed the delegation that the lecture would be delivered as scheduled. And so it was, without a ripple of disturbance. The Knights of

Columbus were out in full force. These together with the Knights of Luther packed the opera house. The latter, instead of causing trouble, listened attentively to the masterly portrayal of Columbus' career and character, and went away much enlightened as to the immense debt of gratitude they owe to this great Catholic layman.

The popularity of the lecture on "The Little Flower" continues to a remarkable degree. For the second time in a few weeks Messrs. Hayes and Garland went to Milwaukee and filled several engagements. They returned home most enthusiastic over the reception and hearing everywhere given them.

Lourdes is again in high favor among the patrons of the Club. Messrs. Colnon and Poynton have had the satisfaction of conducting more than a dozen audiences in spirit to our Lady's greatest shrine in less than as many weeks.

The Knights of Columbus and their friends who filled the large auditorium of Calumet Council club house to hear Messrs. Ignatius and Sinon Walsh lecture on Jeanne d'Arc, were treated to a vivid portrayal of true knighthood presented in a knightly manner. In spite of the fact that this was the Club's initial lecture and has been running over five years, it still enjoys its share of popularity. Extraordinary events connected with the war in France and attributed to the intervention of the warrior-Maid have given an added interest to this subject.

It is with sorrow that we chronicle the deaths of the parents of two of our students, and extend to them and to their families our earnest sympathies. Joseph A. Shortall, of Senior, whose father, Michael W. Shortall, died suddenly on Friday, February eighteenth, and Francis and Theodore Kruse, of Fourth High and Sophomore respectively, whose mother died Wednesday, February twenty-fourth.

LAW

Due to the all too rapidly approaching State Bar Examination, social activities of the Senior Class are at a standstill. The **Senior Class** Equity Club has held no meetings since those recorded in the last issue of the MAGAZINE, and the present outlook is that there will be no more until our scholastic worries have ceased. There are still many clouds upon our legal horizon and the existence of the proverbial silver lining is a subject of doubt even among the most optimistic of our optimists. However, the realization that the opportunity to attain our coveted goal is at hand is uppermost in our minds, and we offer the positive assurance that the Class of 1916 will leave no stone unturned in its effort to maintain the high standard of Loyola Law.

The final examination in the course on Practice and Procedure, just concluded, was voted a "snap." The vote was unanimous. We hope this attribute will be applicable after the notes are recorded.

Our course in the Law of Private Corporations having been com-





CHAS. W. B. BOSTON, PHOT.

pleted, we are now delving into the mysteries of Equity Pleading, under the able tutelage of Prof. Joseph A. Graber.

The "Moot" Court, disrespectfully referred to by Connors as the "Mut" court, is about to be inaugurated at the Law Department for the second time. It is designed for the instruction of the Seniors in the actual trial of law suits, and should prove to be highly interesting as well as instructive. It will be carried on by the Seniors in conjunction with the members of the Junior Class.

Prof. Mulligan: "How many peremptory challenges are allowed each side in a civil case?"

Volunteer: "Five."

Dick Regan: "What are they?"

Life's Mysteries

The shades in the Senior Class room.

Why anyone should mistake J. Perry Quinlan for Judge Fitch.

and

(Not quite as mysterious.)

Why Ed Quinn quit cigarettes and commenced smoking cigars.

WILLIAM F. WAUGH, LL.B., '16

Junior Class

The Arbiters were the guests of Mr. Boston Oyster House, Thursday evening, February tenth. It was the first meeting of this organization since the Christmas Holidays, and needless to say, a very pleasant time was had by everybody. No definite program was arranged for the evening and this probably accounts for the unusual sociability and general spirit of goodfellowship that prevailed. An Arbiter program implies heated discussion, for we have all profited so much by attendance at these "seances" that we have arrived at that point where we enjoy immensely the sound of our own voice, but our last meeting was characterized rather by a lack of speeches. Immediately after our "sumptuous spread," we proceeded to get together and spill our confidences all over the board. On all sides the talk seemed to turn to the possibilities of success in the practice of law, and several tentative legal partnerships had their inception before the close of the meeting. The most notable of which was—Brown, Lawson & Co., Attorneys-at-Law. Well, good luck to you, boys. But for the good of the firm, Brown, keep a close watch on Lawson, for our "Sweet Swede," will probably make off with the stenographer, and Mr. Graber tells us that one partner should not appropriate to himself the property of the firm. A debatable question, Arbiters: Is the stenographer partnership property?

We are always pleased to note the march of progress, but especially so when the "Progressives" are our own Juniors. We have completed this year our course in Negotiable Instruments under Mr. O'Donnell, and Evidence under Mr. McIntyre. The mid-year examination in Real Property has been successfully passed and we are now doing some systematic plugging in preparation for our examination in Partnerships and Plead-

ing. We shall then commence the study of Equity under Mr. McIntyre, and Suretyship under Mr. Graber.

It has come to my notice that our esteemed classmate, Mr. Clohesy, violinist, educator and sociologist, has been giving much attention to social conditions in Milwaukee. You may expect Mr. Clohesy to pass the cigars most any evening now, boys, so have your congratulations ready.

Any information as to the "why and wherefore" of Father Mullens' unexpected visits to the Second Year Class sessions, will be appreciated by the Juniors. We welcome Father Mullens, but his habit of dropping in on us in the midst of our evening snooze is, to say the least, a bit disconcerting. I sincerely hope, though, that his mild "panning" of the other evening will have the desired effect. Study and the Juniors are, I am afraid, little more than passing acquaintances, but why worry about that; Professor McIntyre assures us that we shall have plenty of opportunity to learn the law while sitting in our suite of offices awaiting our clients.

ROBT. J. GARLAND, LL.B., '17

Freshman Class

The Freshman Class, having learned all that there is of both Elementary Law and Contracts, has been devoting all its time to the Subjects of Torts and Criminal Law.

So absorbing and painstaking have these students been that in order to relieve the strain upon their "domes" (to quote the irrepressible Dunne), it became necessary to give them a night off. And so it was that the night of the monthly meeting in January found the Forum Club perched aloft in the smoking balcony of the Palace.

The show was good and even Lasecki could not find fault with the "smokes."

The Honorable J. S. Vaughan, Chairman of the Illinois Industrial Board, delivered an address on "The Illinois Compensation Law" before the class on Wednesday, February sixteenth, in the class room. The Faculty is to be congratulated in having secured an able exponent of this subject to speak, and the class considers itself very fortunate in having had the subject so well and ably explained to it.

Here's hoping that Mr. Vaughan will visit us again.

The February meeting of the Forum Club was held in the City Club on Thursday, February seventeenth at eight o'clock.

After a bountiful repast (no soup) President Hayes turned the meeting over to the vice-president, Mr. H. G. Malone.

The speakers of the evening were Mr. Hayes on the subject of "International Law"; Mr. Foehringer on "The Extension of Roman Law" and Mr. Dunne on "Some Phases of Criminal Law."

Each of the speakers acquitted himself well and the class of '18 bids fair to be the banner class of Loyola if their work is to be taken as a criterion.

Mr. Augustine J. Bove who was the guest of the evening and the prin-

cial speaker spoke to the subject "Preparedness." Mr. Bowe was very happy in his choice of a subject and very convincing in his presentation of it. He reviewed briefly the history of militarism in Europe and the historical attitude of America toward it. He called attention to the changes of sentiment in this country toward the subject at the time of the Spanish-American War and the revulsion against it after that event, and brought into glowing contrast the sentiment of America at the outbreak of the present European war and the sentiment of America at the present time. Mr. Bowe's address was an eloquent appeal to America not to forget its historical ideals of peace under the stress of the war sentiment that seems to be sweeping the world off of its feet. As he so eloquently said, the cry "Preparedness" is not the cry of Demosthenes to arm against the hosts of Phillip of Macedon but rather the cry of the political demagogue seeking a slogan whereby to stampede the voters of the republic.

Whether we accept or reject the admonitions of Mr. Bowe, we should be grateful to him for the fine courage and manliness of his message. His may be the "voice of one crying in the wilderness," but let us not forget that after all was said and done it was the "voice" in the wilderness that prepared us for the great message of our redemption.

Musical numbers were furnished by Messrs. Hayes and Kehoe and excuses for living in South Chicago and other out-of-the-way places were offered by Messrs. Rooney and O'Connor, after which the meeting adjourned.

WILLIAM URBAN FRANEY, LL. B., '18

MEDICINE

The commencement of the second semester of the school year finds several additions to the Faculty. Among them are:

Dr. Daniel Murphy
Dr. Cosmas Garvey

Dr. William J. Hurley
Dr. John J. Meany

These well-known and capable men will lecture to the Department of Surgery. Surgery.

We are pleased to report that Dr. Leslie McDermid has been appointed to the chair of Therapeutics. Dr. McDermid is an excellent teacher, and is very popular among the students.

Dr. McKenzie of the H. K. Mulford Company, gave an interesting lecture, accompanied by moving pictures, on the process of manufacture of Antitoxin and Vaccines. This lecture was given in connection with Dr. Mole-desky's course in Serology.

Another lecture, illustrated with interesting slides, on Smallpox and its different phases, has been promised for early in February.

To our already complete list of clinic assignments, have been added those of Alexian Brothers' and St. Anne's Hospitals.

The Senior Class will, from now on, have every morning and Wednesday afternoons devoted to hospital work.

Senior Class We find that we shall lose eight of the class members this semester by graduation. While we regret their loss we congratulate them, and wish them a hearty farewell.

However, to make up in part for this, we have a number of new additions to the class.

Mr. A. W. Burke has commenced his internship at the Mercy Hospital.

M. W. K. Byrne and J. A. Kollar are serving as internes at St Bernard's Hospital.

Some one reported an explosion in the loop. On investigation we learned, that Beckendorf had been down in the Boston Store trying on a rubber collar, when it blew up.

Karal intended to tell us a joke for the magazine but it was a failure. If we succeed in deciphering it, it will appear in the next issue.

Now that the mid-year examinations are over we will all take a deep sigh of relief, and anxiously await the returns.

WILLIAM J. PICKETT, M. D., '16

PRE-MEDICINE

First-semester examinations over at last, a few conditions which must be worked off, are the only evil effects that remain. The professors seemed surprised at the amount of study that some members of the class did in the last week of the first semester, and if I am not mistaken, they will expect a great deal of work from these individuals in the future.

Prof. Morgan has prepared two rooms on the third floor for Biology laboratory work. Four long laboratory tables for dissecting are in one room; in the other, the skylight room, are five smaller tables for microscopic work, and a long table for cultures. Three new microscopic maps have appeared on the walls, and, if we can believe reports, new surprises are in store for us.

Several of the class are contemplating staying here for a summer course that will comprise studies which are required for a B. S. degree.

The Pre-medics lately ordered some rather unique class-pins of which they are proud. The medical red cross on a gold background surrounded with a maroon band on which the words "Loyola University Medical" appear, gives the pin suggestiveness and beauty.

It is said that Prof. Rouse has obtained a new set of lantern slides of microscopic animals. We are wondering if we shall recognize the subjects they portray, after studying our own drawings.

Fr. O'Callahan has been impressing upon us the necessity of a physician knowing how to speak English well; it appears that not only barbers should perform their operations in the vernacular.

J. O. EATON, M. D., '10

PHARMACY

On December eighteenth, the Junior Pharmics held their first class meeting. The object of the meeting was to elect class officers. A **Class** general jovial spirit was manifested by all; after many good-natured discussions, the following men were elected: A. S. Wheeler, President; A. P. Gronau, Vice-President; D. Diamond, Secretary, and H. Higgins, Treasurer.

The holidays had little effect on us, for nine o'clock a. m., January fourth, found us all back in our places with the exception of Mr. Sharps, who thought it better to defer his education for a while. Even Joliet Nusbaum had returned.

Dr. Secord has started to be a second W. J. Bryan in peacemaking. He has just completed a pact with Lautenslager, Turman, Holthoefer, and Diamond, in which each of these men has agreed to pay him twenty-five cents for any boisterous outbreak in the Pharmaceutical laboratory.

Bolentino and Guerriaro, the ever present Italian twins, are the ribbon-taking chemists and billiard players of the class.

Bass and Slatkin seem to have a debate on about prescriptions for patent medicines; Stein is acting as judge.

A. P. GRONEAU, Ph. G., '17

ENGINEERING

Like the dawn cleansed by night and refreshed by another **Sophomore** day, so we Sophomores feel after the days of toil which **Class** marked our success in the semi-annual examinations. And like the passing of the old year, the examinations have given us a chance to start anew with knowledge of the past. They have served us the opportunity to resolve to study more and cancel idleness.

Mr. McGovern, Chief Engineer of the Chicago Telephone Company, delivered an illustrated lecture on the history of the telephone. It was certainly very interesting and instructive, imparting knowledge of the instrument we all use daily.

And to think that all our baseball dreams have proved to be but castles in the air!

Walsh's hearty laugh can be heard daily reverberating through the corridors of the school building, for he smiles but little, apparently on the theory that a laugh costs no more than a smile and represents a more intense form of enjoyment.

Colonel Von Hoeschen must have lost money in war stocks, for lately he walks with a mien too melancholy for his profession.

The Skating Club has not been able to organize this year on account of the lack of cold weather, so the best we could do was to see who was able

to cut the most beautiful star on the muddy walks, and we are sorry to say that the contestants failed to perform true to record.

EDWARD C. POHLMANN, B. S., '18

Freshman Class Lucklessly, I went to school today (January thirty-first), perfectly innocent of the fact that it was a holiday, to be told that I should have stayed home to write Magazine notes. To make matters worse, I had not taken a single note of the humorous sayings of "Big Six," or of the comic capers of "Little Pewee."

However I did find out that, by using a mallet and chisel, our professors had succeeded in injecting some knowledge into our crustacean brain-cells. So successful were they, in fact, that nearly all of us weathered our semester finals.

Much to his surprise, Pewee discovered that a buzz-saw can really cut a person's finger. He also found that, when you put a piece of wood in a lathe and turn on the power, it revolves.

Professor Stoesser promises to have the forging room ready for the use of the Engineers in a very few days.

Heard during Logic:

Fr. O'Callaghan: "Bauske: Bauske! Did you ever try sleeping at night?"

Bauske: "No, Father (yawn), how does it feel?"

A. L. KECH, B. S., '19

ACADEMIES

St. Ignatius Distribution of Premiums and Honors for the second quarter, was held on Wednesday, February third, in the College Hall.

An extra large number of ribbons was distributed, and there was a decided increase over last quarter. Some of the classes certainly are speeding up and there seems to be no limit to the marks they can earn. In one of the fourth year classes, the boy who was first, had an average of 99.14%, and the second boy had an average of 99.07%. That is certainly establishing a mighty high standard; we wonder what they will do, when they get 100% for an average. (By the way, the orchestra was pretty poor on that day, wasn't it?)

Perhaps it is the war, perhaps it is the thought of "exams" hanging overhead, but the fact remains that the chapel was never so well attended as it has been during the last two months. The same holds true for the Junior Sodality. The great percentage of the students attend these meetings every Monday afternoon, when the office of the Blessed Virgin is said, and Father Leahy gives a ten-minute talk on some interesting and appropriate religious subject.

We have been very fortunate in securing as Athletic Coach, Mr. P. S. Moore, who made such an enviable reputation at Loyola. With such excellent material as we have, Mr. Moore ought to turn out nothing but teams

of championship caliber. McNulty, Holton and Driscoll of last year's basket ball team, have been declared ineligible for the Academy team. Although we will feel their loss keenly, we know that such stars as Egan, Meara, Kenny and Mahon will sustain our team's splendid reputation. The Catholic League starts in a few days, and while there are some corking good teams entered, we feel certain that, when the final gong is rung, St. Ignatius will have first place cinched. The Lightweight team looks like a sure thing. In six starts, the Bantams have won five by long scores, and lost but one. The members of the team are: Cavanaugh, McNicholls, Siminuch, Crowley, McGuire, Canary and Gibbons.

Preliminaries for the debate with Marquette, were held on January fourteenth. About seventeen members of the Loyola Literary Society competed. Each one of the contestants was allowed to choose either side of the question: "Resolved, That athletics, as present conducted, are a menace to education," and argue from his point of view. Strange as it may seem, the affirmative side was more popular, and John P. Ryan, and Edward Holton, upholding the affirmative, were first and second respectively. Wilber Crowley and Richard Lisboa of the negative, were third and fourth.

FRANK W. HAYES, Academy, '16

Last year we staged an opera that was a tremendous success. **Loyola** Our annual performance this year is to be an opera, too. However, we not only hope to repeat our success of last year, but to repeat it on a grander scale. An opera is a big undertaking, but when you have plenty of willing workers who possess initiative and school spirit, difficulties are met and overcome in a short space of time, and the opera becomes a reality.

The entire opera was composed and written by Prof. Thomas A. Kelly, S. J. Prof. Kelly possesses a subtle imagination, a poetic turn of mind, and a keen sense of humor. Consequently the opera is highly artistic. Prof. John F. Clarke, who so ably conducted last year's performance, is again at the helm; and judging from his first success we feel confident that his second endeavor will be no less artistic.

We had hardly emerged from a successful football season when Coach Trowell sounded the call for basketball candidates. The members of last year's quintet, and some excellent new material, too, donned their scanty attire and proceeded to the gym to convince their fellow students that they were still adept masters of the art of dropping the ball through the netted loop. In Lyman, Coleman, and McDonough we have three of the most consistent cagers in local high school circles. "Eddie" Loftus, "Bobby" Fouse, and Jimmy Martin are guards whose work has not infrequently brought forth laudatory comments. We started the season by whaling the Morgan Park Methodists in a fast game in which Lyman and Loftus starred. Then the Alumni, Edgewater Presbyterians, Holy Family Y. M. S., Oak Park Presbyterians, Kenmore Reds, Senn, Phillips and Tilden High Schools fell successively before the excellent basket tossing of Lyman, Coleman and

McDonough, and the stellar floor work of Loftus, Martin and Fouse. Finally, we struck a hard nut in Hyde Park. On Friday afternoon, January twenty-third, the Loyola students, two hundred strong, filed into Hyde Park gym. Their numbers and their enthusiasm astonished the Hyde Park rooters. It was our first game off the home floor, and we realized that we had a strong foe to contend with in the Jackson Parkers. The large gym, too, greatly handicapped our players. The Loyolians, however, started off with a jump and when the loud report of the revolver rang out, announcing the end of the first quarter, we were on the long end of a 7 to 2 score. In the second quarter we were held scoreless while Hyde Park evened the count. The end of the third session found us still on even terms, the score being 15 all. The final quarter started amid a deafening din and a mad scramble. McDonough tossed a basket, putting Loyola in front. Williams, however, aped him, and once again the scales balanced. It looked as though we should have to play an extra session, but in the final minute of play, Demon Berghoff of the Jackson Parkers, tossed two baskets to put the Hyde Parkers in the lead. While the Loyolians strove valiantly to knot the count, the loud report of the time-keeper's automatic put an end to the struggle. It was a great scrap, and a hard one to lose. The Hyde Parkers tossed seven baskets and the Academy boys did as well; but the Jackson Parkers were more successful with free throws, counting five to our one. Later on in the season Hyde Park has promised us a return game, and then we hope to retrieve our lost laurels.

Since the Hyde Park mill we have defeated Senn for the second time, De La Salle, in the Catholic League, Chicago Latin, and Racine College, making a total of thirteen wins and one defeat.

JAMES J. O'NEILL, Academy, '16

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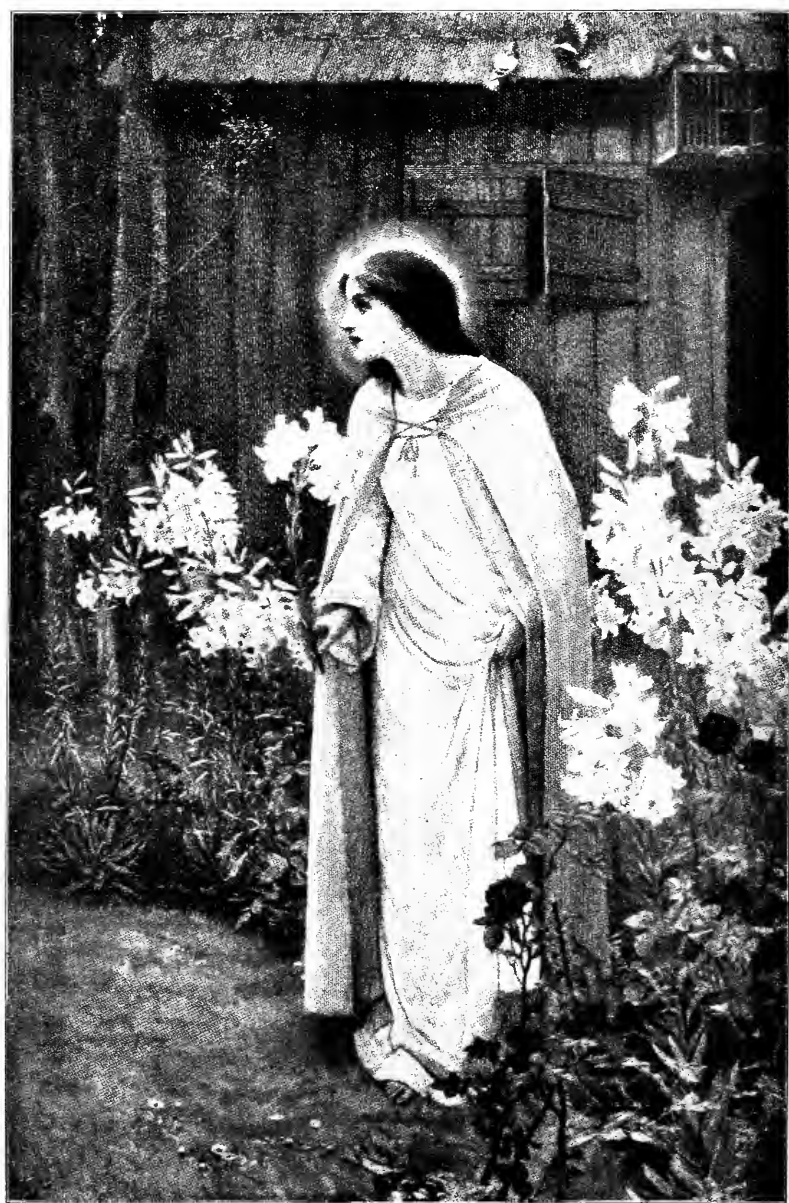
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VOL. XV.

MAY, 1916

NO. 4

The Second Spring

OUT of the chilling darkness and the rain,
 Out of the void and brumal barrenness
Of unfulfilled longings, yearning vain,
Of stark renunciation and fair pain,
 Emerged this new Spring, rife in wantonness
 Of light and joy, prefiguring largess
Of a Second Spring whose life will never wane.

The bulb of promise, sterile in the earth,
Gave forth its promise when this new Spring came—
Fair stems from which the lilies whitely flame;
Our seed of promise, plant of finer worth,
Until this Second Spring its blooming must delay—
Immortal lily of an unknown Easter-day.

LEO E. MCGIVENA, A.B., '16

Not a Detective Story



THE day, he was observing to himself, was worth the living. A zest in the air made breathing a delight. The eye sparkled at the sight of the vivid sunlight and the gay boulevard. There was the same zest and sparkle, the same, for all of yesterday. The killing of a man made no change, after all, in the mood, in the enjoyment of the little things, if only there was the power of courage, the iron will to live. He could laugh at the thought of that killing. . . . And not from a poor consciousness, a weak man's consciousness, of being safe from punishment, was he so unaffected, unafraid; but the deed itself had not jangled his nerves, left no sore wound of memory. Regrettable, truly, it was, but—

Pemberton was, just as he estimated himself, a strong man. Large, yet easy, of frame, big and grim jawed, mustache heavy and bristling gray, an eye that could probe, he looked the power, the regardlessness that took him from the killing of a man, unchanged, still easy of manner, controlled.

He turned in at his club, and, as was his custom, went directly to the cardroom. Cavendish, Mellory and Sampson were already there. Not strangely, they were talking of the murder; two of them rather awed, Mellory more detached, even professional in his manner, but all obviously moved. The murdered man had been close to them. They received Pemberton, as usual, curtly; but there was no suspicion, no thought that it was he, one of the friends of Hardwick, who had killed Hardwick. Nor had Pemberton thought even for a moment that he could be suspected. There was nothing known to these men of certain of his relations with Hardwick; nothing at all that would start suspicion.

Pemberton slipped into a chair and listened, especially to Mellory. Mellory had taken the case. That was good, for Mellory, the detective, would tell these close friends of Hardwick—Sampson, Cavendish, and himself—how the case was progressing. Mellory would, all unwittingly, report his progress in the quest to the murderer himself, sitting opposite at cards, day after day. He

observed all this to himself, satisfied with what he had foreseen, and sat quietly and smoked.

"And do you really think there is a chance of catching the man?" asked Cavendish.

"There is no doubt about it," answered Mellory with vigor.

"But you have found nothing. You have no trace, no clue. Are you going to wish for him? or, perhaps, pray?" urged Pemberton, inwardly laughing his confidence.

"I say there is no doubt of finding him."

"Rubbish! when you have nothing to start upon, how are you going to reach the end?"

Mellory hesitated before replying; fun enough had he provided his friends before by theorizing on his deductive methods. "We do not need much; some very little thing—and then we go for a walk and arrest the man."

Pemberton laughed aloud. "Absurd! There——"

"It's not absurd, I tell you. The man who killed Hardwick is certain to be taken within a month."

"Well, if you insist I dare say he may,—ah—materialize, but——" Mellory was indeed amusing; what chance was there of being found out? He could well afford to laugh. Still, it was disconcerting to be told face to face that discovery was certain. Confidence can never meet confidence without one of the two failing, and Pemberton's confidence was guilty.

"I have my own doubts about you detectives," said Cavendish. "You may find him, and you may not. But if he escapes you, he still has himself to keep away from." He smiled provokingly, settled back in his chair, pulled strongly at his cigar, and waited. He had started them off on a new tack; they were an interesting lot when you started them. Mellory looked interested.

Pemberton scoffed. "Just what do you mean? Is the murderer, after eluding the wiles of Mellory, to be chased by himself, make his own arrest, try himself, and hang himself?"

"Precisely, precisely that. You get the idea entirely," exclaimed Cavendish delightedly. The others laughed. "You think it strange? Well, look at the case as it stands. Hardwick was killed with deliberate design—no hot blood, no robber caught in the act or resisted; neither was it a Black Hand murder,—no sign of anything of that sort. There was some unknown reason back of it, a reason

that only one of his own associates could have,—and please remember, in all modesty of course, that Hardwick's associates were of an intelligent kind.—”

“And is an intelligent man to arrest himself, try himself, and hang himself?” burst in Pemberton.

“Listen, please,” Cavendish drew vigorously on the cigar and went on, “you wonder why an intelligent man would hang himself for a murder that he has committed? Now, take yourself for an instance; you are quite intelligent, you have a good nerve. Suppose you had committed the crime. Do you mean to tell me that a man of your intelligence—and imagination—and with all your nerve, would not go mad and probably end your life, thinking, just thinking, mind you, of what you had done, what you might have to do to keep it secret? Awake and asleep, you would see the man you murdered. You would be thinking of taking other lives,—Mellory's, for instance, when he got too close to you. Believe me, my dear boy, you would be mad enough to hang yourself within a month, if Mellory did not get you first.”

Sampson, bored, deeply uninterested in detectives, psychologists, tossed a deck before the bright, staring, stricken eyes of Pemberton. “Go on, old bird, they're not after you. Shuffle 'em up.”

Pemberton played, but he no longer felt his laughing confidence. Worse, he *knew* he was shaken; he *knew* that he did not feel the same ease; he began to be afraid of himself, afraid that he would be afraid. The words of Cavendish kept recurring. Perhaps, as Cavendish said, the thoughts of his deed could after all obsess him, drive him to madness. . . . Then there was Mellory; what unaccountable confidence he had. Could there, after all, be some chance of being found out? There must be, for there was Mellory's sure belief. Doubt, fear, then panic caught him up. . . . In the quick succession of his fears, all of his own assurance was gone. For the first time there came to him a vision of an inevitable conclusion; and through it he played, talked, drank. At last sheer panic swirled over him. He threw back his chair and almost fled.

Limp in his rooms, he found some calm and drove his soul into a semblance of courage. Cavendish was, after all, given to whimsey and nonsense, Mellory over-confident. And there was this, a thing already calculated: Mellory would tell him of his various steps, his progress in the case. If he should ever reach a certain point, a

point beyond which discovery would be certain,—well, Mellory would go as Hardwick went, to hide secrets. A confidence returned to him, but it was not the same confidence of the afternoon on the bright gay boulevard.

“Yes,” Cavendish was saying some days later, “I suppose the poor fellow has been having a hard go of it.” Observing the doubting sneer on Pemberton’s lips, he continued, “I’ll admit the man might not be greatly disturbed for the first few days, might even enjoy them—excitement still on him, you know—but then—we like to forget things. We don’t care to remember forever. A few days, say, and our murderer would try to forget. Then he would find that he could not—something like trying to sleep. After that——”

“Cavendish! play your cards!”

“My dear Pemberton, I was only——”

“Play!” Would the fellow never cease? Pulling, sticking, twisting his thoughts, putting them in horrible calmness before him, laughing over him it would seem, Cavendish was destroying cruelly with a word all his hard rebuilt self-confidence. He knew his agonized mind; no need for Cavendish to bare it, to explain.

“Well, there you are—but as I was saying, the next stage would be an utter loss of self-control, a despondency that would naturally lead——”

“Cavendish, you are horrible. Forget that wretched fool. As if he must go through all this—this that you talk about.”

“But, Pemberton, imagine yourself in his position; what would you do?”

“Not go mad, certainly!” Pemberton was almost vicious.

“I assure you, you would. You are just the temperament for that sort of thing.”

Pemberton did not answer. Again his own weak assurance was destroyed by the calmer, accusing assurance of the other. He now believed Cavendish more than Cavendish believed himself. He saw the whole train of memory, reproach, fear, before him. He made no attempt to deny them, yet he blindly drove his fading remnants of courage, his iron nerve.

Mellory finally spoke up.

“I don’t think your old lunatic will hang himself, Cavendish. I am going to find him before he can do that, and, as I said, within

the month." More of this damned assurance. He was again full of fear.

"Anything new? Have you discovered anything?" he sharply demanded. He was fast losing control of that outward show. There was no more of that languid interest which he first evinced toward the case. He fought Cavendish; he almost begged information of Mellory.

"Just a few new hints. Nothing that can immediately clear up the matter. Of course, there is no hurry; we are so certain."

"Great heavens, are you another fellow like Cavendish? Are you so sure of getting this man that you consider it a fact accomplished?"

"Yes, of course. But don't be so serious about it," he added, laughing. "It isn't your funeral. By the way, Cavendish, what odds that your system gets him first?"

"None. It's about even, to my mind."

Again there was the vision of inevitable fate, the absolute confidence of Cavendish, Mellory's, too. It was only a question of which should win. . . . But before Cavendish won, he must kill Mellory, who was coming close. . . . Of course, after that, who could tell? But there would be one effort, and there was Mellory sitting across the table from him.

And Mellory was now talking of old days; the friendships, the early hardships, Sampson, Cavendish, Mellory, Pemberton, Hardwick, the sudden stresses when each proved a friend to the other. . . . And there was Mellory, another of them, whom one day he would kill.

Then for days Pemberton waited. He thought; he had the face of Hardwick with him; of Mellory as he talked of their friendship; he wondered whether he would be able to kill again, for always in thought he could do no more than raise his weaponed hand. He was always cold, clammy, weakening cold. Even when he thought he had forgotten everything of Mellory and Hardwick, he remembered he was cold, and then recalled what made him cold. He waited, first impatiently, then almost in a panic to rush to Mellory and tell enough to make killing come; but he waited for Mellory to find out for himself. The days went on with nervous games of cards, with Cavendish grimacing his psychopathic prophecies of madness and suicide, and Mellory complacently certain and exasperatingly

uninterested in the case, he thought. But Mellory was putting bit to bit and drawing close.

"I am going East to-night," said Mellory one day. "I have another trace that will clear up the whole matter within three days." Pemberton had waited long enough; here was the sign. "When Mellory goes East," he had thought weeks before, "that will be the time; for he will know who killed Hardwick when he gets back—if he does go."

He left the club before the dinner hour, stumbled into his darkened rooms, and, scarcely thinking, stirred the fire to life and dropped heavily into a chair beside it.

He had till midnight. Mellory was to take the train then. Before that time he could call him; some easy excuse and Mellory would come, and that would be all—

But at the thought he felt the cold running through him; then a strange dread of moving a finger, his head, or a foot, as if to do so would start the train of action that he hated. Even breathing was hard; again motion seemed to deny him the annihilation that he was beginning to wish. A pressure was on his head that seemed relieved only by pressing his eyelids shut till they pained. He was ceasing to think, only dimly conscious of something that hurt him. He forgot Hardwick, Mellory. There was the weight on his head, the clammy chill, the ache in his heart, the dread of moving; but he had forgotten the reason for them.

A half hour; an hour; the fire died down again, and mechanically he woke to stir it.

What was the matter with him? He had almost forgotten—oh—Hardwick, Mellory.

A very spasm racked him—why could there be no hope? Why must he think of Hardwick? Why must Mellory close in on him so remorselessly, so inevitably? It was just as Cavendish said; there was no relief,—think, think, no forgetting, no avoidance, no hope—it was madness as Cavendish promised or discovery by Mellory. Of course he could kill Mellory, but there was still Cavendish and his prophecies. It would be doubly hard, nay, doubly impossible, to forget both Hardwick and Mellory. Which course. . . .

There was no hope, and he was too tired to hope anyhow. How like a mirage did that gay vivid afternoon of the day after Hardwick's death appear now! How tired he was! And what a pleas-

ant, restful figure was death! Why not beckon it now? It would only be as Cavendish foretold. He had now fanatic faith in Cavendish's words; they were fate. As for death, there was nothing to say "no" to him; no God before him to ordain when he should die.

What would it be? Cavendish or Mellory? End his own life, as Cavendish said; or let himself be caught, as Mellory promised? Still, he could kill Mellory—yet what was the use? Which was the course? . . .

Again he fell back in the chair limp. Again he felt only the cold, the weight on his brain, the fear of moving; only he was now more tired, much more tired. How much easier was only this much of nothingness, this much cessation from weary thinking! Only to make it complete.

Another hour, another; only faint glowing from the grate; the little clock struck off ten.

Ten o'clock; two hours to get Mellory. It was now to decide or forever put his fate in the hands of Mellory. The agony of the moment wrung him. He would call Mellory—but Cavendish said there was no use in calling Mellory—Cavendish was a fool; he talked of weak men of his own heart—he would call Mellory . . . his last effort. . . .

He moved toward the cabinet where was the quick, silent, glittering weapon—but, there, now, was the worst, the last of the tricks of fate—. He had his hand on the knob; he could not, dared not turn it; he could not look at the glittering thing again. . . . tricked. . . .

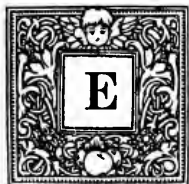
With a sob he fell back into the chair, dim in the glimmering light. . . .

A last hour; he got up; down the stairs and out slowly; then to the East and the river.

EDWARD D. REYNOLDS, A.B., '16

Francis Thompson

I



ACH of us in his very limited way is a poet, inas-
much as we all possess the primal requisite of all
artistry, poetic or otherwise—the ability of super-
sensuous conception. Some night, perhaps, when
our imaginations have been fired and our fancies
begin to feed, we hear the roaring of strange
winds, and the booming surge of a sea we never

saw. Some impetuous wave of Romance sweeps over us, blotting out banal realities; in its irresistible flood, we lose our commonplace, twentieth-century existence, our steam-heated habitat, our everyday serge habiliment, and like the little lame Prince, we float away to far places and strange times upon an outspread romantic mantle. In the darkness beneath our closed eyelids, warm, pulsing colors creep and merge, and a strange new life begins to glow before our gaze . . . the white and ebony gleam of naked flesh, weird flashing jewels and dazzling insignia, brilliant velvets and stiff brodered cloths and sandal-scented silks from India and Cathay . . . and then heroic peoples, Erics, Bruces, Drakes and Raleighs, on blood-sodden fields, on gory splintered decks of galleons locked in combat, in daised throne-rooms and dim chambers of intrigue, or on some “peak in Darien” alone. Or, if the mood were gentler, we roamed through restored fields of asphodel, and wandered over Blessed Isles, listening to Orphic lyres that never sounded to the ear of man except in measured lines of ancient Attic verse. Again, at rare moments, we have experienced magnificent emotion. A glint of sunlight upon green leaves in Spring, the rustling of tree branches in the wind, the play of sunset color upon twilight sky, the pale and eery brilliance of the moonlight, the haunting insistence of a chance heard chord—and for an instant some unseen spirit hand draws back the great stage-curtain upon the hidden play of Life, and we catch a fleeting glance of the scene beyond. Then do we know a sentiment supreme, a happiness so exquisitely delightful that it turns the bitter in our souls to ex-

quisite pain, because of its own precious inattainability, and our own poignant self-insufficiency.

All of us experience at some time these few flashes of extraordinary emotion; they are the common bond of sympathy and understanding between us and the poet, the meeting places of both our souls. And they are the reason, too, why we never find anything new in poetry. It is always something we have felt before, and known of previously, but never been able to keep. The spell once past, we can no more give utterance to our brief experience than we can recall a dream complete the morning after awakening. The emotion has entirely absorbed us; no faculty of ours, except dumb dutiful consciousness has any record of what we saw or felt. If consciousness signalled, and we tried as is our habit to grasp the feeling with the fleshy fingers of our intellect, it fled our grasp, and left us empty-handed and dissatisfied. For here is where we differ from the poet; he is able to record what he feels. He grows skilled in the pursuit of these fleeting fays of fancy that we cannot keep up with; he captures them, and studies them and tames them, and at last he tells about them. He is able to garb these evanescent children of his artistry in beautiful earthly imageries, and to keep them captive in the meshes of his verse, where we can see and study them. Progress in his artistry will further bring him a vast emotional acquaintance and experience. If he is a true poet, he will grow bolder and seek farther; he will come to see the hidden places, and know the things that man knows not of; on his strengthening wings, he will be borne out over the great abyss of space and hovering, peer down into the soundless depths of infinity and return schooled in Fear and Wonder, with pilfered souvenirs of cloud stuff and specks of burning stars. And if he serve well his apprenticeship, and dare to mastery, he will come to ultimate truths, the secrets of Life and Death, and the joy and pain of the Absolute Beauty; at times in the upper regions, he will be cheered by the glint of angels' wings, but terrified by the power of their swoop; at last he will nestle close to the great heart of God, and then he will be silent, for by this time the harp strings of his being will have been touched by a too heavy hand, and his poetry set with the seal of silence and beyond the power of words. This is the poet, final and supreme. Such was Thompson.

Poetry, says Everard Meynell, in his *Life of Thompson*, is the

superfluity of the poet escaping into song. The manner of such escape and the resultant state or form of this superfluity after its transition necessarily determine the quality of the poetry and the standard of the poet. The process of such transition, the poetic technique, almost defies analysis or statement. But happily Thompson has described the stages of artistic creation with regard to painting; as he enumerates them, they are easily adaptable to poetry, too:

In the artist's creation there are two distinct stages or processes, *the second of which is but a revelation of the first*. There is the ideal and the image of the ideal, the painting. To be more exact, I should distinguish an intermediate stage, only theoretically separable in order of process from the first stage, with which it is or may be practically synchronous. There is first the ideal, secondly the mental image of the ideal thirdly, the external or objective reproduction of the mental image in form and color, They lessen in perfection as they become material; the ideal is the most perfect, the mental image less perfect; the objective image, the painting, least perfect.

Substitute in the above the poem for the painting, and words and metre for form and color, and the described process is sufficient explanation of poetic creation, too. In substance he says that there are three processes, two in the time of their happening; firstly, the the ability of pure conception (*i. e.*, without resolution into imagery), the appending of the ideal; secondly, the adapting of this conception to comprehensible and interpretative imagery; and thirdly, the expression of the conception in imagery, the imaged ideal, in a comprehensible manner (words, in the case of poetry). The first and second are nearly instantaneous in the order of their happening. For the sake of convenience, we will embody them in the word "artistry," signifying the power of conception and adaptation to imagery. The last we will call the "art" of the artistic creator. Both artistry and art determine the grade of the poet, especially the latter; and the second process of the three above mentioned determines the fineness and quality of the artistry.

Reconciling this working hypothesis to the original definition of poetry as given by Mr. Meynell, we read artistry as more than superfluity, as all that precedes the superfluity, and art as the me-

dium of escape for the over self-sufficient artistry, the superfluity.

The study of a poet's art must be more or less technical; but a study of his artistry must be a study of the poet himself. And we can learn a man only by his experiences, life as he lived it.

II

Where is the land of Luthany,
And where the region Elenore?
I do faint therefor.

At last there came a week when he earned only sixpence; another week when he earned nothing. His nights of opulence in a shilling lodging, or even in the security of a fourpenny bed at Blackfriars were no more; they became instead bleak, harrowed intervals of fought-off sleep, black aeons of will-tortured wakefulness. The days were long, cruelly long and hot and crowded with half-caught impressions, bleary, blinding lights and soporific warmth, dim noises heard afar off, incomprehensible contacts, and a million ghastly, fearsome terrors and lurking perils. He walked incessantly; the Strand, and not too crowded side streets becoming a fixed orbit, an everlasting course of horror. Gradually his senses grew insensible, with sensation always late, the consciousness of it coming long after affection of the sense. Fatigue-strained and poisoned nerve centers reacted slowly to influences, and caused mad distorted images. The houses and shops along the streets seemed to topple over and threaten him; the curbs and pavement were unsteady and shifting borders beyond which lay annihilation in the traffic of London. It was an aimless, missionless sojourn of pain, an ultimate misery that looked forward to no ministry but an inevitable end, that sought no deliverance but final cessation. He neither asked nor expected charity of anyone, nor did he seek aid. It was the last stage, just before the end, the end of everything. He had failed in the professions; business and trade had cast him out; and in the depths of his incompetency in the slow-sucking cesspool of all of London's incompetents, among the lowest and meanest and crudest that struggled to retain their human semblance by the poorest of food and the most squalid couch in the very Omega stratum of all the glorious and inglorious grades

of men, he had become the very least, the hopelessly weakest, and for him nothing remained . . . except, though he did not know it, Poetry. In the lower portion of his Glass of Life, he least of all the shifting elements, had been jostled by sturdier dust, and forced up into the narrowest apex, where all unwittingly he had risen through the narrow strait of paradox, into a higher portion of the Glass, a new, clear, empty boundless heaven open only to this weakest element, a demesne where it alone was first and undisputed. The least in the world had become the foremost in Poetry; in the darkest hour had come the Vision that opened to the seeker the renounced "land of Luthany", "the region Elenore".

When to the *new* eyes of thee
 All things by immortal power,
 Near or far,
 Hiddenly,
 To each other linkéd are,
 That thou canst not stir a flower
 Without troubling of a star;
 When thy song is *shield and mirror*
 To the fair snake-curléd Pain,
 When thou dar'st affront her terror
 That on her thou may'st attain,
 Persean conquest; seek no more
 O seek no more!
 Pass the gates of Luthany, tread the region Elenore!

Here have we record of the development of the highest possible artistry—the realization by personal experience that to the iron link of Pain in the chained cycle of the emotions is joined the jewelled link of Pleasure. Pain must be taught us; we do not adopt it naturally or willingly; but we must know it, not for its own sake, but because the highest tastes for the truest pleasure are sufficiently sensitized by it alone.

Thompson was the son of a physician, and was born at Preston in Lancashire on the sixteenth of December, 1859. He attended Ushaw College, with the priesthood in view; his superiors, however, thought his "natural indolence" did not well suit him to orders, so in 1877, Thompson took up medicine at Owens College in Manchester, according to his father's wishes. He was totally unfitted for that profession. The four years in Manchester were spent

in infinite literary browsing; he failed to pass his examinations, and tried the next year to get a degree at Glasgow, where the standards were not so high. He did not succeed at Glasgow either, and his father, totally disgusted, secured him a position with a maker of surgical instruments. Thompson held the position a week. Subsequently he tried selling books. As a last resort, he tried to enter the British Army but could not pass the physical requirements. He was by this time suffering from tuberculosis, and addicted to laudanum, a habit acquired in a long illness. Ashamed and discouraged, he left Manchester and went to London. Here he failed successively in a number of positions, and sank lower and deeper into the mire of London until he was reduced to running errands, selling matches, holding horses' heads. And in these menial tasks, the gamins of the streets outranked him. And so there came the week when he earned only sixpence, and then the week when he earned nothing.

But the end of Thompson's period of degradation and suffering came at last. He was accosted by somebody who asked if his soul were saved. It was McMaster, the Scotch seller of boots, who had a shop on Panton Street. Thompson with a rally of his faculties, demanded the right of the questioner to put such an inquiry. And McMaster, startled and touched at the awful desolation of the figure before him, agreed to waive for the time being the welfare of its soul and render some immediate mercy to its body. He took Thompson home and kept him, and gave him work in the shop. But the cobbler's bench was not for the foundling, nor was the desk and ledger. Thompson was wholly incapable of fashioning boots, at least as a steady occupation. And scribbled lines and stray sentences broke the symmetrical columns too often for a good bookkeeper. McMaster was thoroughly puzzled at his charge. He had taken up young men in hard straits before, and "reformed" them, and set their energies in the direction of moderate prosperity by teaching them trades. But this last fledgling of the streets did not respond to the treatment of the others. The common ideal of material security, a regular income, a family, a home and possessions had for Thompson no appeal. He was ambitionless, and individualistic to a degree beyond which McMaster could not penetrate. He was not at all amenable to any religious persuasion, as their first meeting on the streets showed

his benefactor; he remained stolidly within his own faith, and invited no discussion upon matters religious where the issue or point was personal.

The bootmaker let him stay on, however, even after his proven incompetence. Thompson ran errands and did various other unimportant duties. And in his spare time, he wrote an essay and with it sent a couple of poems to the English publication "Merry England." For this, his bid for recognition which afterward came, McMaster must be thanked. Thompson was dismissed from the shop and went back to the life of the streets again before his manuscripts ever came to light, leaving McMaster depressed at his only failure in his attempts at reform. And the smug Scotchman will probably receive fitting reward for his assistance. For, as men previously bought a brewery in memory of the Bard of Avon, some day the friends and lovers of Poetry will buy the building in Panton Street and shrine it as the inaugural of Thompson's poetic creations; and perhaps in the dimmest of memories, or in a small type foot-note, there will be record that a man named McMaster once made boots and had his shop there.

After the Meynells found him, Thompson knew relief from worries. His suffering was not over; it lasted throughout his lifetime. His uselessness and desolation of spirit at times overcame him and made him think of going back into the streets again; but his friends always offered courage, and saw him started toward recognition. He lived with them until his death, which occurred on November thirteenth, 1907, at the Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth, in St. John's wood. His triumph was at best a narrow and quiet one. His books sold slowly and readers were few, but they were of the best. And to some, Thompson's poems assumed a place like the "Imitation of Christ" and became a never exhausted source of inspiration and truth.

This is the record of a man's life, of the subject and material of his artistry. Thompson was by his nature a poet, and had the technical gifts of a poet; but it was only this deeper understanding through personal pain, this long emotional experience at high strain that made Thompson a truly great poet—and more remarkably—of a greatness built only upon two slight volumes.

Imagist supreme he was, of a calibre that makes discussion superfluous to anybody who has read any of his work at all. Not

an imagist, in the sense of the present artistic disrepute in which the term is held; but a worker in pictures of the mind, pictures conformed to the poetic *motifs* that occupied him, trimmed, polished, shaped and set mosaicwise within metrical boundaries. Simile, metaphor, representation and symbolism by a hundred means, all are found in his verse. Thompson seemed to think in images, as Chesterton may be said to think in paradoxes. And his tremendous store of erudition, garnered in such diverse fields as the classics and streets, made this power uniquely expressive. His conceptions were uniquely rendered and his thoughts uniquely garmented.

It is not improbable that this gift did much in making a life bearable that in ordinary aspect seems absolutely unbearable. Likely enough that while Thompson shuffled along London pavements his mind moped on Parnassus, and adjudged classic counterparts for everything that attracted his attention; interpreting from this high point of vantage the purpose of whatsoever caught his glance in the whole scheme of things, and disinterestedly setting philosophical values. Thus he acquired multifarious views of multitudinous things, and stored them up until that better hour when he was free to give his Daemon rein.

Two instances will more than suffice here to illustrate this facility and fecundity in imagery; one stanza from a poem unknown to me but quoted in the *Life*, and the full apostrophe to Death in the peroration of "An Anthem of Earth."

As a burst and blood-blown insect
Cleaves to the wall it dies on,
 The smeared sun
 Doth clot upon
A heaven without horizon.

—a simile, as Meynell remarks, gained probably on some night in a lodging-house, watching the beetles crawl along the ceiling.

. . . . Death, wherewith's fined
The muddy wine of life; that earth doth purge
Of her plethora of man; Death, that doth flush
The cumbered gutters of humanity;
Nothing of nothing king, with front uncrowned,
Whose hand holds crownets; playmate swart o' the strong;
Tenebrous moon that flux and reflucence draws

Of the high-tided man; skull-housed asp
 That stings the heel of kings; true Fount of Youth,
 Where he that dips is deathless; being's drone-pipe;
 Whose nostril turns to blight the shriveled stars,
 And thicks the lusty breathing of the sun;
 Pontifical Death, that doth the crevasse bridge
 To the steep and trifid God; one mortal birth
 That broker is of immortality. . . .

And there is more in that passage than imagery!

III

A poet would not be a poet without his art, lacking the technical power adequately to express the products of his artistry. If he is thus voiceless, sterile of that divine facility which works the patterned thought in patterned phrase and metrical, rime-bound lines, his message, though it be without parallel, is, so far as poetry is concerned, dead to the world and sealed within himself. On the other hand, a man may be messageless, void of all high utterance, but if he be a good versifier, he can find message enough from without.

Thompson had both; a glorious message and a glorious skill. He was superb technician in language—even his prose shows that—especially in the language of verse. If a word had meaning, and linked with another word, the meaning would still be discernible; though the linking might be contrary to or without the authority of the common usage, he did not hesitate to link them, e.g., “vine-splash,” “conched in translucencies,” “the hours . . . ooze memories,” etcetera. If in the exigencies of his verse he found no current word, he used one not current; if the form were not adaptable to the metre, or to the specific shade of meaning or sound he sought, he gave it another form, a different ending, clipped out or added or substituted a syllable. The staid critics of conservative sheets railed at this practice, and championed an English undefiled by vagarious forms and easy Latinisms; but, strange as it may seem, out of all the words to which exception was taken (probably as many as three hundred), there are possibly two or three that were of the poet's own coinage. All the forms had the sanction of precedent use at some time in the language.

Many it is true were obsolete. But it must be remembered that English is still a living tongue, still subject to change. And to anybody who assists in any way in relieving the barrenness of it, in making a more colorful and richer speech, no small debt is due. The critic must remember that a strict standard of usage as the criterion of legitimacy is detrimental to any language, since the standard is chiefly determined, say what you will, by the common and general usage of unlettered minds which tend at all times to employ only what is necessary for communication, thus condemning a vast majority of words to uselessness.

Metre again Thompson makes his own tool as he did language. To read his verse, one would think that it was so conformed to its metre in his own mind as to be inseparable from it, to have overflowed full-measured into perfect lines. Nothing could be farther from the truth. His metre in itself is a delicate, wholly artificial thing, an often elaborate scheme that is fitted together with consummate skill. He seems at times too, to have a disregard for line lengths; but a little study will usually show that the length is nearly always matched somewhere later on in the poem.

His style, if we may make so broad a classification as a poetic style, is above all finished. Reading like raptured outbursts, his poems are in reality carefully and calculatedly and minutely built-up structures. In their apparent simplicity, there is often a world of technical complexity. And the mood of the poems, despite the passion of the emotion, the far-sounded depths of thought, the fired imagery, is always high and distantly serene, as if the poem were a state of mind that crystallized a thousand years ago like a statue of Laocoon, and now is preserved cast in solid glass.

The enduring life of Thompson's poetry is assured; at least among people of education and refinement, among readers of spiritual understanding and emotional depth. Coventry Patmore proclaimed "The Hound of Heaven" one of the great odes of our language, but it is doubtful if it will, like Dryden's odes, ever attain a place in teaching anthologies, since the common mind, especially among non-Catholic peoples, is not to be easily taught Thompson's stark gospel; they prefer to consider it strictly as an example of poetic fantasy. And with "The Hound of Heaven" should be mentioned the "Ode To The Setting Sun" with its remarkably musical opening, and "The Mistress Of Vision." For exquisite-

ness and delicacy "Sister Songs" cannot be equalled. And among the lesser poems there is varying high excellence, the "Dream-Tryst" being perhaps the most beautiful.

I cannot help thinking that it is a mistake to quote so exclusively in collections and anthologies "The Daisy," "The Poppy" and "Ex Ore Infantum." Certainly none of the three are representative of the Thompson of "The Hound Of Heaven," and the average reader is likely to pass on with little desire of reading more; but there might be portions of other poems inserted which would startle him into discovery.

We have considered then, in nearly every respect, and according to his own three stated processes, the artistry and art of Thompson. And in every count, he ranks supreme among all poets of his century. If Thompson had been anything else but what he was, if Thompson had been a non-Catholic, a singer of anything else but Catholicism, his name would have been world-widely known, his disciples numerous, and a great Thompsonian school existent. Thompson would have been perhaps the most important factor in modern poetry. But because Thompson was a Catholic, and wrote ever in the highest Catholic strain, he is unknown, even among his own. This should not be. His work and his memory should be spread, should be cherished by cultivation. He is to be numbered among our strictly Catholic possessions; we have had a Faith impervious to time and conditions; we have had a philosophy that has been fixed and stable for hundreds of years; we have had a plastic and a musical art and a ritual all our own that have endured; and now we have a poetry and poet. And these two last should be preserved and venerated, should be known and read and studied. They are a heritage too precious for disuse.

LEO E. MCGIVENA, A.B., '16

No Time

STAY, stay, O Time, your mad impetuous flight
Of overlapping hours; gone too soon,
Ere I can wrest from each his slightest boon
Of profit or of pleasure. Thus my plight
Is maddening when I know the moment's might
To waste my years. This year is now at noon,
And yet I have not learned, but loved the tune
Damaetas plays on pipes so sweet and light.

In going to and fro our time is spent,
And nights upon ill-finished tasks arrive.
No time to muse; to give to youth a vent
No time, not much to read or to contrive.
Where is the dignity that Homer lent
If man must with the weasel moments strive?

CYRIL CORBETT, A.B., '18

A Federal Employment Bureau



WASTE is doubtless the cardinal sin of our country. Coal measures, forests, soil, and water power, the very bases of our prosperity are being dissipated as a reckless heir dispenses his inheritance. Untold amounts of fruit and perishable products brought forth from the land each year are left to lie rotting at the point of production. At the same time, thousands of willing workers are standing idle in the country. Labor, the greatest asset of any country, is also a waste product of enormous proportion yearly.

We like to think of our Government as the best in the world; yet the above indisputable facts would seem to mark it as inefficient in one respect.

The fact is that a democracy, while seemingly the most radical in form of government, is rather the most conservative. Public opinion, which is the power behind representative government, crystallizes slowly; and after it has reached a definite expression of will, execution is met at every turn by considerable individual opposition. In political thought the pendulum is still swinging back and forth—from centralization to decentralization.

In storm and stress, however, all people turn instinctively to the central authority for help and direction and centralization, and so, during the past year when there was an unusual amount of unemployment and consequent wide-spread distress, many eyes turned to the central authority to demand assistance.

It has been proposed that when fruit was wasting in localities for lack of transportation, the Government should undertake the task of transporting it. When the banking system was extended so that money could be had where and when it was needed, few people felt that the Government was unduly paternal in the matter.

In regard to the unemployed labor, however, no federal aid has thus far been secured, yet labor, as has been noted, is the most important agent in productivity.

We have learned to accept the Post-office, the Weather-bureau, the Department of Agriculture, and the Labor Bureau—various

conservation services of the Central Government; let us now ask a practical application of executive power from that central authority in the unemployment problem.

We may, in the interests of justice, demand a relief for the conditions that occurred last year when forty per cent of the persons at the free lodging houses in Chicago was found to be non-resident; yet they had to be provided for by charity organizations. It is manifestly unfair to exact of any community that it shall support unemployed labor that will not be resident during the time of employment.

Another element of injustice is the fact that labor as a commodity is not localized; it may go from place to place and by its movements may tend to disturb the equilibrium between supply and demand.

There is no doubt but some benefit would be derived if the federal authorities took up this matter of unemployment. We already have the Bureau of Labor at Washington. Suppose we ask the Bureau to handle the situation for the whole country. All will agree that a Federal Employment Bureau would be the ideal arrangement. But this Bureau could do little unless accompanied by other measures.

The first measure would obviously be to dispose of all labor that could procure occupation for itself.

The Bureau is in possession of statistics, data, and information enough to publish weekly bulletins on the areas of high and low pressure in the labor market, and on other facts in connection with local conditions of interest to the worker, just as it does now on the weather. The Post-offices might be the stations through which this information could be circulated. These bulletins could be taken into the schools for further dissemination and discussion, where the market value of labor would become a live issue in education. Incidentally, the future workers in the schools would gain in intelligent preparation for their part in this market and get some idea of the conditions they will meet. These bulletins could be made to convey much useful advice to both sides of the contract for labor; for example, employers could be shown by figures that the keeping of employees at a loss, during poor times, is often better for their business than discharging them. It could show by statistics that employees are not entitled to all of the difference

between the cost of production and the sale price less the employer's reasonable profit: thus much hard feeling might be eliminated. The leaflets could also help to systematize all forms of enterprise, even housework, by offering statistics that could be understood by everyone.

From the foregoing system of information, many, doubtless most of the laborers could help themselves to employment. It remains, then, to provide for those who for any reason, should fail to get employment.

First, there should be a system of free transportation for unemployed labor to and from points of employment, where there was proof of a bona fide intention on both sides and with a reasonable duration of employment. The problem of transportation would be the heaviest expense account for a federal employment bureau to maintain, but, if found too onerous, it could be worked out by a system of special taxes on the product.

In every Post-office, a branch of the Federal Employment Bureau could be established. In small towns and agricultural communities the wants of both the employer and employed could be sent by mail to the Central Bureau. In the larger centers, the process could be more direct and personal, quite as the ordinary paid agencies are conducted. Data should also be furnished to the Bureau for purposes of general statistical knowledge.

In the event of greater supply of labor than demand, the Federal Government could keep in process of construction great works, to which could be assigned, by means of the Federal Employment Bureaus any number of workers at any time. Although this great enterprise should be undertaken and carried out by the Federal agencies, there is no reason why they should not be able to avail themselves of state, county, and municipal public works in which to place the unemployed. Such enterprises as the deepening of waterways, the erection of municipal piers for coast cities, reduction plants, municipal market gardens, fortifications for seaboard, dikes on the flood rivers, swamp draining, land reclamation, irrigation plants, water power-plants, forest conservation, Government experimental stations of all kinds from Agriculture to medical research, and scores of schemes that the Government is ready to undertake—all these could be kept going by means of Government labor-bureaus.

The wage for this Government work could be placed at such

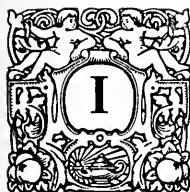
a point that it would not serve to draw labor away from private enterprise, and yet it could be so supervised as to be no sinecure for the shiftless.

It may be objected that all this would place an immense added burden on the taxpayer. It may be safely assumed that a lower wage scale of Government work would tend to keep labor in its natural channels of private employment, and that Federal Employment agencies would be able to place the greater part of unemployed laborers in a better grade of work, so the equilibrium between supply and demand would, by these helpful agencies, tend to become more stable. Also it may be proven that the burden of supporting unemployed labor is now borne by the same tax-payer who at present gets nothing for his charity, but who in the new scheme would get a return in greater prosperity by means of the added purchasing power of steadily employed men, and through the development of his country, by means of great governmental improvement schemes. Even should he be obliged to pay the transportation of labor by direct tax, he would get it back almost immediately in reduced prices, resulting from the productivity of cultivation of now idle farming land.

It is perhaps needless to add that the greatest loss of any community by reason of unemployment is the deteriorating effect on its people, especially upon the young children. All our citizens should be conscious of the gravity of this question and the necessity of preventive measures.

GERTRUDE CORRIGAN
School of Sociology

The Crimson Stream



WAS oppressed. My breath came with difficulty. I was aware of pains coursing through my brain. My head throbbed, my eyes burned, and a sense of suffocating woe bore me down. I tried to remember its cause, but was immediately overwhelmed by a wave of despair.

I noticed that Duncan's handsome face was sorrowful. My eyes slowly moved across his sable attire but were arrested by the band of black on his sleeve. I looked at my own and found it similarly girded. Duncan noticed me, and when I asked about it he said:

"My sister, you know," and finished the sentence with an eloquent gesture. I tried to connect his sorrow with my own;—"My sister—My sister, you know. My—'" My mind could get no farther, though I nodded comprehendingly as usual, and as before a vague fear possessed me,—I almost knew that reason had trembled on her lofty throne, and tumbled.

We had left the railroad carriage and Duncan was conducting me,—though why he should do so I could not conjecture,—to a cab. I was vaguely aware that we were passing through a town. Soon we came in sight of a broad expanse of water. I heard the breakers roar. Here at least, I thought, was something that I was still familiar with, and that was still the same though the world had become a shadow. I spoke to Duncan. He dismissed the cab, and presently we were walking along the beach.

But I was disappointed in the waves. They, too, were shadowy and vanishing. Now they brought back half-forgotten memories,—moonlight on the water and a boat scudding through the waves; the cold touch of the sand and the sleepy lap of the wavelets,—now they roared like demons.

I looked up the beach,—there was a large white building which I had seen somewhere before. I looked down the beach,—the cottages, too, looked familiar.

"Why it's Sunset-on-the-Sea," I said.

"Yes," said Duncan.

We entered the large white building.

For the next few days, two airy white rooms became our home. I was half conscious of pleasant rambles along the beach with Duncan. Then I met the man with the jet black Van Dyke beard. He asked me a few, and, I thought, rather personal questions, but I answered them without protest for Duncan was standing by and seemed to expect me to reply.

From that time on the black beard haunted me. I saw it in my dreams dancing over the bed. While I was on the beach with Duncan, it would suddenly appear dancing over the water. I would stop, fascinated, and follow it. Duncan would then take me by the hand and ask me about it, and my explanation always seemed to relieve me, for the black beard would disappear.

I saw the same man again, though he was without the beard. He tried to deceive me, but I was too cunning,—I recognized the little red gash over his right eyebrow. This time he had no impertinent questions, but still more impertinent tappings and soundings; and strangest of all, Duncan sat by and watched him. What could this man be doing to me? Only doctors go tapping and listening for heartbeats. Could this man be a doctor? What would a doctor be doing at Sunset-on-the-Sea?—a doctor in a large white building?

From some hidden recess of my memory a flash leaped—the white building was a sanitarium—and I was mad. The doctor was dismissing me; he sent me to wait in an adjoining room. Cunningly I imitated my former apathy and once inside the room, I swiftly went to its window and noiselessly raising it, stepped out on the balcony. Slowly I advanced toward the window of the doctor's room, and listened. I heard the doctor—with horrible conviction I knew that he was a doctor,—say to Duncan,

“It's latent in the blood; some great emotional shock will bring it out. It's in the blood.”

“The blood,—the blood,—the—” kept ringing in my ears, and presently my mind caught the idea. I saw the purling, crimson stream circulating through my arteries. I saw scarlet splashes everywhere. I looked at the sea and it turned to red. I found myself seated in my room. Duncan was very pale. The doctor offered me a glass of water. I raised it to my lips. It turned to red

and I dashed it down. The doctor's face turned red. Duncan's turned red. I screamed, wrung my hands and—

I found myself in bed. Duncan looked at me anxiously and I smiled at him. I experienced a sense of great relief, though my head was still tense. I recovered slowly and forgot all about the crimson stream. Soon I went out with Duncan; we walked along the beach. Old memories were surging with the waves, lovable images that I tried in vain to recall. I went out many times with Duncan and we passed many pleasant days.

One day a telegram came. Duncan read it and the color left his face. He spoke to the doctor, and went to his room. I followed him. He told me that he had to *go away*, but would soon be back. I didn't realize, but now that he was gone, the thought was maddening. A black wall of despair loomed before and behind me. I was alone. He was gone, gone—not from the world, but over miles of rail and through an infinite tangle of cities, rivers and country. I choked in despair, I could not eat, I loathed the sight of the sunlight, and an abysmal brink yawned at my feet, for a second time in my life I experienced the sensation of rushing downward.

Upon awaking one morning I had a sense of impending calamity, and between my fingers I found a small dark-red stain. I looked at it steadily but it did not disappear. The splashes of red were appearing frequently now, but this one rubbed off. While dressing I noticed that the soap was discolored. I hastily cleansed it. A vague besetting fear seized me,—I remembered a great commotion in the night, the sound of feet hurrying to and fro, alarmed.

As I left my room I found that the house was in great agitation, and at breakfast I was informed that a murder had been committed in the night,—one of the inmates had been stabbed, and the blood was horribly smeared all over the room. I grew faint, I could not eat; a doctor blamed the maid for telling me the terrible news before breakfast, and nobody suspected me but myself.

I lived in suspense. I dared tell nobody my suspicions. I took every precaution that I could against myself but in four days a crime similarly horrible was committed. I secretly searched my room and hidden away in a most unsuspected place, I found, wrapped in a blood-stained cloth, one blade of a shears. I had a fit of trembling and could do nothing for an hour. Then I hid the

weapon upon my person and, at the first opportunity, buried it in the sand on the sea-shore.

The blots of red became an obsession. They haunted me night and day and I writhed under the torment. At night I always found relief, for then the thought of the warm red stream became pleasurable. In my dreams I plunged in it and refreshed and warmed my dying frame.

A piercing cry startled me, but it stopped suddenly as though choked. It half brought me to consciousness for a moment, but then I lapsed back into darkness. I was warm, comfortable and passionately happy. Suddenly there was a crash of broken glass, the room was flooded with light; half dressed men stood around a bed, and I came to consciousness. I looked around at the ashen faces, and then fearfully at my hands. They were crimson,—and in my right hand was one half of a pair of shears, still wet with blood. I grew faint,—I looked at the bed. Upon it lay a motionless figure, and the bed clothes were smeared with blood. I looked at the dead face . . . *Duncan's*. I tore my hair and shrieked.

* * *

The sound of my own voice awoke me. The electric light was glaring, but no faces surrounded the bed. It was I who was in bed but I was quite alone. Afar off in the night a clock struck two. I felt a weight upon my breast. It was a heavy volume of Poe which I had been reading when I fell asleep. I laughed aloud, and rising turned out the light and placed the book upon the floor, for I remembered that tomorrow—or rather today—I was going to meet Duncan and his sister at *Sunset-on-the-Sea*.

CYRIL CORBETT, A.B., '18

Regina Coeli

REJOICE, O Queen of Heaven, now;
For Christ, thine only Son, Whom thou
Didst bury on that evening sad
Is risen on this feast-day glad—
Is risen, as He said before,
 In glory clad,
 And lives to die no more.

No more thou 'lt feel the cruel smart
Of that sharp sword; no more thy heart
Shall bleed, thy bleeding Son to see.
No more the Man of Sorrows He;
But Victor over death and pain,
 And thou shalt be
 His queen, and with Him reign.

Mother, we are thy children too,
Who still are on our journey through
This vale of tears; grant that we may
Attain the light of endless day.
Pray thou the King, thy Son, that we
 On judgment day
 May rise, e'en as did He.

ERNEST W. THIELE, A.B., '16

An Extrabaganza from Shakespeare

Scene: A grassy glade. Puck is flying about singing. Enter Ariel unobserved.

PUCK

I love, I love; O, I'm madly in love, madly in love; I love, I——.

ARIEL

Hello, Robin Good-fellow. How——?

PUCK

(Laying his finger on his lips) Hist! I'm in love—deeply, fondly, madly in love. O, I'm in love; I'm in love. *(Breaks out into song)*

*Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask _____.*

ARIEL

(Interrupting him) How now, you lob of spirits, are you gone mad? or merely at your impish pranks again? Take care!

PUCK

Faith, I'm neither mad, nor jesting in sportive mood, either. I'm just in love; but it isn't my fault: it's the effect of environment. No one can blame me: it's all because of the company I'm forced to keep.

ARIEL

What foolish prattle is this, you wicked hobgoblin? You can't fool me. What naughty scheme have you afoot?

PUCK

(Soothingly) Gently, now sweet Ariel. Calmly, now, pretty Ariel, airy, fairy Ariel. If you will hearken to an idle tale, I'll tell you how poor Puck was bitten by the love germ.

ARIEL

I'll hear you to the end; but mind: no tricks!

PUCK

(Making a mock courtesy) I'm honored. It is as I said: the company is to blame. They are all in love—love of some sort or other; and love is catching,—at least it nearly caught me. Everything is love: Theseus and Hippolyta; all the Darbys and Joans of the court; my lord Oberon and his dainty Titania; and the mechanicals who play about love. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

ARIEL

You're making sport of me. I'll stay to hear no more.

PUCK

(Hastily) Now, Ariel, you do me wrong. I am not jesting; but every time I think of those artisans I really have to laugh. You've heard of Theseus, have you not?—the Duke of Athens, the great hero?

ARIEL

(Appeased) That I have. He is well known.

PUCK

Well, Theseus in his latest conflict against the Amazons contending, victory on his standards rested; and the conqueror became enamored of Hippolyta, the Amazon queen,—she who with Hercules and Cadmus hunted in the woods of Crete. Straight back to Athens then he came, and with him his lady. And all the nymphs, the elfs, the sprites, and all of fairy kind that in the haunts of Greece abide, assembled to grace the nuptials of great Theseus.

ARIEL

Pause not, sweet Puck; I like such tales.

PUCK

But, as I hastened through the forest, where we all had gathered, to do an errand of my master's bidding, what should I come upon but a lovelorn pair. And far off in the distance I descried two other humans—a youth most unkindly making address to a maiden wondrous fair. Then Oberon came, and bade me bathe this young man's eyes with the juice of the flower "love-in-idleness," that when awaking, his gaze first resting on the maid, he should be consumed with love of her. Away into the west I sped, procured the flower, and on the lids of the sleeping boy I dropped its potent blood; but lo! when he awoke, 'twas the wrong youth, and straightway he forsook his first love to woo this other lass. La, but these humans

are a fickle race! It begot more humorous complications than I could ever have effected, even if I had tried. It was most amusing!—those four humans so violently in love, with no one but themselves to take their love seriously; and yet not knowing for certain whom they loved! It was most droll—the only redeeming feature in a dull, drab play.

ARIEL

You wicked, impious creature! Any play that is not chockfull of mischief seems dull and drab to you. We did not so treat sacred love in *our* play.

PUCK

What do *you* know about love? *I* was surfeited with it. Everyone was in love but myself; and I was trying to be in fashion when you came along. O yes; I had almost forgotten the best part of our play. My lord Oberon and his Titania were having a love spat over a comely stripling; and since Titania would not accede to his demands, on her lids lord Oberon poured some of the juice where-with I had annointed the orbs of the slumbering Athenian youth. O joy! when the sweet bonds of sleep were loosened, the fairy Queen's eyes were greeted by the sight of a clownish human upon whose shoulders I had fixed an ass's head, and at first view of him she loved him. O, it was most comical!—that clumsy lout waited upon by the dainty sprites, fed with tender flower leaves, and refreshed with pure, distilled dew. And then to hear him sing! And thereupon Titania cooed:

I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
 Mine ear is much enamored of thy note;
 So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
 And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me
 On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee.

'Twas wondrous funny! (PUCK *rolls on his back on the ground, convulsed with laughter* ARIEL *sniffs disdainfully*) Then, when the spell was broken, the artisans, in honor of great Theseus and his bride, performed a love tragedy that was most droll—"The Great and Lamentable Tragedy of Pyramus and Thisbe." My sides still ache from laughing. A wall made up of a man all covered over with mortar! A lion with a roar like a scared mouse's squeal! A moon with *sunny* beams—for so it says in the play! It was worth

having to run the risk of falling in love to see those artisans and Titania and the love-stricken humans.

ARIEL

I like not such naughtiness as tickles your wicked heart; but I would fain have lived among such loving creatures as you first described, and live on love alway. I would play with it, feast on it, breathe it, live in it.

PUCK

That is all you are good for, you prim, dainty creature. What do you know about love? They should have let me manage events, and I would have made things interesting, you bet.

ARIEL

Be still, you naughty sprite. Let you manage anything, indeed! To have given you more scope would have been to spoil an adorable play. You want to know what I know about love? Listen, and I'll tell you. In my play——.

PUCK

Are you in a play? Since when? I'll wager it's no good!

ARIEL

It's better than yours.

PUCK

It is not.

ARIEL

It is.

PUCK

It is not. If you say it is again, I'll tweak your nose.

ARIEL

You rude thing, I say it is! It is placed on an enchanted island far out in the sea; not in any common city like your Athens. My master by his magic raises a great storm, and a noble vessel, on which the King of Naples and Prospero's brother, who had robbed him of his dukedom, are passengers, is apparently engulfed——.

PUCK

Your master was cruel.

ARIEL

He was not!

PUCK

Very, very cruel.

ARIEL

(Stamping her foot) I say he was not, for no one was drowned. My master is most kind, noble and loveable. Then he told his daughter her strange history,—

PUCK

Most tedious and tiresome! It is a dull play.

ARIEL

(Paying no attention to him) Next, the king's son came upon the island, and seeing Miranda, fell in love with her immediately. It is as pretty a love scene as one could wish to behold; no such nonsense, as in your play, of fooling poor, gullible lovers.

PUCK

It is enough to put one to sleep.

ARIEL

It is most beautiful. But, before the prince could claim the maiden for his own, my master set him a laborious task; and made him move great logs of wood from place to place—an occupation most unsuited to princely training.

PUCK

Ha! it is not such a dull thing, after all. Would that I'd been there! I'd spike the wood deep down in the earth, so that he could not pick it up; I'd trip him; I'd make the wood fall on his toes; I'd make him most ridiculous in the eyes of his lady; I'd make him a most unprincely prince!

ARIEL

(Disregarding the interruption) There was a brute,—the former ruler of this isle—whom for his wickedness my master held in subjugation; and he with a drunken butler did consort to conquer my lord.

PUCK

Make haste, make haste, pretty Ariel. The interest of your story grows apace. These are wonderful opportunities for mischief. O, had I but been there!

ARIEL

But my lord triumphed. Then he called his faithless brother and his other enemies to him, and pardoned them; bestowed his daughter on the prince; and all sailed back to Naples and Milan, and were happy ever after. What think you of the story, Master Puck?

PUCK

I like it very much. Would that I had been there in that storm, and with the prince in his love-making, and with the monster in his conspiracies. Those were rare opportunities! Why didn't you make use of them, you bloodless, proper fairy?

ARIEL

(Absently) I like yours better; 'tis the better art.

PUCK

Fie, fie upon your art! You know what they say about Opportunity coming only once. You do not deserve another call. You have no eye to the main chance!

ARIEL

(Absently) Yours is a most wonderful play! So many strange and seemingly incompatible threads woven into one most beautiful whole. Such a marvelous tapestry! Such a wonderfully skillful weaver!

PUCK

Quit mooning, now. My play *is* marvelous, I admit. That is because I am in it. So would yours be, if I had been in your place. Just think of all the——.

ARIEL

You are a wicked sprite. If you were in our play, we would put you with Caliban and make you a prisoner. Of one thing I am sure: the author has put much more of his real soul and true self in my play than in yours. I wish I knew him! I think he must be like my dear master, Prospero,—so kind and gentle, so masterful and protecting, so patient and long-suffering, and so forgiving. I am satisfied to be where I am, for they are both good plays: yours, the better art; mine, the better revelation of our author. And now, adieu. I dare not tarry longer, lest I become contaminated by your presence. Farewell, you imp of mischief. *(Exit)*

PUCK

(Flitting about) I'm in love, in love. O, I'm deeply in love. Good-bye, you angelic fairy. *(Nods to Ariel)* O, I'm in love, in love; I'm madly in love. *(He flies away)*

IGNATIUS WALSH, A.B., '17

Tercentenary Sonnets

A Sequence

I

AS the quick Spring wind from blue reaches came
And trees and grasses sighed and bended low
Before, living again in its hot flame,
Awaked to voicings, sonant in its blow,
A gusty voice from Stratford warmly stirred
And rustled wearying ages, woke a life
Still warming in the breath of Avon's word,
Still living in his men, and liking rife
Wit that careless fell from jesting lips,
Still laughing wonder at his geniused skill,
And blessing with good tears a name for quips,
And smiles and kindly wisdom – merry Will
Who laughed with Avon's fields, with grass and tree,
And sweetly, gaily made his Comedy.

II

AS lightnings sudden licked from o'erfilled skies
With storm and night black shrouded, dash a sight
Of blacker, sullen waters in the eyes
With all the searing splendor of their light,
A flash of Avon's spirit in the rush
Of murkiness on drenched ruins flamed—
The turbid, age-drab human crush
Was with a virtue and a glamour framed—
A Hamlet dowered with an angel's voice,
A senile Lear was graced for pity's tear,
A Brutus given a hero's lauded choice,
Macbeth a throne, a race to domineer—
The son of Stratford reared Ruin's dignity
From sordidness and gloried Tragedy.

III

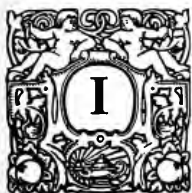
AS moon resurgent tree and hill and stream
Come after day, bold-hewn in shade and light,
Unblotted by a noon's pervasive gleam
That half-veils with its flooding golden white,
Resurgent men and days stir forth again
Upon another stage; here honest stood
Nor veiled this second time from fellow-men,
With life's confusions of the bad and good,
No king leers hid within his incensed throne,
Nor dazzles levees with his robes and crown,
No historied hero hides a soul unknown
Except to obloquy, his age's frown.
The dead arise; again the world may see
This time the whole of mimed History.

IV

AS spiring pines, in night's great lordliness
Of grim abyssmal mystery, assail
The darkness, breaking with a darker stress
And delicate with point the unstarred veil,
The lyre-song and the vision of the seer
Into the glooming press a heeded way—
There is some knowing ear attuned to hear
Thin Poesy a singing Avon's lay.
A hope rekindles in the heaving breast,
Again delight wakes in the sodden eye,
A voice once more rings at a dim behest,
Surprised tears brim again, hearing Love's sigh,
New, kindred hearts applaud the melting plea—
Rare Will of Stratford's singing Poesy.

EDWARD D. REYNOLDS, A.B., '16

The Oldest Riddle and the Boldest Answer



IS Bacon Shakespeare or is Shakespeare Bacon? Can it be that Shakespeare and Bacon are Bacon, or is it that Bacon and Shakespeare are Shakespeare; or is Bacon just Bacon, and Shakespeare just Shakespeare? The grand old feud again springs into prominence with the coming of the tercentenary of "the gentleman of Stratford." The time has come when one simply must be a Stratfordian or a Baconian; nay, nay, gentlemen, I mean you no harm.

It was none other than the pre-eminent Colonel S—who told me where I might find William Shakespeare in real flesh and blood, only slightly reincarnated, and able to solve the cabala once and for all time.

"Just get on any Shakespeare Avenue street car," said the Colonel; (I hope too sincerely that they have a car line on Shakespeare Avenue!) "Tap the motorman on the shoulder and call him Bill; he will tell you all."

So I boarded a Shakespeare Avenue car, (I repeat, I hope there is such a thing in this city) and rushed out to the front platform to talk with the poet these three centuries dead.

"Nice day, Bill," I opened.

"Very considerable day," answered his majesty; "On such a day as this—"

My heart thumped wildly, my pulse quickened, my whole being fairly quivered with expectation as I hung upon his words: "Yes, yes, on such a day as this—?"

"—I ought to make my three runs in time to have a good long hour for dinner."

Talk about getting hit in the face with wet rags! It couldn't compare with this.

"Shakespeare!" I gasped, "Shakespeare! Can this be Shakespeare?"

"Yes, this is Shakespeare. Can't you read?" He pointed to a lamp post with a mysterious blue and white sign on it, but the car went too fast and I couldn't decipher what it said. However that

didn't matter at all, for now I was certain that the bard was before me.

"Can I read?" I cried, "Can a bear hug? Why, your 'Twelfth Night' made me cry with—"

"Now never mind that little episode, y' understand? I didn't get complete control over this 'cab' till I was out about twenty trips. Now I can run a car as good as the best of 'em."

"Oh, I don't dispute that, but when your 'Julius Caesar'—"

"Yes, yes, when my boy Julius sees who? If I find he's running around at his age—"

"'As You Like it'—"

"You bet it's like I want it; what I say goes!"

I stopped there. If someone was trying to play with me, they weren't going to get very far. So I decided to shoot one home.

"I don't think you're Shakespeare at all, you old fourflusher; I don't believe you ever heard of Stratford-on-Avon."

"That stuff don't belong to my job," said the most imperturable person I ever met. "For all information consult my 'connie' at the other end of this car."

Something was decidedly rotten in Denmark, I thought. Colonel S—— has a reputation for being an accurate man, and being as he is an important factor in the great Shakespeare-Bacon controversy now in the United States court, I had every reason to believe that he knew what he was talking about when he gave me my directions. Perhaps he had only become mixed, perhaps the conductor—well, if the motorman wasn't Shakespeare, the conductor ought to be Bacon. Don't ask me for my logic on this point, please; I have to bring Bacon in somehow.

So I told myself that I was going to find out who was who in a hurry. My first words would discover whether that personage on the back platform was Francis W. Bacon.

I scampered to the back of the car, shoved my head through the door and muttered hoarsely, "Honorificabilitudinitatibus!"

Bacon (!) ejected a long stream of tobacco juice from his pugnacious mouth and answered,

"Nawthun doin', nuthin' doun! Transfurs 'shoed only at time fare is payed!"

I was going to give him only one more chance.

"Hi ludi F. Baconis nati tuiti orbi. Has that a familiar ring to you?" I asked.

He gazed at me for a moment, thinking. He looked his best when thinking, and I was saturated with hope as I waited for his reply.

"If you're one of them spotters," he said at last, "I want ta tell ya I'm as onest as frankfurters."

"Don't go on thinking you're funny I shrieked," as I dived head first out of the car on to the hard pavement below.

But thus taking my leave of "the gentle Shakespeare" and of "the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind" was by no means settling the difficulty which matters so much in the world today. (Oh yes!) It is only the coward or the lazy man who says, "Well, what does it matter who wrote the plays and who was Shakespeare the Real?"; so let us to the solution.

Shakespeare has received the undisputed credit for two or more centuries, the copyright laws, if any, of 1616 hold no longer, the one strong argument for the Bacon side of "Honorif—etc." can easily be the work of chance, also considering justice. If we took all the credit from Shakespeare he would be reduced to a worthless bum in the halls of fame whereas Bacon is just as noted without having several more plays tacked on to his record, therefore, nothing remains but to declare that Shakespeare is Shakespeare.

Still another proof: we have a Shakespeare Avenue! who can point out a Bacon Street? No puns, please.

JAMES THOMAS MANGAN, A.B., '17

The Fool in Lear

"This is not altogether fool, my Lord"



OR a long time after the revival of the drama in England, the play of Lear was strangely mis-handled. Or, more strictly speaking, it was neglected, while a changeling was produced in its stead. Tate was the man who made the change. Shakespeare's play did not conform at all to his ideas of dramatic propriety and interests so he took it upon himself to improve it. Among his many changes, including love scenes between Cordelia and Edgar, and a happy ending, he omitted the Fool. And from his day the idea continued that the Fool was a blot on Shakespeare's great work; that even if he were tolerable in reading the drama, he would never do for the stage. So even after some progress had been made toward Shakespeare's Lear, the Fool was omitted; and not until Macready produced the play in 1838 was the Fool restored.

What was the great objection to the appearance of the Fool in the play? How did the producers justify the omission? They declared that the play was a tragedy, and that it was ridiculous to leave such a comic character as the Fool appear in what are some of the most terrible scenes in the English Drama. Such a thing, they declared, was incongruous with the best traditions of the stage. And the objection has a great appearance of truth. Yet Shakespeare is a supreme dramatic artist; he would not be guilty of such a blunder, in a work written at the height of his power. How, then, do we justify the Fool? What position does he occupy in the play that makes him part of it? To answer these questions, consider first what the Fool's place is in the action.

The first mention of the Fool is in the third Scene, of the first Act, where Goneril says to Oswald: "Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of my Fool?" Oswald replies: "Yes, madam." In the next scene, Lear calls persistently for his Fool, who "hath much pined away since my young lady's going to France." Finally he appears. It is already evident that the Fool

is Lear's favored and privileged attendant; how privileged, we now see. Under the appearance of nonsense, the Fool keeps continually before Lear the folly of his act: "Here, take my coxcomb." "That's a shelled peascod." "Thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing in the middle; here comes one o' the parings [Goneril]."

In the next scene, too, where Lear prepares to go to Regan, the Fool spares no pains to persuade the King that his journey is useless. "Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee kindly" i. e. after her nature; "she's as like this as a crab's like an apple." But all this is done under cover of his wit. Lear but half attends, though for a few moments the prattle of the Fool makes him turn his attention from his woes. The Fool continues the same theme when he and Lear reappear at Gloucester's castle. "Thou shalt have as many dolours for thy daughters as thou canst tell in a year." And when, in the terrible Third Act, Lear goes out into the storm, it is the Fool and the Fool alone, who stays with him constantly, no longer warning him, now that the worst has happened, but "laboring to out-jest his heart-struck injuries."

He that has a little tiny wit,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
For the rain it raineth every day.

And when Lear finally goes mad, it is the Fool that comforts him, humors him, and tries to persuade him to take care of himself. Here, in Act Three, Scene Six, the Fool disappears from the play, and he is not even mentioned afterwards except for a doubtful reference in the last Scene.

Such is the Fool as he appears in the play. It is evident at once that he is not merely a comic character. He has abundant wit, but we see it used in the play with a much deeper purpose than mere amusement. It is no wonder that Lear called him "a bitter fool." Yet Lear loved him, too, ("I have one part in my heart that's sorry yet for thee") and his affection was justified, for the Fool is the most faithful of followers, keeping with his master to his utmost degradation, and leaving him only when help is at hand. Yet it is true, of course, that "Lear" could have been written without the Fool. We must ask, then, what purpose does he serve in the play? Granted that he was a fine character, what is his excuse for being in the play?

Most obviously even had the Fool been purely a comic character, his presence could be justified by his value of contrast. This is one of the most powerful implements in the dramatist's possession. Nothing is more effective than the bringing together of opposites—the presence of each emphasizes the other. Thus in the most tragic parts of the most tragic plays we may and do find passages of broad humor. We need only mention the Porter in Macbeth and the Grave-digger in Hamlet. And they are purely comic characters, and have none of the import in the workings of the play that Lear's Fool has.

There is, however, a more important function for the Fool than merely providing contrasts of comic and tragic. The prattle of the Fool does heighten the tragic effect by relieving it. But it also prepares us for what is to come; the Fool knows and tells Lear what will happen. Moreover, the relief of the Fool's talk makes endurable what would otherwise be too painful—the cruelty of the daughters and Lear's madness—while at the same time it heightens, makes articulate, the pathos of Lear's position.

It is also to be remarked that the Fool represents, in a certain way, Lear's better judgment, which has been warped and stifled by his imperviousness and wounded vanity. After Kent's banishment, there is none to tell the King the folly of his course, except the Fool. Everything that Lear should know, everything that is evident to the spectators but which Lear's infatuation keeps him from seeing, is voiced by the Fool, but in a subtle way. Just as Lear had driven out Kent, so he drove out all direct thought of remorse for his folly; but the Fool remained as a personification of the better judgment that was stifled for a time but was eventually to reassert itself. Thus the Fool keeps before the spectator the folly of Lear, and makes his punishment rational, and so much the more pitiable.

Such is the function of the Fool in the play. For from being a character arbitrarily introduced for variety's sake, he is intimately connected with the effect of the play in many ways. To heighten the pathos, relieve the strain on the emotions, prepare the audience for what is to come, is his duty in the play. But what is the character of the Fool in itself?

It is hard, of course, to determine the character of a man who speaks always in character. All that we know of the Fool's inner


nature must come either from his acts, or from such light as may appear in the midst of his nonsense. That he was devoted to Cordelia and to the King we know. "Since my young lady's going into France, the Fool hath much pined away." Besides his professional wit, he shows a deep insight into human nature. He knows very well the consequences of Lear's act; what Goneril and Regan will do; and his jests, besides their application to the particular case, have a general significance that makes them seem like old proverbs. Beyond this we can hardly go. The Fool is a stationary character, and not sufficiently delineated to make possible further study.

There are some questions connected with the Fool which it is difficult to answer satisfactorily. Why does the Fool disappear, leaving the King to his madness, when we see that he still needs a companion? Probably it is because the King is in the hands of friends who are better able than the Fool to give him physical succor; and in Lear's madness the Fool can no longer either jest or warn. His mission accomplished, the Fool disappears from the play. It has even been suggested that the Fool dies of a broken heart, but the evidence for this is far from convincing. It has also been suggested that Cordelia and the Fool were to be played by one actor; this would account for the Fool's absence in the later scenes.


Was the Fool a youth? Certainly the direct words of the characters would seem to indicate that he was. He is called "boy," "lad," throughout. Yet it must be remembered that these terms were commonly applied to servants without regard to age; and this might well be the case here. Certainly, the Fool's speeches indicate a maturity of thought that it is hard to associate with youthfulness.

To conclude, Lear's Fool is far from being a mere sop to the "groundlings." He is almost an integral part of the play. He has an important function to perform and performs it well. Both in his relation to the play and in himself the Fool is well worth studying.

ERNEST W. THIELE, A.B., '16



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WE HAVE been asked quite often this year if the MAGAZINE is in more than usual financial straits? Why is such a coarse paper used, and why are pages not cut?

Also, why the brown paper cover? Our close friends hint that we are getting rather too economical, and have no proper care for the convenience and time of our readers in letting the MAGAZINE go out with bound pages. Looks bad, and all that sort of thing. As if we didn't care how the MAGAZINE

The was gotten out. And so on *ad infinitum*.

Magazine We take occasion here and now to make known some facts about the MAGAZINE's condition. The financial management has been exemplary, both this year and last. The circulation has not been what it should be because most of our beloved critics, instead of generously forthcoming with the

subscription price, borrow somebody's copy when the issues come out. The MAGAZINE is, from the publisher's standpoint, the finest publication that Loyola ever put out. The "coarse" paper is an expensive eighty-pound Albion text, giving the MAGAZINE the "booky" appearance of the best publications. (Cf. *The Yale Review*, *The North American Review*, etcetera.) The uncut edges are the sought after "deckle edge" found in the highest priced books. The "brown paper" used for the cover is an imported Bannockburn of an expensive texture. So there you are.

We shall be pleased to receive all future criticism—with a check for a subscription or two, or a new receipt for sold advertising space. Far be it from us to appear in print on this subject, but we felt that in justice to the MAGAZINE and the staff that it was warranted, even necessary. We might also add that the MAGAZINE will not be able to continue in its present dress unless it is to be supported next year in the "manner it is not accustomed to." So it is up to you, dear fellow-students and alumni. You might start now for next year.

Alumni

EVERYMAN

A tragic episode in one scene and no acts.

Place: Lower hall, by the bulletin board.

Characters: The present Scribe and four other sometime Students.

Time: A day or so before the MAGAZINE goes to press.

The Present Scribe: Any of you fellows know anything about the Alumni?

Student One: Why, I hear that O'Brien is going to be or just has been married.

P. S.: Which O'Brien is this?

S. O.: Bill, ain't it, or was it Mike? Class '05, or '06, '07—around there sometime.

P. S.: Huh, huh! Thanks.

Student Two: Pete Murphy, the one that was ordained a couple of years ago, has been sent to—lessee—Presentation parish, or is it Annunciation?

P. S.: ? ? ? ?

Student Three: Oscar Smith is engaged, I hear.

P. S.: To whom?

S. T. (brilliantly):—A woman, I guess!

Student Four: Dutch Herman was sick a while ago, but he's better now.

P. S.: How long ago?

S. F. (airily): Oh, last year sometime.

P. S. (in speech): Much obliged, you fellows. (*in spirit*): ? X Z ! & ! Q ? ? ? ?

Moral: Dear Alumnus, forthluva Mike, or whatever your favorite cussword deity is, release an occasional item about yourself or somebody else upon a postcard, and address it to L. U. M., 1076 W. Twelfth St., U. S. A. Then we'll have something to put in this column, and won't have to use our imagination in filling it with stuff like this.

ON the evening of March fourth, the annual election of officers of the Alumni Association was held at the Grand Pacific Hotel. The election was preceded by a beefsteak supper and followed by a cabaret (Mr. Tuohy is responsible for the word) and moving pictures. There were no formal speeches, but brief impromptu talks were given by many members at the call of the toastmaster. Among those who spoke was Judge-elect Doyle. The Gleason and Loftus Brothers Trio entertained with several vocal numbers. It was unanimously reported the "lifest" **Election** election the Alumni ever held.

Heralded by the musicale and the public reception, the Alumni attended in unusual numbers. It has been very gratifying to the officers who

launched the new policy of regenerating the Alumni spirit by frequent infusions of social activity, to see their efforts so well appreciated. The musicale was such a radical project for *our* Alumni that many people were startled. They came to see, but remained to hear and applaud. The evidence of new life was confirmed in the election. It was an evening of recreation that nobody present would have cared to miss.

The regular ticket was elected.

President, Payton J. Tuohy; *Vice-President*, Charles E. Byrne; *Honorary Vice-Presidents*, Anthony Schager, '70's, Joseph Connell, '80's, Leo J. Doyle, '90's, Ralph C. Sullivan, M. D., '00's, John M. Long, '10's; *Recording Secretary*, Edward V. Walsh; *Corresponding Secretary*, Walter Carroll; *Treasurer*, M. Malachy Foley; *Historian*, Rev. William Murphy, D. D.; *Executive Committee*, Augustine J. Bowe, John W. Davis, Joseph F. Elward, Michael R. Kilgallon, Edward Quinn, James R. Quinn.

We congratulate the new officers, and wish them all success in their efforts to make the Alumni a strong, active and influential society.

The Annual Banquet will be held on May sixteenth, at the Hotel **Banquet** LaSalle. The Moderator, Father Mullens, S. J., Mr. Payton J. Tuohy, the President, and the Committee on Arrangements have been working on this banquet for some months, and expect to make it the gala affair of the year—the best banquet Loyola ever had.

Efforts were made to secure Ex-President Roosevelt as speaker of the evening, but the Colonel, answering from the office of *The Metropolitan*, in New York, said that he would be “dee-lighted” to address the Alumni, but that his appearance in Chicago on that date would be a physical impossibility. A list of notable speakers has been secured, however. Among those who have tentatively agreed to speak are Judge Landis of the Superior Court, and Mr. Gorman, President of the Rock Island Railroad.

It is with pleasure that we record the election of Leo J. Doyle **Leo J. Doyle** as Judge of the Municipal Court. Mr. Doyle received the support of the Municipal Voters' League, and was elected by a two to one vote, his majority equaling the other candidate's vote. The Alumni wish Mr. Doyle all success in his new position.

The MAGAZINE is in receipt of a recent letter from James Emmet Royce, '08 '08, from Spokane, Washington. Mr. Royce congratulated the editors upon the improved appearance of the MAGAZINE and wished to be remembered to all the “old boys” of his time. Mr. Royce is now city editor on the staff of the *Spokane Daily Chronicle*, but he told nothing about himself in the letter.

We are in receipt of a monograph on The Action of Bitter Tonics **Ex-'13** on the Secretion of Gastric Juice, No. XXVIII of a series of Contributions to the Physiology of the Stomach, reprinted from *The Journal of Pharmacology and Experimental Therapeutics*, and issued by the

Hull Physiological Laboratory of the University of Chicago. The author is Louis D. Moorhead, '13, and a student at Rush Medical College. It is a thesis on the values of bitters or so-called tonics, and contains the report of Mr. Moorhead's actual experimentation. The tests were made with dogs, and the effect of the bitters on the operations of the stomach and digestive organs carefully noted, and the results tabulated. The scientific value of the tests may be judged by the fact that the Hull Laboratory has issued the report of the experiment as a permanent reference.

Coming from St. Ignatius, where scientific education is erroneously supposed to be neglected in favor of the classics, it is a matter of no small congratulation to Mr. Moorhead that, while still a student, he has so far succeeded in physiological research, a branch of medical science which graduate doctors and experienced practitioners hesitate to enter because of the difficulties met with and the scientific accuracy and exactness demanded. We hope that Mr. Moorhead will continue in this work, and continue to meet with success in it.

Louis will be remembered by the younger generation of the school for his use of the front door. Passage through those sacred portals was not frequent with the students; some indeed occasionally used it as an emergency exit, but Louis used it as an entrance, too. Perhaps it is this same daring which has brought him success in his experimentation. The MAGAZINE tenders congratulations and best wishes for future success.

Joseph X. Gubbins, ex-'16, has been made manager of the Milwaukee branch of the Morton Salt Company. "Gubbie" has been given a Ford runabout to assist him in the business, and will undoubtedly forge ahead faster than ever.

Shrapnel

WE have arranged a clever little surprise for you right at the start. If you will turn over this page you are now reading, you will find that you are at the next page. Proceed in this manner without stopping to read at all, and you will turn over a great number of pages in a very short space of time. If you follow the directions closely, it will happen nine times out of ten.

No, Orestes, we are not trying to make a fool of you; someone has got in his dirty work before us.

A thing that you may not know but which you ought to, is that there is a Spanish proverb which reads, "Beans are boiled and world over," and a corollary originating on the Island of Madagascar which says, "The world boils the beans over"—even as far south as Lima.

Raymond Lundy has taken occasion to remark that "the United States has a army of onwy an hundred thousan standin men." "These," he continues, "wull knot be fit when day come ta bath-le." Can he mean that our soldiers have been forgetting about Saturday night?

In reply to incessant inquiries, the editor of *Shrapnel* wishes to announce that he can use little or no poetry; verse, however, is very much in demand, especially such as embodies rime and meter.

A Regular Answer

"How many pages did you write on your speech?"

"Ten."

"Both sides?"

"No; the affirmative."

This is the first time we have ever been asked to settle a difficulty, and our answer shows the nature and amount of our investigation in order to satisfactorily please the inquirer.

Editor of *Shrapnel*: I was absent from school for a week, and when I returned, a block of foolscap paper had vanished from my desk. Where may I find it?—Casper Hanson.

Answer: Under the mellow Arabian moon.

Lines taken from a safety razor advertisement: "Guaranteed to be the best razor that ever touched your face, or your money back." With you all the way down, as it were.

The man to take the class pictures was heralded to appear several days before he actually did. One Saturday in particular, which the Juniors had off in the afternoon, Quigley advanced to them and said, "Fellahs, stay this afternoon and have your picture taken!" To which someone straightway replied, "Tell them to take a picture of me staying."

The pictures were finally taken, but many of the boys felt that justice was not done. Which gave birth to half of an unfinished quatrain:

"He tried his best to look his best,
But oh, how he did fail!"

Someone inadvertently dropped the remark that this issue of the LOYOLA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE was to be devoted for the greater part in celebrating the Shakespearean tercentenary. We can imagine how Shakespeare would celebrate his tercentenary if he were alive (can you imagine it?), but since he is not all that is left is to commend the L. U. M. on its noble stand. Think of what might happen to his memory if this great MAGAZINE had failed to notice him; think, oh think, of the drastic results should this great power for good take sides against the noble bard!

Why, even here in Chicago about half the population thinks that Shakespeare is none other than the captain of the Shakespeare Avenue Police Station, and the other half looks upon him as the proprietor of the Shakespeare Movie Theater Artistic Productions: admission children five cents Thursdays and Saturdays, ten cents on all week days except Sunday, adults fifteen cents unaccompanied, etc. What are you going to do with a population like that? This is no just way to treat the great bard of Avon; and since his tercentenary does not roll around so often, they should at least find out who he is. L. U. MAGAZINE on all newsstands the first of the month (maybe).

Pertinent to the thing under discussion, that is, something about W. S., we have received a letter from our old standby, the quaintly humorous Freshman litterateur, Thomas Edward Carey, which runs as follows (the letter):

Editor *Shrapnel*:

Dear Sir: Hearing so much of the tercentenary, I thought I ought to write you a few of my impressions about him.

As I was reading over Hamlet the other day, I chanced to come across one or two individual phrases that had a familiar ring to them, and in a moment it all came back to me—the one and only aspect of Shakespeare which had ever attracted me, namely, Shakespeare as a slanguist. It seems that folks who have had a fondness for the thing had delved deeply into Shakespeare's slangual powers, and after the most intense study had been forced to admit that Shakespeare, the unattainable and the inapproachable, was unquestionably the root, the essence, the master, the father of all slang.

Once upon a time I had heard this and had marvelled at it, and for a short period had shrunk from believing it. But there were

proofs; and so it was true; ah, delightfully true. One particular proof which I remember was a pretty little line from one of Shakespeare's plays which ran something like this:

"That was spread on with a trowel."

But, as I was saying, I read over Hamlet the other day, and in a short space of time I proved it conclusively for myself. In Act II, Scene I, line thirty-seven, I found.

"Marry, sir, here's my drift."

And also in the same act and scene, line sixty-eight, I likewise discovered:

"You have me, have you not?"

Then I read on serenely to Hamlet's famous soliloquy where I met:

"When we have shuffled off this mortal coil."

That was enough. Shakespeare had George Ade biting his finger nails with furious envy. He was the King. To be brief, he had it on them all. After this I will read Shakespeare with some degree of patience, ever holding it before my mind that, as I pore over page after page of dry, parched, and uninteresting desert, there will perhaps be some such oasis as this in sight—a thing to be looked forward to.

Don't trip over the stalagmites on the way out.

Yours fooly,

THOMAS E. CAREY.

Our second correspondent is none other than the most remarkable of critics, a man ready, fit, and willing to discuss any topic under the old sun, a chap who can realize, idealize, and nihilize a certain "B. L. T.," noted for his "line," and so on—this is our second correspondent, Mr. Edward J. (Jejune) Duffy, A. B., (All Bull), '17.

How Mr. Duffy came to think of *Shrapnel* is certainly inexplicable. Weighted down as he is with business worries, and occupied with the most perplexing problems of philosophy, he certainly must have been forced to cut into his valuable time to correspond as he has done.

We are anxiously awaiting his opinion of this issue of *Shrapnel* to see if we are any kind of guessers at all. Heretofore, all that Mister Duff had for *Shrapnel* was scorn, sarcasm, and bucketsfull of scalding warm bitterness, but now that he has appeared within the fold, we are awaiting we told you.

After all, Bernard, its human nature.

His missive, though addressed to us, will undoubtedly appeal to all, for his subject is universally dear and cherishable, while his knowledge of it is most sensationally incompatible with the extended time and limited hours of a schoolboy. Please return if not brought back within five days.

Mr. Mangan:

There is only one thing, which I see in *Shrapnel*, that could be added, and that is a film column. Herein find enclosed first contribution; the use of the same will be greatly appreciated by the writer.

Cinema Clippings

Mr. Roosevelt in a spirited speech last night at the Japanese Hall, said in substance: "The motion picture men—God bless them! They are the salvation of the nation in case of an invasion of America! Look at the number of men trained, drilled and disciplined in 'The Birth of a Nation,' 'The Battle Cry of Peace,' 'The Campbells are Coming,' 'The Martyrs of the Alamo,' etc. When the invader does come, we have 3,000,000 trained men from the films to draw from—the publicity men say so!"

(Not to mention the navy—Syd Chaplin, for example, in the "Submarine Pirate.")

Mary Pickford, of the Quadrangle Film Corporation, has recently received a modest offer from the Eeligg Pollyscope Co., but she as modestly declined it. It is said that she was offered \$10,000 per day, Sundays and Feb. 29th included!

Speaking of preparedness, we rise to remark that New York is *Safe!* The press agent of Mr. Frances X. Bushman announces that the *W. K. Star* has joined the National Security League. When Adonis was questioned recently about his plans, he declined to discuss them. "Just you never mind—you will be thoroughly conversant with them, if the psychological moment ever arrives!" he nodded wisely. He then turned his back and proceeded to whip 100,000 men single-handed. Some experts, well acquainted with the star, assert authoritively that he intends to swim out a few hundred miles and upset such warships and transports as the enemy would send over. The Secretary of War is now considering evacuating the various coast defenses about the city, since Mr. Bushman's enlistment.

J. Warren Baggot of the Universe Film Co. recently talked before the Screen Club on the "Psychology of the Film." His thesis was scholarly, philosophical and *snappy*.

Add alliterative headlines for war films (as "Fighting for France," etc.):

Asphyxiated for Austria
 Battling in Belgium
 Blown Thru Bulgaria
 Evacuated for England
 Grenading with Germany

Ittacking with the Eyetalians
 Jeopardous for Japan
 Mauled in Montenegro
 Retreating with Russia
 Torpedoed in Turkey

EDWARDUFFY.

After Him, Boys, He Shot the Albatross!

Maher: I say, McGivena, old boy, did you ever play "500?"

McGivena: Well now, I couldn't say exactly. Who wrote the music? Let K. Oss ensue in the offing.

GEMS FROM NAGHTEN DEBATE PRELIM.

"The Philipino Islands have always been a savage race."

"For the past century they have only been half semi-civilized."

"At the beginning of the Philipino War, President Lincoln said—"

"Contagious diseases has been wiped out."

"The Japanese regod our coasts."

"Nor anything like Alaska—that's as far as I went."

Toots Weisenberger, emerging from Soph classroom, eraser-scarred: "Look out! I'm sore. I wouldn't mind if it was anybody else they hit; why, I wouldn't say a word—but it was me!"

Her falsetto voice seemed even more falsetto as it shrieked through her false set o' teeth.

The authorities were very much edified at the dignity of the nom de plumes assumed by our boys in the Intercollegiate Contests. There were only four "Jess Willards," six "Frank Bushmans," two "Ty Cobbs" and one "Tod Sloan." And even these did not cause disappointment, save the one "Sloan." It penetrated.

Reports from the mother country indicate that the Russians are now, as they always have been, of a retreating disposition.

We do not know what time this May number of the MAGAZINE will drop into your waiting hands; perhaps spring will have gone and fall will be in order, but it would seem a shame to let *Shrapnel* live a whole year and not print at least one spring poem on its pages. So underneath us follows "A Spring Medley," certainly living up to its name, and beyond all question of a doubt a full-blooded "Spring Poem."

THE SPRING MEDLEY.

The raindrops are falling,
 (Which, of course, is nothing new),
 And though it seems a paradox,
 The sky is very blue.
 People say that it is spring;
 Now isn't that a funny thing?

As I said before: it is raining;
 But the trees with arms held aloft

Seem to send to the clouds an entreaty.
The rainwater—since it is soft—
Hears the prayer of the trees below.
It ponders a while, and then falls,
Not on the ground, but for
 The pretty trees' supplication;
And recedes to its Pluvian halls.

The sun is up and I can see
All nature from its bath emerge,
And winter's jaundice on the grass
Has vanished in the frightened surge.
A dazzling coat of emerald plush
Arises from the trembling ground,
 And in the birth dear Mother Earth
 A new and wondrous joy has found.

What's this I see—a pansy's head?
He's such a tiny fellow!
He beat the crocuses; but then,
The crocuses are yellow.
 The slang I use must pall the soul of you;
 But can't you see the flowers are slangful, too?

The tulips by the garden wall,
With stems so stout and straight and tall,
Each petal washed with sparkling dew—
I think that over night they grew.
And as I see their handless cups,
A song thrills in my memory:
 When it's tulip time in Holland,
 Two lips are calling me.

I come upon a shrinking violet,
Budless, flowerless, just an oval leaf
Teeth-rigged, and trembling stem,
All sunken in lethargic grief.
But suddenly it feels my gaze,
That bold and rugged gaze of men:
 It buds, it flowers—that purple blue—
 And opens but to close again.

I see some lilies of the valley on a hill;
 Perhaps they strayed for just a lark—
 Defying nature till
 Dark.

Dianthi grow vers-libre like,
 All the world like kites' tails—
 Flowering where they want.
 Entangled like crippled lovers, or like the hair
 Of a five-year four-month and twenty-six-day-old boy.

Spring brought this on;
 Spring must be served.
 And they who feel spring in their heel,
 Know it's deserved.

Will you take it with gravy, and do you want two or three lumps
 of sugar? No; I don't think I'm funny!

Now, fellahs, if the Moderator lets all this get through, we will consider
 it a good day's work! But we suppose (from past experience) that there
 is only a Chinaman's chance of your seeing it in its entirety; so if there is
 nothing funny in what you read, give us credit for what you don't.

We are running a wide-open column now, so we better close.

JAMES T. MANGAN, A. B., '17

Exchanges

SINCE our last issue, we have been the recipient of an increasing number of good-looking publications. As the scholastic year goes on, the student editors become more proficient and the staff does better work, especially after the mid-year, and before the warm weather and dreaded "finals" set in. The appearance of college magazines seems to have bettered in the last year, too; they are thicker, more prosperous looking, with attractive covers.

The Shakespearean Tercentenary has been well observed in school publications. There is scarcely an exchange comes in but has some articles devoted to the bard. Some of the monthlies have even devoted a whole issue to Shakespearean drama and kindred subjects. Articles on Shakespearean topics have always appeared from time to time in most college magazines—the college magazine treats of Shakespeare continuously more than any other class of publications—but it is especially gratifying at the present to see the interest that can be aroused in matter that is usually restricted to classroom treatment.

The April number of *The Gonzaga*, from Gonzaga University, Spokane, Washington, was especially readable. The most prominent article in the issue is an essay entitled, "A Riddle," by John B. Purdum, '16. The author begins by remarking upon the progress of the material sciences during the past two centuries, and the scientific philosophy that has grown up with them; or rather the attempt that has been made to make Science satisfy entirely for Philosophy and Religion. But there are certain problems which Science cannot solve, and among these "riddles" of Science is the freedom of the will. The author is to be congratulated upon the presentation of his matter, substantially the thesis as met in the course of philosophy, in a treatise that escapes the dryness and severity of form of scholastic presentation. The solution that he offers to the "riddle" is of course the explanation of the school men, involving the existence of a personal Deity and an immortal soul in man—facts which the pseudo-scientific schools do not accept.

There are two short stories in the issue: "Old Dave's Claim," by Patrick M. Walsh, '16, and "Making Good With Her Father," by Clarence E. Hartigan, '17. The latter is the better. Although the situations are rather speedily handled and the episode of the capture of the robber rather improbable, the dialogue and characterization are unusually good. Among the editorials, "Intercollegiate Relations" is well worth reading. The chronicle is very complete and well written, and must make *The Gonzaga* welcome among its Alumni readers.

We shall look for subsequent issues.

Saint Vincent College Journal The *Saint Vincent College Journal* is deserving of mention, on account of the way it has celebrated the Tercentenary. The April issue contains a number of short essays with varying titles, all founded upon some text from Shakespeare's plays. *Julius Caesar*, *Hamlet*, *Henry VIII* and *The Merchant of Venice* have been drawn on as sources of inspiration. As usual, the issue is replete with good verse. The humorous poem, "The Trusty Tar," is a cleverly told yarn in verse. One of the pleasantest features of the *Journal* is the column called "College Comment," in charge of anonymous gentlemen who sign themselves "Docandbill." They manage to turn out, month after month, a very enjoyable brand of humor. The other departments are well cared for. The *Journal* is to be congratulated upon the activity of its advertising managers. It contains an advertising index larger than most college papers.

The Dial *The Dial* abandoned its customary dress of gray for white on its Easter number. The improvement is noticeable. The contents, as usual, are full and varied. "Revival In Catholic Literature," by William M. Braucher, is a clear and instructive essay on the attitude of the Church with regard to literature and the arts in general. The writer shows how the clique of Catholic authors in England in the last few decades, the Meynells, Lionel Johnson, Thompson, Benson and Newman have established a real school of Catholic literature that is to imbue all English literature and thinking with the Catholic spirit and Catholic thought. Another very timely article is "Anti-Catholic Prejudice," by Louis A. Ganey. The author insists upon the necessity of eradicating such prejudice and with examples from history shows how such a spirit long continued can be disastrous to the Church and Catholics in general, and also to the national life of any people. "Hearts and Politics," by Jean P. Freyman, is a rather clever story of a girl's part in politics. We are still undecided whether "Pluck's Luck," by Charles O. McGaughey, is to be taken seriously or not. It is almost a clever extravaganza upon modern detective methods, and the author's apt descriptions, e. g., "stars smiling down in silent merriment" for two nights in succession, make it very entertaining. The verse in the issue savors too much of the class exercise, the Monday morning kind. Poets of any ability at all in such a location as St. Mary's ought to do better work. The chronicle and notes are well taken care of. In all it is a very creditable issue.

LEO E. MCGIVENA, A. B., '16

University Chronicle

ARTS AND SCIENCES

The Sodality The Sodality of the Blessed Virgin is doing excellent work and realizing in every way the hopes of the reverend director, Father Magevney. The regular weekly meetings of the society are looked forward to with a great deal of interest by all the members who are anxious to show their devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and likewise to profit by the instructions. Father Magevney is very well pleased with the zeal and fervor shown by the Sodalists, and he hopes to see this spirit continue. The past term has been a very profitable one, and great praise is due the officers for their invaluable work.

The Oratorical Contest On the first of April the annual preliminary Oratorical Contest took place with a large number of students contesting. Those chosen for the final contest scheduled for Wednesday evening, April twenty-sixth, at eight o'clock in the college auditorium are: Messrs. Leo E. McGivena, John V. Ryan, Robert A. Poynton, Walter T. Quigley, Eugene T. McEnergy, Ignatius P. Walsh and James R. Hanrahan.

Public Debate On Wednesday, March fifteenth, the society held a public debate among its members in the college hall. The question was: "Resolved, that women of the United States should be granted equal suffrage." The speakers on the affirmative were Messrs. Wojczynski and D. Cunningham, and Messrs. Peterson and J. Ryan on the negative. Elocution was furnished by Messrs. McEnergy and W. Hanrahan. Essays were read by Messrs. Corbett and O'Neill.

There was a fair-sized crowd. The judges, Messrs. Shortall, C. Murphy and Quigley decided in favor of the affirmative. Mr. Quigley also presided as chairman.

Campion Debate The second annual debate with Campion College of Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, was held at St. Ignatius College on the evening of March twenty-ninth. The subject was: "Resolved, that the Monroe Doctrine should be abolished." St. Ignatius had the affirmative side of the question.

The audience was of the largest ever had in the college hall. Campion had a very creditable delegation of friends and relatives, but the majority of the hearers were St. Ignatius partisans. The thanks of the Loyola Oratorical Association are due to the academy classes for the splendid support they gave in bringing such an audience.

Ignatius P. Walsh, A. B., '17, of St. Ignatius, was the opening speaker.

He dwelt upon the danger of the Monroe Doctrine to this country in present times and the impossibility of enforcing it if it were actually questioned by force of arms. The first speaker for Campion was John J. Vogel, A. B., '17. His speech was concerned with the traditional place of the Monroe Doctrine in our national life and its efficacy as a foreign policy. Leo E. McGivena, A. B., '16, spoke second for St. Ignatius and based the affirmative's claim for the abolishment of the Doctrine upon its obsolescence and inutility, due to changed conditions. Richard J. Matre, A. B., '16, followed for Campion and advocated the retention of the Doctrine as the only foreign policy that the United States has at present, and showed that no other policy could be possible at the present time.

The rebuttals were very spirited on both sides. The judges, the Honorable Michael J. McKinley, Judge of the Superior Court, Mr. Michael I. Igoe, LL. B. and Mr. George F. Mulligan, LL. B., retired immediately after the rebuttals and held a rather lengthy debate of their own as to the decision.

After some time they reappeared again, and Judge McKinley gave the decision. St. Ignatius was adjudged the winner by a very small margin.

Messrs. Edward J. Duffy, A. B., '17, and George W. Lennon, A. B., '18, were the alternates for St. Ignatius and Campion, respectively.

A musical program was given by the St. Ignatius College Orchestra. After the set speeches, Harlan J. Richards, A. B., '17, played a violin solo, Fritz Kreisler's *Liebesfreud*, which was much appreciated by his hearers.

It was very gratifying to St. Ignatius to win this year, as it was generally supposed that with the affirmative side of the question, opposed by the present state of public opinion, we stood a very slight chance of obtaining the decision.

It is to be hoped that this debate will be kept up, and other intercollegiate contests be added, as St. Ignatius usually has a fair amount of debating ability that is never brought out because of the lack of opportunity for competition.

Intercollegiate Contests The Intercollegiate Latin Contest, open to the Sophomore and Freshman classes of the Jesuit colleges of the Missouri province, was held Wednesday, April fifth. The English

Intercollegiate for the Bremner prizes, open to all the students of the same colleges, was held the following week. The subject assigned for this year's essay was "The Expediency of a Catholic Daily."

So far, the results of neither contest have been made public.

Students' Retreat The Student Retreat was given by Father Francis J. Finn, of St. Xavier College, Cincinnati, Ohio. Father Finn is the author of many books for boys. The Retreat lasted the first three days of Holy Week, and ended with Mass and the reception of the Blessed Sacrament on Thursday morning. After the Mass, Father Finn gave the Papal Blessing.

The Naghten Preliminary The preliminary contest for the John Naghten Debate, which was held on Monday, April tenth, in the college hall, was featured by a larger number of entrants than have tried out for this event in a good many years. There were sixteen candidates, each class in the College Department being represented by one or more students. The six successful candidates were Joseph Shortall, Eugene McEnery, Ignatius P. Walsh, Edward Colnon, Simon J. Walsh and James Hanrahan. These will debate the Philippine question on the night of May tenth, in St. Ignatius College Hall.

The Elocution Preliminary On April twenty-fourth, the tryout for the Elocution Contest was held in the college hall. Despite the fact that several students withdrew their names shortly before the contest began, there were over twenty-five students who spoke. The Freshman class furnished the largest number of contestants, and as a result merited the distinction of gaining the most places on the honor list. The contest for the medal will take place on the night of May twenty-fourth, at St. Ignatius College. Those who will take part are Robert Poynton, Eugene McEnery, Edward Colnon, Ignatius P. Walsh, John Pollard, Robert McCauley.

Rev. Henry Browne, S. J. During Holy Week the College enjoyed the privilege of entertaining as its guest the Rev. Henry Browne, S. J., of University College, Dublin, Ireland. Father Browne is President of the Classical Association of Ireland, and came to Chicago at the request of the Classical Association of the Middle West and South, which held its twelfth annual meeting at Chicago University, April twenty-first and twenty-second. Father Browne addressed the Association on the evening of the twenty-first. The College, however, was denied the pleasure of hearing the learned gentleman, as it was then the season of the Paschal Recess.

The Jeanne d'Arc Club This has been the banner year in the history of the Club. All previous records were broken in the six days from April fourteenth to twentieth, when seventeen lectures were given. Mr. Fitzgerald did the largest share of this good work in a very busy tour through eastern Iowa. A week earlier he lectured to the Sisters and students of St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, on *Columbus* and *The Real Social Service*. A second trip into Wisconsin, under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus Lecture Bureau, was made by Mr. Fitzgerald at the end of March.

Among the Club's best patrons in Chicago this year, Our Lady of Sorrows parish deserves special mention. Four lectures have been given there to four large and appreciative audiences. The last on *Lourdes* was under the auspices of the Married Ladies' Sodality, which upheld the high standard of attendance set by the Third Order of Servites in the lectures on *The Little Flower* and *Jeanne d'Arc*. The director and members of the Club

wish to express their grateful appreciation to the pastors and people of that parish for their encouraging patronage. They set a good example for other parishes in the matter of high class entertainment.

The presentation of the lecture on *Jeanne d'Arc* to the West End Catholic Women's Club was among the most gratifying engagements of the year. On April eighteenth this same lecture was given to the Knights of Columbus of Chicago Council. The report of it in the *Columbiad* makes this commendation: "It was a great treat, one that every council in Chicago ought to enjoy, and we hope the Lecturers of other councils will arrange with Father Dineen for the *Jeanne d'Arc* lecture soon."

The last pilgrimage to Lourdes was made by the members of the Rieger Club. This strong, energetic organization is composed of Knights of Columbus who have combined to promote the interests of Catholicity among the Bohemian people and especially among their young men. Mr. Pribyl, a former director of the St. Ignatius College orchestra, is the leading spirit in the Rieger Club.

The students of St. Ignatius College, Cleveland, have formed a real, live branch of the *Jeanne d'Arc* Club. In a few weeks they have given the lecture on *The Little Flower* over and over again, and with a degree of success that can best be indicated by quoting from a report of their appearance in Canton, Ohio. "I had the great pleasure and privilege to be present at the lecture on *The Little Flower*. To use a common phrase, it was simply great. Everybody seemed so much affected that no one cared to speak when leaving the hall. Their minds were well filled and their hearts also with better things. It certainly was wonderful, the beautiful pictures were like a vision in a dream. The lecture itself could hardly be surpassed. Surely *The Little Flower* will shower many roses on those who show her so much honor."

Calendar The dates for the remaining events of the year are as follows:

- April 26—Oratorical Contest.
- May 10—Naghten Debate.
- May 17—Academy Elocution Contest.
- May 24—College Elocution Contest.
- June 5—Final Examination.
- June 17—Prize Night.
- June 21—Commencement.

LAW

We regret our inability to report the production of any new master orations by the members of the Junior class organization. The Junior Class Arbiters have held no meetings since those recorded in the last issue of the Magazine. Many reasons have been assigned for this strange inactivity on the part of Loyola's most active society, some

sarcastic individuals even advancing the explanation that "possibly the Juniors are victims of an uneasy conscience and have spent the past two months in a vain attempt to become acquainted with their text-books." Be that as it may, it is a fact that the Arbiters are beginning to show signs of a longing to hear once more their "Apostle of Harmony," Mr. Blenk, discourse upon the inefficiency of the Russian courts; and they would appreciate, I know, an opportunity to hear if not to laugh again at Jim Coughlin's "bum" jokes; so we hope to be able to report for the next issue a series of lively, enjoyable Arbitrator meetings.

The worries of examinations have, for the present, been disposed of, and we are experiencing the satisfaction of "work well done." For "we have met the enemy, and they are ours" so far as Real Property, Pleading and Partnerships are concerned. At present we are striving to master the difficult principles of Suretyship under Prof. Graber's able guidance. Prof. McIntyre has remained with us after completing a very successful course in Evidence and is now lecturing us on the subject of Equity. We deem ourselves fortunate in securing Prof. Tuohy to explain the intricacies of Wills and the procedure in litigation arising over them.

Lighter Moments

(Heard in the Moot Court).

Attorney Waugh: "I object, your Honor, the question's leading."

Attorney Quinlan: "Oh, That's alright; we'll conduct it all up later."

(Specimen of brilliant cross-questioning.)

Attorney Johnson: "Have you ever had any communication with this witness, oral or written or otherwise."

Waugh: "I object to this argument with the Judge before the jury."

Hassel: "But I must clear up this point."

Waugh: "Well, take the Judge out in the hall then."

Prof. Tuohy: "Sheridan, How would you define a testatrix?"

Sheridan (After much knitting of brows and deep thinking): "A testatrix is a—a—a female testator."

ROBERT J. GARLAND, LL.B., '17

MEDICINE

Dr. C. C. McClane, who has been confined to the Jefferson Park Hospital with blood poisoning, following an infection received in the Bacteriology Laboratory, is rapidly recovering.

Professor Thomas A. Carters antidote for Bichloride of Mercury poisoning has been favorably discussed by the Chicago Medical Society. It is conceded to be the best and most efficient remedy known to the profession, at this time.

Thirty-four members of the Senior class, have already received Senior internships, in twenty different hospitals. These men will commence their service in June.

Bernard Beckendorf is doing externe work at St. Elizabeth's. Earl Langford has assumed the duty of instructing the nurses at the Mercy Hospital Training School in Laboratory Technique.

The Small Pox scare has come and gone. It was accompanied by a little game of "Pox, Pox whose got the Pox." As a result we all bared our arms to the vaccine point and were duly immunized. The scare ere this has faded into history, and taken its place with the Junior stag and like events.

While we blushingly admit that Miss Sullivan vaccinated us, we are still "in the dark," as to who vaccinated Miss Sullivan.

Russell Henessey, our bard from Delevan, Wisconsin, offers us his latest Spring poem, with the modest query, "Can it be printed?" The question, Russell, is rather, "Will it be printed?"

To-wit:

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
I can row a boat,
Canoe?

To which we add our favorite tripolet,

Ill.
Pill,
Bill.

It appears foolhardy of "Hank" Lindholm to ride around in his racer during Leap Year. Perhaps "Hank" needs a racer to keep out of the way.

Among the latest additions to the class we find Joseph M. Hefferman and James C. Leonard of the Georgetown University, School of Medicine.

Since it is customary to courtmartial and shoot the Editor after every issue of the magazine, we are hereby resigned to our fate.

WILLIAM J. PICKETT, M.D., '16

PRE-MEDICINE

On Friday, March fourth, the Pre-Medics and the Freshman classes of Loyola University had a most pleasant and enjoyable trip to the stock yards. The Armour plant was visited. It took the whole afternoon to see what little we could of it. The killing of beef, swine and sheep was very interesting, and the wonderful system which enabled them to make a much faster progress is without a question one of the most wonderful of its kind in existence. The one thing that impressed the aspiring surgeons was this system. Each and every man could be compared to a specialist, there being just one part of the work that each one does. In all it was a very success-

ful trip and the whole class wishes to extend a vote of thanks to Prof. Rouse for giving us the opportunity of visiting the stock yards.

It happened on a Friday. Beans, cheese sandwiches, and coffee was all that could be obtained at the famous Academy lunch-room. The gang had obtained all that was possible but there was a little corner vacant in our stomachs where the pie is generally kept. Now for the real fun. Sydney Brown, a very bright young business man of the pre-medics' class knew of a store on Sheridan Road where he could buy a pie for fifteen cents. Six of us put in five cents apiece and sent Sydney on his way to buy two pies. The agreement was that Sydney was to bring the pies to the smoking-room, and we would eat them where we should not be bothered by a professor. Poor Brownie got buncoed; Bauske, Plant, and Allen met him coming across the campus with two pies. Bauske, to save himself from being accused and convicted of highway robbery gave Brownie five cents and Brownie gave him a pie. The result was that a new club was formed. Its name is Pie Thieves Club. Officers are: Bauske, President and Financier; Allen, Vice-President, Secretary and treasurer; Brownie, Business Manager. While we know where the pies went, there is just one thing that is not clear in our heads. Something looks very suspicious. Tell us why Brownie, who is a 90 or better student in every subject, will pay eighteen cents for a pie and sell it for a nickel. Anyhow Allen, Plant and Bauske won the pie eating contest.

J. O. EATON, M.D., '20

PHARMACY

Senior Class Prof. Smith of the Parke, Davis & Co. gave an illustrated lecture on Vaccine virus and small-pox. This was his second lecture, the first being on Diphtheria Antitoxin. Both lectures were very interesting, and were appreciated by the class.

The members of the class are planning to take a trip to Detroit, and pay Parke, Davis & Co.'s plant a visit sometime during the latter part of May. Several of the boys are so over enthused that they can hardly wait for that time to arrive.

War News: The State Board reports via U. S. Mail that Mr. Brooks has been successful in the last State-Board test. Our kids are off. This now makes a total of three assistants in the class, Mr. Rexford and Mr. Hershfield being the other two gentlemen who were successful in the previous examination. In the course of the next six months or so these members expect to resume their drive in an effort to capture the Dizzy Heights and bring home the honors. By that time Doc Stegman and a few others believe they will be able to join their ranks thus strengthening the army.

The regiment spoken of predict that it is all a matter of time, and that they will come to the top victorious. Stegman, one of the oldest veterans who fought in many previous battles, and his followers are seriously planning to renew their battle in the early part of July, and are now mobilizing.

The first touch of real spring brought out the bats and balls, and the greater part of the class took advantage of the opportunity with the exception of Alfred Anthony Hines alias "Pinkie" and Frank Williams Haase, the two unbeatable pool sharks who gave preference to the table.

Doc Stegman whether really so unfortunate or not, claims to be the "fall guy" regardless of what it may be. Poor Doc, he has our sympathy.

As the year is coming to a close the class, guided by Dean Secord, is making an effort to accomplish all they can and is determined to make a strong finish so as to gain the Ph.G. title.

GEORGE T. NEUZIL, PH.G., '16

As days and weeks roll by and the end of our Junior year draws near, those of us who have spent the required length of time as **Junior Class** apprentices will be utilizing the knowledge gained by taking the State-board examinations for assistant pharmacists. One of the class took the exams in March and assured us that by April those of the class who will take it in that month will surely be presented with assistant papers.

To our list of studies we have added Pharmacognocny, Materia Medica and Dispensing; all three subjects are taught us by Doctor Secord, and as they are of the utmost importance we will try to master them as we have tried to master other subjects in the past.

"Rough-neck Day" was a success as far as success can be said to go for such affairs. We had a jolly good time as the pictures we took on that day bear witness. We should, however, have had better luck in taking pictures if Max (Galarzia?), the Mexican, had told us the truth about his limited knowledge of photography. But as it is, we are having an enlargement made to hang up, and Guerreri assures us it will be good.

Tursman, Horlock and Kochanski all carried soup strainers around with them a month or two ago, but Tursman and Horlock obliterated their specimens when we pleaded with them; though Kochanski wore his until Dr. Secord told him it was unsanitary. Unluckily for us Prof. Rouse started one right after the boys destroyed theirs, now we don't know whether Tursman took this for a challenge or not, but he is at it again. We hope some kind maiden (Horlock?) will rescue him, as fatherly advice from Prof. Morgan was of no avail.

Kastle is striving to be the best dispenser, while Higgins has mounted supreme in Pharmaceutical Mathematics. The "Italian Twins" are striving harder than ever (since the closing of the pool-room) to be good qualitative analyzers.

ARTHUR P. GRONAU, PH.G., '17

ENGINEERING

The Engineering college was recently honored by a visit of **Freshman Class** inspection by two professors from the University of Illinois. It is believed that the department weathered the storm bravely and that the examiners brought satisfactory reports back to Urbana. The Engineering and Pre-medical students have formed a baseball team and, while it is not an aggregation of world-renowned stars, the students believe that the boys will be able to give any of the other departments of the university a lively tussle for the supremacy of Loyola.

Since the last issue of the magazine the Freshman class has managed to struggle along through the mazes of descriptive geometry, chemistry and "analyt.", although we have been sadly handicapped by the loss of one of our members

Our Dear Friend Pewee,
He came in September.
In March he left our troubled world.
May he peddle groceries in peace!

On the fourteenth of this month (April) the engineering students made an inspection of the Western Electric Company's plant. We all saw a number of things that greatly surprised us because of the marvelous human ingenuity required to design and construct them, but the time allotted to the trip was entirely too short and as a consequence we had to pass over a number of the most important manufacturing processes. Though most of us gained much useful knowledge from the visit, we might have learned more had the time been extended.

A. L. KECH, B.S., '19

SOCIOLOGY

The third term of the year 1915-16 opened Monday, March twenty-seventh. Two new courses,—Industrial Organization, and Juvenile Delinquency—have been added to the regular courses in Sociology, Ethics, Economics and Charity Methods.

On Tuesday of each week, a representative of some Chicago corporation will tell of the welfare work which is being done by the industrial interest which he represents. Among the corporations which will send speakers are the Harvester Company, Marshall Field and Company, and Peabody Coal Company. On Tuesday, March twenty-eighth, a representative of the Chicago Telephone Company explained what is being done for the physical, mental and social well-being of the employees of that company. Stereoptican slides and a moving-picture produced by the employees, added much to the talk.

On Thursday of each week will be heard some worker engaged in dealing practically with the Juvenile Problem. Among those scheduled to

speak are Judge Pinckney, and Miss Mary Bartelme of the Juvenile Court, Judge Harry P. Dolan and County Judge Scuely.

During the term just closed, Father Gavisk of Indianapolis, President of the National Conference of Charities and Corrections, appeared before the student body and explained the work of the Conference. This was one of the most appreciated of the special lectures. A dinner given in honor of Father Gavisk at the City Club was attended by many of the students.

The medical aspect of sociology was treated in two sets of lectures during the term just expired. Dr. Alexander Johnson, formerly of Vine-land, talked on "Juvenile Defectives." Dr. Healey of the Psychopathic Hospital lectured on "The Central Nervous System."

Reverend Frederic Siedenburg, S.J., Dean of the School, has been appointed a member of the Illinois State Centennial Commission by Governor Dunne, and has been elected Chairman of the Publicity Committee of that body. Besides his work at the School, Father Siedenburg has lectured in Des Moines, Grand Rapids, and several times in Chicago.

Mr. James Fitzgerald, Secretary of the School, has recently lectured in Wisconsin, Iowa and in the city.

AGNES B. CLOHESY

ACADEMIES

Everybody heaved a deep sigh of relief when the examinations were over, which was in the first week of April, leaving but two weeks before the annual retreat. The retreat took place the first three days of Holy Week, April seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth. And speaking of the retreat, the students were exceedingly fortunate in securing as their instructor the Rev. Francis J. Finn, S.J., the famous author of those delightful Catholic boy's books, "Tom Playfair," "Harry Dee," and many others. It is a safe thing to say that there is hardly a boy in this school who has not shuddered through those blood-curdling chapters of Harry Dee or admired the manliness of Tom Playfair. Father Finn is well acquainted with the American boy, and because of these facts and his reputation as an orator, the students anxiously awaited April seventeenth.

On the first Wednesday after Easter, preliminaries for the Academy Elocution Contest were held. There was a good representation from each of the classes entered, and the boys were well trained by their able professor, Mr. J. H. Flynn, and some spirited renditions of the old and new favorites were given.

The Academy debating team, composed of J. P. Ryan, C. E. Holton and W. Crowley, went up to Milwaukee, March fifteenth, and defeated Marquette's debaters. The affirmative side of the question, "Resolved that Athletics as at present carried on are a menace to education," was ably upheld by our boys. That is not to say, however, that we oppose Athletics, for look at the Baseball News.

On the first of April, candidates for the Academy came outdoors and "fooled" around for their first practice. Baseball prospects this year look very promising, and picking nine first-class men from the "fellows trying out" ought not to be a very difficult task. Dockendorf, Goldthwaite, Leyden, F. Quinn, Doretto, Condon, Melady, McAllister, Mahon, McKenny and Mehren seem to be the pick of the lot. Coach P. S. Moore has filled his schedule with some very good games. The Academy pried off the lid in a very auspicious manner by defeating St. Philip's 4 to 1, on April twelfth, at our grounds. Dockendorf pitched a no-hit game. Condon's home run and Pete Doretto's hitting featured.

FRANCIS W. HAYES, Academy, '16

This is the year for the candidates. All the supporters of the G. **Loyola** O. P. are to convene here soon to select a candidate for the presidency of the United States. Mr. Teddy Roosevelt, sometime president of the U. S. A., at other times official critic of "watchful waiting," "submarine policies," and "hyphenated Americanism," wishes to acquaint conservative American people with the fact that his hat is in the ring. He has styled himself "The Candidate," though he has come here a little late. He has promised to fight his way to might some day, and insists that the American people give a boost for said big moose, for he is "The Candidate."

Now we disagree most emphatically from said "Big Moose," and insist that we have the only original candidate. The Faculty have pledged us their entire support, consequently we feel sure that "The Candidate" whom we nominate for the presidency of the "Land of Shades" will receive the unanimous backing of the many patrons and friends of Loyola Academy. We assure them, if they attend our election, that they will spend an enjoyable evening in the land of shades, down with the great ones of old.

Flai Hai was great; "The Candidate" will be a scream. Flai Hai was contrary to precedent; "The Candidate" will be an innovation. It will be a boys' production. And as boys, if the opera merits praise, we shall have the boyhood ambition to receive and appreciate it. And if just criticism is our due, it will be kindly received and treasured up. For it is only by being acquainted with our faults that we can hope to make progress. The principal roles will be sustained by Edmund Loftus, George McDonough, John Kelly, Quin Ryan, Charles Moran, James Martin, Franklin Hassmer, Theodore Gengler, Paul Coleman, Raymond Hardy, Joseph Cummings. The dates of the performance will be May fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth, in the Academy Hall.

After a very successful season we at length succeeded in landing the Catholic high school basketball championship. The title game was played with De Paul Academy at St. Alphonsus Gym. About one thousand rooters saw the performance. Pond and Russett were the shining lights of the De Paul quintet, while the entire squad sparkled for Loyola. At resting time the Loyolians led 18 to 10. Early in the second half we lost our star

center, Coleman, via the personal foul route, and then De Paul threatened. But the Academy boys braced and when the pistol cracked we were on the long end of a 23 to 21 score. Previously we had whaled De Paul to the tune of 33 to 21. After the De Paul contest we opened negotiations with Hyde Park for a post-season game to decide the city championship. But, after promising to play, they withdrew their decision, candidly admitting that they didn't care to lose possession of the much-coveted city championship. We appreciate their frankness. At the present time the baseball team is engaged in preliminary work. The outlook is promising and we are confident that a successful season awaits the Academy swatters.

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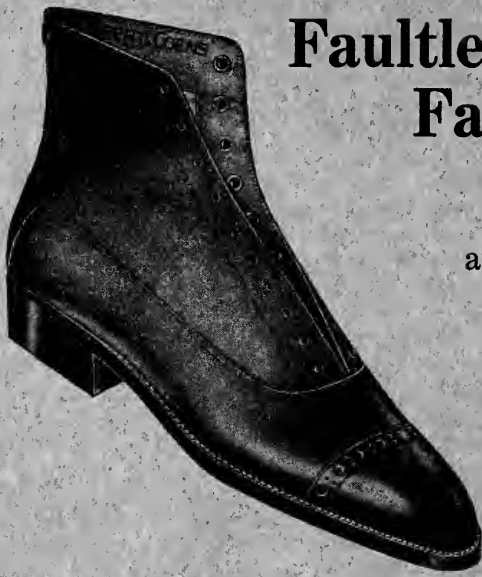
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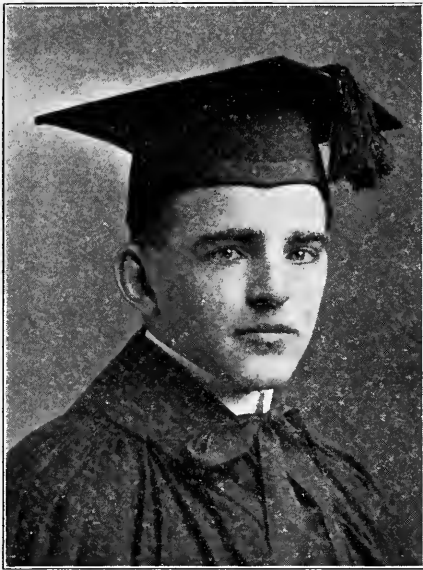
*Milwaukee Avenue and
Division Street*

Senior Class

Department of

Arts and Sciences

1916



DANIEL FRANCIS
CUNNINGHAM

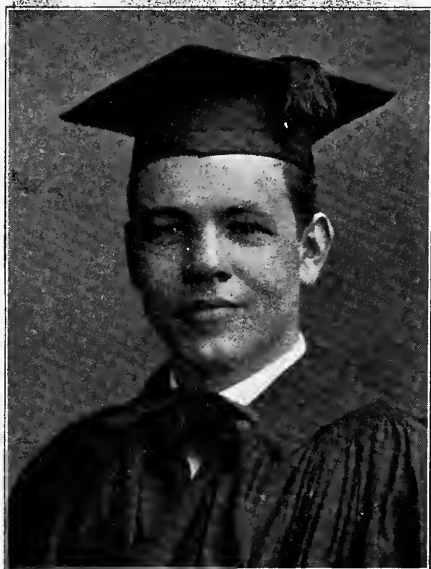
came to St. Ignatius in 1908 from Nativity Grammar School. He won the Class Medal in his first two years and branched out into every branch of Athletics. He was a member of the famous baseball team Academy '12. In college, he played quarterback with the football team in 1914, right forward on the basketball teams of 1915 and 1916, shortstop on the baseball teams for the last two years. He finished his athletic career by winning the Silver Brundage Medal for general excellence in all branches.

He is a member of the Loyola Oratorical Association, and represented the Association in the Public Debate on Woman Suffrage in March, 1916. He also belongs to the Senior Sodality, and the College Club.

Daniel is a prominent Knight of Columbus in the Leo XIII Council, and well known in his parish. He is usually known around the College as "Diggie."

"Whaddayeggin' about, huh?"

JOHN JOSEPH
FITZGERALD



came to St. Ignatius from St. Finnbar's School in 1908. After finishing the Academy and Freshman year he left us for a year, and then came back, joining his present comrades in the Sophomore Class. It

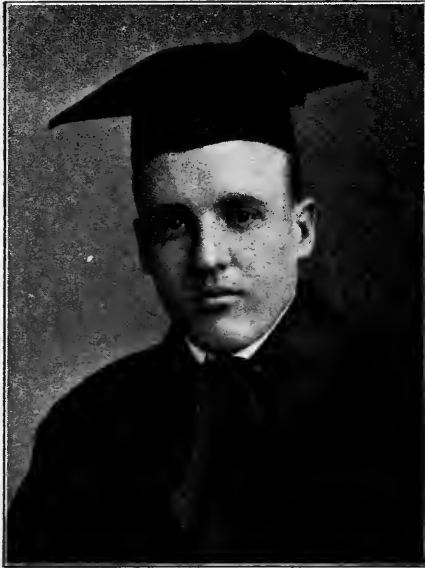
is to the year's absence that the Class owes his agreeable presence among them. For the same reason he is the oldest member of the Class—a patriarch of twenty-three.

He always got honors of some sort, but distinguished himself especially in literary work. For three years he was on the staff of the *MAGAZINE*.

He is or has been a member of the College Club, the Glee Club, the Sodality, and the Loyola Oratorical Association.

He says he doesn't know what he wants to be; the casual observer might think he was the Sandow in a circus. The Class calls him "Fitz."

"Yiss, Feyther?"



JOSEPH FRANCIS
KERWIN

joined this League in 1911 for his last year in the minors, having come out of the bush at St. James. He promptly won fame here as pitcher on the Academy baseball team in 1912.

In the Big League he won more fame as pitcher, whenever there was a team—in 1913, '15, '16. The last year he also played the outfield just to show he was more than a pitcher.

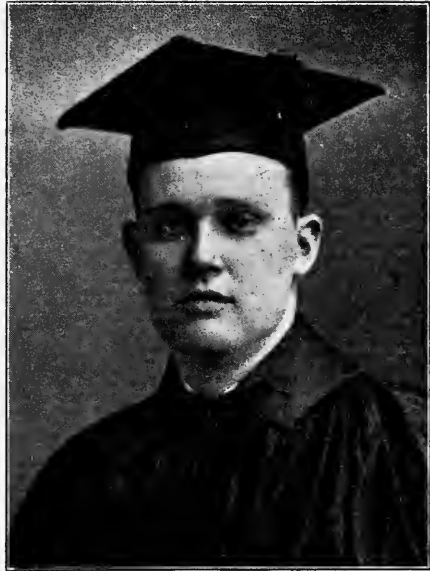
Besides this, he played center on the football team in 1914, and managed this year's basketball team.

But is he prominent only in athletics? Far from it! Consider the hit—hit, did we say? Nay, nay—the home run he made as star in the College play in 1915. And look at the other things; member of the College Club, Loyola Oratorical, Orchestra, College Glee Club, Sodality.

They call him various things; we'll mention "Bud," and let it go at that.

"Obvious for two reasons: third—"

JAMES JOSEPH
LARKIN

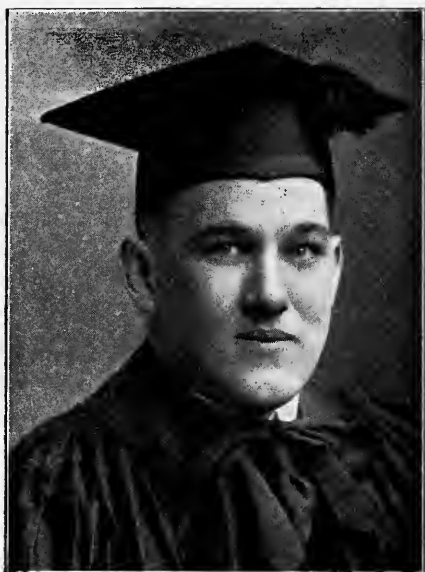


came to this institution of learning from St. Cecilia's School. He leaped into prominence the first year by securing a place in the Orchestra. Then he began to leap into prominence vertically, until today he is easily visible in any crowd. He is one of the solid, substantial members of the Class; there's nothing flashy about him.

He has been a member of the College Club and the Loyola Oratorical Association. But the Society in which he really distinguished himself was the Sodality, of which he was prefect and assistant prefect.

The Class calls him "Lars."

"Too late; too late."



JAMES MAHER

came to St. Ignatius in 1907, starting in the second grammar grade, and entering the Academy in 1909. He won Class Medals with astonishing regularity for the first few years, before he started going out nights.

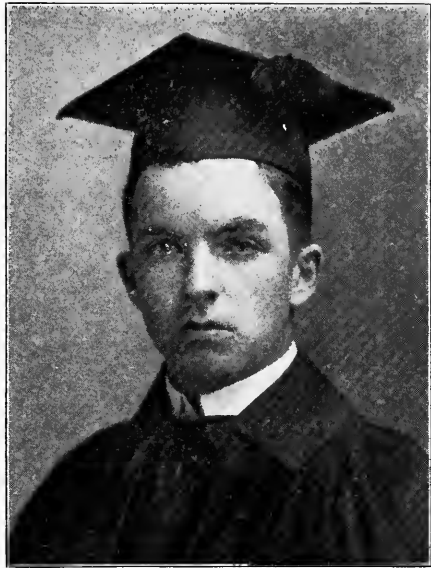
Aside from one year at St. Mary's College, St. Marys, Kansas, 1913-1914, he has been with us all the time. The year at St. Mary's resulted in a temporary return to his old form. He placed in the Intercollegiate Latin Contest that year, and won the Sophomore Class Medal. He also developed a liking for football while out in Kansas, and on his return to St. Ignatius in 1914 did good service as halfback with the College team.

He has been an active member of the Sodality, College Club, and the Loyola Oratorical Association.

Jim will study Law next year.

He is noted at St. Ignatius for his prejudice against more than one front name—you will notice the vacancy at the top of the page—and his customary morning greeting, "Say! Boys! You should have been with me last night!"

LEO EDWARD
McGIVENA



came to St. Ignatius from Holy Angels' in 1909, but caught up with the rest by joining the Special Class of bright boys that made two years in one. He was already noted in the Academy for his ability in writing and speaking.

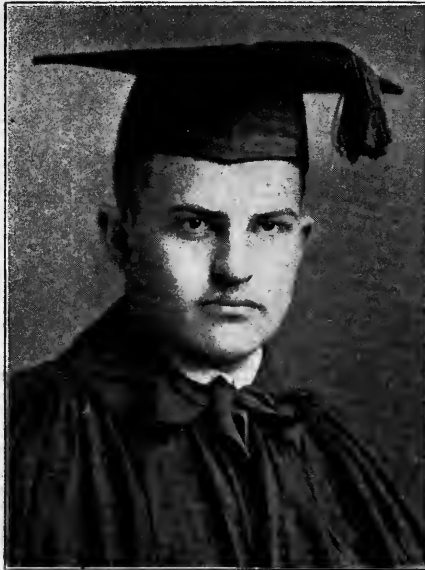
On entering College he upheld almost alone the honor of the Class in speaking. A prominent member of the Oratorical Association, he was Recording Secretary in 1915, and this year held the highest student office—Vice-President.

He was a contestant in the Oratorical Contest in 1914, 1915 and 1916, and appeared in a public debate on Disarmament in 1915. In that year, also, he won the Naghten Medal for debate. Naturally, he was chosen to speak for the Class at the Alumni Banquet.

His organizing ability makes him the Class President. It displayed itself in the Constitution he prepared for the College Club, of which he was Recording Secretary.

Any issue of the magazine will show his writing powers, which received official recognition when he won sixth place in the Intercollegiate this year.

In spite of all this, his nickname is "Mac."



JAMES PATRICK
MOLLOY

was at one time the pride of Corpus Christi Grammar School. He came to St. Ignatius Academy in 1909, finished the preparatory in three years, and entered the College in 1912. He played every year he was in the Academy with the football team and was Captain in 1911. He played fullback with the College team in 1914, and was elected Captain for the 1915 team.

While in Freshman year, Jim made his debut into dramatics by playing a part in James Fitzgerald's "The Right Idea." He is a member of the College Club, and has been once Assistant Prefect and once First Prefect in the Senior Sodality.

Jim is the society man of the class and always called upon to do the honors. He was selected to give the Bachelor's Oration for the Arts Department this year.

He is considering taking up Medicine next year.

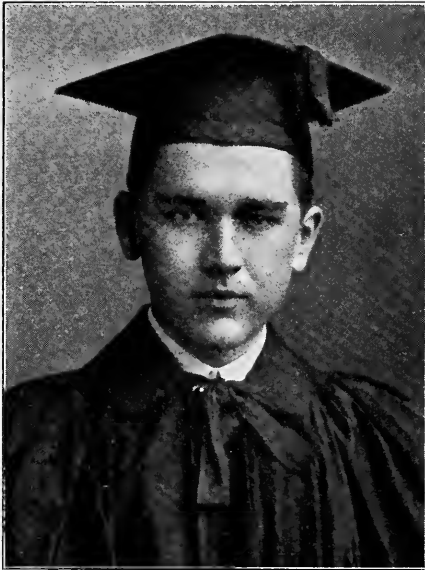
CLARENCE FRANCIS
MURPHY



is the only foreigner in the Class. He comes from Lemont, Illinois. "Clarence" finished at St. Alphonsus Grammar School in his home town and came to St. Ignatius in 1908. Aside from winning one Class Medal in the Academy, Clarence was more or less inconspicuous until he entered Freshman in 1912.

Of late years Clarence has been a prominent member of the Library Staff, has belonged to the Senior Sodality, and served as Treasurer for the Loyola Oratorical Association during the last year.

Clarence's career has been a subject of much anxiety to him during the past four years, but having rejected diplomacy and the stage, Clarence has settled upon finance, and has announced his intention of opening a bank in Lemont next year. He also harbors intentions of running for the State Senate sometime in the future.



JOHN GUSTAV
PETERSON

“Jawn” came to St. Ignatius in 1909 from St. Stanislaus Kostka School. He has always been a good student, and finished the preparatory course with the Special Class in three years. He participated in all the

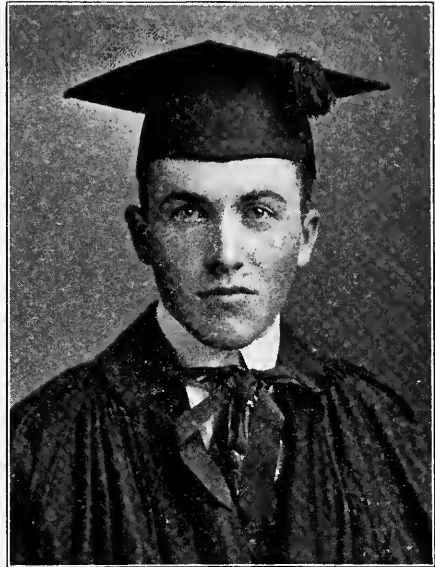
Elocution Contests in the Academy, but was never fortunate enough to take away a Medal.

He has held practically all the offices in the Senior Sodality during his four years in College, has been Recording Secretary (1914) and Censor (1915) for the Loyola Oratorical. He was Financial Secretary for the College Club last year, and did valuable service bringing in the funds. He has held every office in the Wyspianski, the Polish Literary Society, during his seven years of membership. He also served on the Staff of the MAGAZINE for one year.

His commonest name is “Jawn”; he is sometimes called “Love,” and sometimes other things.

He says he will continue his education; whether this means stenography or theology “Jawn” will not say. We suspect the latter, however.

EDWARD DORE
REYNOLDS



entered St. Ignatius in 1908, coming from Holy Cross Grammar School. He spent the next two years at St. Mary's College, St. Marys, Kansas, and finished his preparatory course with a leisurely year at Hyde Park High School. He entered Freshman at St. Ignatius in 1912 and has been a member of the Class throughout the whole course.

Eddie leaped into the limelight in the College Play of 1915, with an unusually humorous characterization of a Celtic representative of the long arm of the law.

He is a member of the Senior Sodality, the Loyola Oratorical, and the College Club. He represented the Oratorical in a Public Debate in 1916.

He has been a most valuable member of the MAGAZINE Staff in the past year, producing stories and verse of an unusually high character.

He intends to study Architecture.



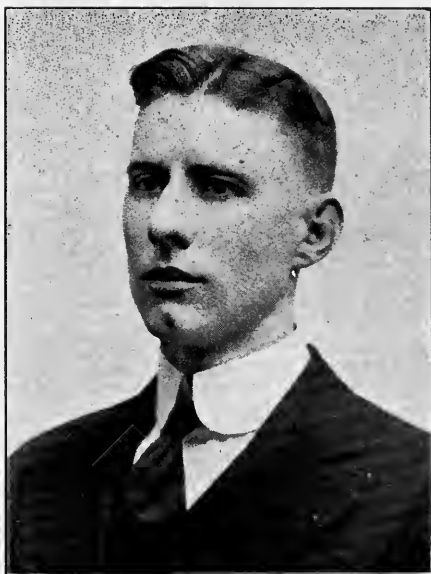
STANISLAUS GEORGE
RUDZIEWICZ

came from St. Mary of Perpetual Help Grammar School in 1908 and entered the Grammar Class at St. Ignatius. He came into the Academy the next year, made the Special Class, and finished in three years. He

has been Recording Secretary for the Senior Sodality (1914), held the same office for the Loyola Oratorical Association the same year, is a member of the College Club, has sung with the Glee Club, held every office in the Wyspianski Polish Literary Society. He was selected by this last mentioned society and sent to Detroit in July, 1914, as the Society's delegate in the first Convention of the Polish Students of the Universities of the United States. While at Detroit, he was elected treasurer of the organization and still holds the office. He also took part in the Public Debate on Compulsory Military Service held in December, 1915.

"Rudz"—"The Count" is an inconspicuous but active member of the Class. His customary silence has extended to his vocation, so we can't say what he will do.

JOSEPH CARRIGAN
SHORTALL



is a comparative newcomer at St. Ignatius, not joining the Class until last year. He came from the Sherwood School (Grammar), went through Englewood High, and was selected as an All Cook County tackle in the High School League. Joseph then tried his abilities on the business world for a year, and then came back for higher education. He spent a year at Chicago, and then came to St. Ignatius in 1914. As Joe has only taken two years with the Class, he will not get a degree with the rest of the Class. He will take up Law at Northwestern next year however, and also complete his credits for an A. B.

He was one of the most valuable members of the football team in 1914. He was a member of the College Glee Club, the College Club, has been first Prefect of the Senior Sodality during the past year, and has represented the Loyola Oratorical Association in the Naghten Debate for two years.

Joe is a good student, and an all around man in College activities.



ERNEST WILLIAM
THIELE

did not appear in the Class until 1912, when he came in as a Freshman, medal laden from four years at St. Rita's preparatory. Ernest won Class Medals in Freshman, Sophomore, and Junior years, the Dumbach

Chemistry Medal in 1914. He won seventh place in the Intercollegiate Latin Contest in 1914 and this year took the same place in the Intercollegiate English. If there is ever a stringency in the National Treasury, Ernest could smelt his Medals and become a financial life-saver for the country.

He has been a member for four years in the Sodality and Loyola Oratorical, representing the Oratorical in one Public Debate in 1915 and as Chairman in the Naghten Debate this year. He also belonged in the College Club.

He has been on the MAGAZINE Staff for two years, and is always to be depended upon in an editorial crisis.

With Jim Molloy, he gave the Class much glory by his participation in the College play, "The Right Idea," in 1913.

Ernest doesn't say much, but he produces. His forte is Chemistry; he likes it so well that he is going down to Illinois University next year to take three more years of it.

PETER PAUL
WITMANSKI



entered St. Ignatius in 1908, having previously attended the Seward School and St. Joseph's. In the Academy his athletic tendencies made him a member of the choir and the Handball Leagues, but College turned his mind to other things. He is known as a faithful member of the Loyola Oratorical, the Sodality, and the College Club; and he served this year as Recording Secretary of the Sodality.

He is a prominent member of the Polish Circle, of which he was formerly Vice-President, and now Recording Secretary.

He is commonly known as "Wit," and he lives up to his name.

A Ballad of Ended Days

In distant winds the far-off poplars faintly sway
Against the sunset sky, tall crests palely agleam
With golden promise of an ending golden day . . .

This ending day, of seven ended years, the last—
Full years, whose fleeting passage and fled past now seem
Too sudden to be real, too cruelly sudden fast.

Some mornings I have seen these same trees stand out grim
Against a grim foreboding sky, darkly sentinel
Of gloom; some mornings, wraith-like, grey and slim,
They cower in the rain, their heads lost in the mist;
Some dawns they wait serene, roseate, majestic,
Fair heralds of hope for one of many passing days.

In distant, dying winds, the dim trees faintly sway
Against the evening sky; . . . golden, or dark, or gray,
The dawn will find them . . . for our first commencing day.

LEO E. MCGIVENA, A.B., '16

Hilaire Belloc



JOSEPH HILAIRE PIERRE BELLOC is his full name, according to the industrious persons who compile indexes. Since the war began he has become known to the American public as Hilaire Belloc, the great English military expert. Before the war he was known to English and American readers as a Catholic literary man of great versatility and ability, a historian, essayist, poet, novelist, and satirist. We know that in all these he has attained a high place; and Catholics especially may rejoice to have so able a champion in the English writing world. But his works speak for themselves; of the man we heard comparatively little. Yet no one who reads his books can fail to have his curiosity stimulated by glimpses of a remarkable character. So it is the author Belloc, rather than the work, who claims our attention here.

Belloc is still a comparatively young man. There has been a persistent rumor, indeed, that he is a veteran of the Franco-Prussian war. And the number of works he has written certainly suggests sixty-five rather than forty-five. Yet the fact remains that he was born as late as 1870. In his ancestry he presents a curious mixture—a mixture that is perhaps not the least important element in his character. His father was half French and half Irish, his mother was English. But the French in him seems to predominate. In his indifference to sport, for example, and in his passion for logic and order, he is distinctly French. Indeed, in all that he writes we are constantly reminded that although he writes English, and writes it well, he is scarcely an Englishman.

Though his origin undoubtedly had much to do with the formation of those individual qualities which we admire in his works, it is to his training that we must chiefly look for an explanation of him. I venture to say that not many men in England enjoyed so remarkable an education, in the broad sense. First, there is his mother; his father died when Hilaire was still quite young. She was a convert to Catholicity, and besides being an author in her own right, was the friend of many of the literary celebrities of the time.

So it was natural that Belloc and his sister should take to their pens and lisp on paper at an early age.

To this early start we may add the fact that from their childhood they had command of two languages, French and English, so much so that Belloc had to choose which he would adopt as his medium of expression. It is not hard to trace the effect of this intimate knowledge of French in his style. That effect has not been at all detrimental; indeed, if it can affect English letters in general, its influence will be for good; it is a foreign note that makes the French name on the cover of his books seem not out of place.

Born in France, Belloc was, however, educated in England—first at Hampstead, and afterward at the Oratory School, when Cardinal Newman was still its head. But of far more importance was the year that followed this, a period of apparently the greatest influence on the author's life. In the middle of his schooling he went back to France to serve as a French citizen his year in the French army. That year, when he was a driver for a French artillery regiment, is really the basis of much of Belloc's best work. No man can write of the army as he does unless he has been in it; no reading can furnish the thorough understanding of the military side of history that actual service gives.

From a private school to the French army is a considerable change of scene; but rapid changes are characteristic of the man's life. From the army he returned to England, to enter Oxford. Here he gave promise of his future eminence in the field in which it was to be attained. It was history that claimed his efforts at Oxford, and won him a graduate scholarship. The honor was some indication that he was one of the most brilliant young men of his day.

Subsequent to Oxford, his life has been spent in a variety of literary pursuits. He has written extensively for various publications—newspapers and magazines. He has been a university extension lecturer, and a university teacher of English. Then he had part in the publication of the review, *The Eye-Witness*, with Mr. Cecil Chesterton.

To this list of varied activities we must add four years spent as member of Parliament for South Salford. Here he did not find himself very much at home, and he seems to have left political life with the conviction that politicians as a class are rather disreputable.

Nevertheless, his speeches attracted considerable attention, more for style and content than for delivery; for Belloc is not a conspicuous orator. If to this account of his life we add that he has traveled on foot over much of western Europe, and has also seen some of America (his wife was a Californian), we have a tolerable idea of the experiences that have gone to make up Hilaire Belloc.

He does not look at all like an author. Short and thick-set, with broad shoulders and a large head, he resembles rather a peasant farmer or cattle-raiser. And his physique must correspond to his appearance. He does not care for sport; but he is a walker of unusual powers, as everyone who reads his travel-books must know. Nothing delights him more than to tramp through French, Spanish, English, or Algerian byways, hearing Mass every morning when he can, and cheerfully making the best of fatigue and bad weather and the discomforts of country inns. He makes all these journeys with a song on his lips, and a keen interest in all the queer people he meets. And he knows how to translate this spirit into his books. No author seems to take greater delight in his writing—one of the reasons why that writing is such delightful reading.

What are his opinions? You may read them in his books; you cannot mistake them, though at times he conceals them behind the mask of a delightful irony. Prominent among his traits is his Catholicity. He is a militant Catholic; but then that is to be expected, for he fights with all his forces for whatever he thinks to be right. Years spent at Anglican Oxford, in the doubtful French army, in Parliament, seem only to have strengthened his faith; for that is the way with a fighter. He is not often an apologist in the usual sense of the word; he does not attack the opponents of the Church. Instead he takes the Catholic position as if it were the only one possible and everyone admitted the fact, and then defies anyone to contradict him.

His ideal state is one composed mostly of small farmers, each owning his plot of ground, and enjoying the simple pleasures of the country, untroubled by industrialism and a meddlesome government. Accordingly he hates the Socialists, who do not want anyone to own anything, and are very meddlesome indeed. For the same reason he is the original anti-Prussian. And, like the Chestertons, he hates the Puritans, especially that variety called prohibitionists. Of course he is the enemy of the feminist movement. In

short, he regards much of the "progress" of the last century or two as no progress at all. He stands for the old, settled way of life that Europe followed for so many centuries, and from which she has so completely broken away.

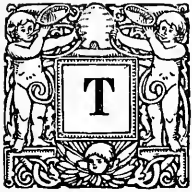
As has already been said, his works are astonishingly numerous and varied. They include children's books, history and biography, poetry, light essays, novels, satire, travel, sociology. The bulk of this work is surprisingly great, and this is even more surprising when we consider how much of it is writing of the first class. This combination of industry and ability has gradually brought him to the front in English letters. Nearly a decade ago he was spoken of in *The Bookman* as "a writer of more than ordinary prominence." And two years ago a writer in *The British Review* said: "I do not think I am exaggerating when I say that his is the best English prose of the day."

To those who are in accord with him it is the matter of his works that chiefly appeals—their sound philosophy, their clear, incisive thought. But even his opponents, or those who are indifferent to the subjects of which he treats, cannot fail to be attracted and impressed by his sincerity, his deft irony, and above all by his clear and distinctive style. It is these qualities which have won for him the respect of English critics, while his intellectual abilities have enabled him to display his wonderful versatility.

The last evidence of this is his sudden leap into fame as a military expert. Yet he came by this title quite naturally. His love of history has been spoken of, as has his military training. Moreover, in his pedestrian tours he has cultivated his talent for topography; and he has at various times walked all over the territory which is now the western battle-front. That he should be a military expert, therefore, was only to be expected; still, that he is such only shows the author is a man who is prepared to shine under any circumstances. What will he be next?

ERNEST W. THIELE, A.B., '16

The Catholic Graduate and Politics



O the young man about to take his first step into the world, life seems alluring rather than intimidating. To him there are many bright prospects in the choice of various occupations and professions. He must decide soon, however, in which one of the different fields he will seek his fortune, and the hesitancy, shown by every youth at the stage of decision, is sufficient proof of the importance of this positive act. Though this decree, in the case of the average young man, is attended with more or less anxiety for the future, still there ever appears more expectation for the announcement of the choice of the Catholic graduate. People hope for much from him and not without cause. He comes forth trained by a Catholic educational institution, and it is but natural that his training should call for something higher than the lot of the less fortunate. If he has been a wise and attentive student, he will not be totally unprepared to meet the problem of selection. He will know, even though it is but faint knowledge, what he is entering upon, and that the emergency calls for a quick but sure decision. He will know, too, that after determining his life's work, there are other things, outside influences to test his character. To the analysis of these he must apply his trained mind with all the principles of truth to which he adheres so rigidly. One of these tests is politics. Every man meets it, and when met, it must be well considered. The Catholic graduate, too, must eventually come in contact with politics, and whether his profession is independent of political influence or not, he must act according to his convictions.

There are, of course, many so-called citizens who decline to have anything to do with politics. They plead that with all the existing corruption, it is difficult to maintain clean hands, and so they evade the issue entirely. But this argument can have no force with the Catholic graduate who is, in any degree, worthy of his title, for he must know that as a citizen he has a public duty to promote the best interests of the commonwealth. Consequently, he cannot sit idly by and let others, altogether too ready and willing, do the work

that is his and his alone. If politics are corrupt, then it is his duty at least to do his best to reform them, not to permit them to sink to a lower condition. The men who excuse themselves on the score of corruption are, in reality, responsible for the degradation of politics.

There are others who beg to be exempted from any active participation in politics because of lack of interests. Aside from any consideration of the culpability attached to so selfish a viewpoint, this is untrue. The interests of the nation are the interests of the citizens, and these interests are decided through but one medium—politics. Such being the case, it is very plain that our duty lies in guarding and protecting our true interests, and in preventing and opposing anything detrimental. The Catholic graduate with his ability to discriminate between right and wrong is, in a special way, called upon to meet the issue, both as a graduate and as a Catholic. He is versed in Catholic principles, true standards of morality, and knows every detail or circumstance that can govern his activity. Because of this expert training, he knows that it is his duty to take more than a passive part in politics and to eradicate the wrong and to promote the best interests of his country. Active interest does not necessarily mean office-seeking, but rather honest endeavor to support good government. The Catholic graduate should have high ideals of good government, and should not suffer these ideals to be lowered by prevalent conditions and selfish interests.

But, with all the determination possible to do his duty, the Catholic graduate will find that all is not fair and easy to accomplish, and that there will be many obstacles to his whole-souled enthusiasm. Individual effort is known to be devoid of practical results. The value of co-operation, co-ordination, "team-work," or whatever it may be called, is seen on every side. In politics, also, the individual working alone is too weak to achieve anything worth while, and he must necessarily ally himself with some party if he hopes to gain any personal advantage. He will see, probably, unworthy candidates proposed whom he must support, or join another faction where doubtlessly the same condition exists, and the consequence is, he will lose much faith in mankind in general and in politicians in particular. He will be tempted to forsake it all, but rather than yield, he must try, ever try, to ameliorate things, in accordance with his principles. Party domination is a great danger for him, but

he cannot, however, in justice to himself, abandon his principles at this first obstacle. His acceptance of the inevitableness of the system of bosses means the acquiescence of others, less fortified than he against this attack.

He may argue with himself that politics are politics, impossible of change, and that the end, which he recognizes as proper, is a sheer Utopia and unattainable. The people seem to invite corruption and who is he to oppose their wish? The press, the medium of reaching the citizens, is allied against him, and the task of setting aright its misrepresentations is too monumental. These and similar arguments appeal to him, and putting aside all his high standards of morality, he succumbs and eventually becomes the tool of the unscrupulous politician. This is a common ending and must be fought against with a superior will to even the battle. When beset by all these dangers, the young man must fall back on his training, must relearn the lessons of school and church, and then decide his course.

One safeguard against such dangers is education. When a young man is graduated from a Catholic college, it is certain that he has received beneficial training, for his course has led him to think along Catholic lines. True Catholic thought, with solid argument and correct opinion that preclude confusion or misrepresentation, has been in his training; his atmosphere and environment have been altogether Catholic. More than this, he has been trained in Catholic ethics, that infallible guide of conduct, and he realizes that all his actions must tend toward one ultimate goal—God. He has been benefitted by the experience of others, and, by the force of their example, should be ready to encounter any emergency. In all danger let the Catholic graduate go back to the sound lessons of the class-room.

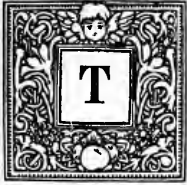
But even if these lessons be forgotten in the lapse of years, he still has a guide in his faith. The priest in the pulpit forever insists on the fundamentals of morality. Reviewing political measures with the aid of education and faith, the Catholic graduate will recognize every time the merits and defects of the situation.

It has been pointed out that men, styling themselves citizens, are neglecting their public duty. The result is that control has come into the hands of a few, who, by all evidences, have horribly mismanaged the affairs of government, and graft exposures, claims

of vice protection and general corruption have given politics anything but an inviting aspect. In fact, a man who displays any interest is usually suspected of a selfish motive. Nevertheless, our public duty remains; we cannot escape its insistence. It is easier to believe men honest than otherwise, and no doubt good example can do much. This example the Catholic graduate must furnish, and since individual labor is lost labor, there must be concerted action to purge politics of its foul associations.

JAMES MAHER, A.B., '16

Lionel Johnson



THE power to quicken a seeming dead emotion is a various gift. Not various as it works through voice or strings, in colors and forms and words, but various in modes of each—modes of sounding the strings, of shaping the voice, of managing color, of choosing and placing words. Modes vary the gift. There is more similarity among artists working in the same mode with different tools of brush, pen, fingers, than among artists of the same instrument, working in different modes. It is just the difference or similarity of men that varies or likens their art; it is not their tools—one painter may not be so much like another as like some musician.

One artist tinges emotions with magnificence, another with barbaric freshness, another with lush sentiment, others various, and now and then, one with simplicity.

The artist of simplicity is almost divine, at least great; and there is no saying why unless that divine image in us all is the real font of appreciation for simplicity, recognizing its own primal trait mirrored in some art. Perhaps it is thus to be explained why simple Gregorian strikes when the gamuting Italian of later days has wearied, why the final blaze of brass on a symphonic theme relieves the tension of preliminary irresolution on strings and woods, why pictures uncompromised with detail and profuseness are alive in a single defined figure, why the composition of the most inspiring Gothic can be given with a few lines—simplicity itself. It is all image of the divine simplicity.

This mode of art—simplicity—when brought to study, makes difficulties. Difficult not only to him who wishes to practise simplicity—say, in literature—but to one who asks merely to recognize it that he may offer a criticism of another's work. For simplicity is within itself a variable thing; it is not a simple sentence structure only, nor in "simple" words, nor in easy direct thought. Sometimes it is combined of factors into a movement, a movement that by itself expresses or derives an emotion. Say a poem that moves slowly and smoothly, without jars in its articulation, *that* by its

movement alone may bring a deeper sense of ease or peace on the reader than the thought itself. Or, one that has a rush to it—that one may pile up emotion by its very swiftness. In such instances simplicity is contained in this: one element—movement—seems to give all the force to the poem. Again, simplicity may be in a line or sentence where the bold thought crashes out directly without softening, without jewelizing, no adornment of adjectives and qualifying phrases. Simplicity is in this line, it is lack of adornment, toning, not merely in common words nor simple structure of words.

There are two outstanding features of Johnson's writing, and this simplicity is one of them—a simplicity sometimes of structure, sometimes of movement, sometimes of bare statement of things.

His "Winchester" with its rush movement creates a sympathy by that movement alone. There is no accumulation of different touches that finally reaches the reader's emotions, it is the one element of movement that succeeds. That is simplicity. "The Dark Angel" is simplicity of structure, no inversion, no brilliance drawn from piled up effects, but the brilliance of the inner flame, clear white, shining through crystal sentences.

"Austere," "a classicist," many say of Johnson; a sort of relic of the Latin and university scholarliness; repressed, precise, but cold. But Johnson austere, classicist and cold, is but the artist of simplicity mistaken, a surface interpretation, quite different from the truth.

And yet, this mistake is not entirely unnatural, not utter untruth. Its truth is found in Johnson's manner; his simple mode of art is the result of repression, of the taking of classic models; but to call the *poet* austere, cold; there is Morfyd, Winchester—not austere cold thought. He is as strong, as romantic, as Christian hot, as deeply in love with nature as a Browning, a Crashaw, or a Wordsworth. Johnson's passion may not evidence in the usual way, his breath is not hot, he is not wildly expletive as many of his day, but the feeling is the same, as great and perhaps greater. The difference is in his mode; where they exuberate or are magnificent, he is simple. He is the supreme artist of simplicity.

We trace back to God all our art, the spiritual impulse, the conception of ideals. Ideals image things as we would have them,

their qualities raised to perfection, pleasing us as they remotely copy the perfection of God, all harmonious.

In this world of the ideals the artist is of necessity the expert. It is knowledge of ideals that gives the essence to his work, and as this knowledge is in him, so he becomes as an artist. The degree of ideal truth that he possesses and gives determines his stature.

His relations to God, to other men and to nature—these comprise artistic knowledge at the base. For the perfecting of these relationships is his life work; he suggests them ideally, pleasingly that himself and others may be drawn by the ideal, may try to live according to the ideal. His knowledge must comprise these relationships idealized, that he may lead truly. And that is why the degree of ideal truth he possesses makes him great or small.

In the Catholic Church an artist will find this knowledge; it gives him at the last truth.

There were remarked two outstanding features of Johnson's writing. One, simplicity, has been observed; the other was his Catholicity. A poet and a Catholic, he had a truth that other poets never possessed, and he ranks them because of this. He is a principal among modern poets because of his Catholicity, his truth, and because there was but one like him in truth and in expression, Francis Thompson.

Johnson had no gropings, no wild clutchings of falsity; neither the Victorian materialism that preceded had him, nor the foundationless aestheticism of his own day. He worked in the sureness of knowing truth; he knew the value, the place of the flowered, and heathered and hilled and watered world, and neither worshipped nor despised it, but loved it as a Creation. He knew the place of the world of men, without thought of Supermen and all the modern freedoms. He had the truth and because of it, he will survive the others.

Catholicity did not end with giving him truth, the poet's necessary ideals, but drew him far, far into the spiritual, beyond the necessitous spiritual; "Corona Crucis," "Jesu Cor," "Guardian Angels," "Te Martyrum Candidatus" are subjects of an ever recurring kind, peculiarly Catholic, peculiarly not in the modern spirit. They mark him Catholic, spiritual, even more than the truth of his philosophy; they make the Catholic element completely suffusive,

lingering in memory even in verse not especially dedicated to the highly spiritual subjects, nor pointed with some grave truth.

Johnson did not compass himself with poetry. Perhaps his attention was only half devoted to it, for his prose writings would amount to several volumes if gathered. Nor by quantity is the prose writing to be judged, for a high merit marks it, indeed, quite as indubitably as his poetry. The value set upon his prose is well shown in the varied appreciations of Johnson, as both poet and essayist; for, while some claim him as more the poet, others as decidedly claim him as an essayist, put his value as a prose writer above his success as a poet.

This side of his work was almost entirely essay—no novels, stories, plays. And while his essays were of a certain variety in character, they were nearly all of a critical character. In prose he was supremely a judge, not an essayist merely to play his wits, to linger over his fancies, nor a propagandist.

Most remarkable is his real critical faculty, a thing unusual even among admitted critics. And by this is not meant an *ability*; for many have an ability to distinguish and correctly appreciate; but rather is meant a turn of mind that practises on ability to judge. He has a poise that brings out his powers of appreciation. Johnson and others may know with the same perceptiveness the truth about a man, a movement, but it is especially Johnson's quality of mind that allows his no keener judgment to appear in more effective light. He clothes his decisions with the manner of a judge, impartial, unruffled, even generous in condemnation, not vaulting in praise. With most of the men of his day he was at variance in his ideas; he wrote about them but there was no air of prejudice, there was even a hopeful note that sought in his subject something to agree with.

It is this poise in his judgments that makes them most enjoyable, yet not most valuable. Value comes from a natural instinct to labor for truth, from an environment of scholarliness that demands precision, from natural perceptiveness, and from, as with the truth of his poetry, a Catholic experience. Ability to see and distinguish, and poise of mind to use it—these make him the critic.

There is a certain fine virtue in making great demands upon the great; it means a capacity for the appreciation of fine things, a real magnanimity. Unsated with poetry, it is filled with philoso-

phy, or yet quite empty it looks for stranger genius. Johnson had some such demands to make on the finer products of time, and evidenced it in his critical writing—many ages, many things, mysticism, philosophy, poetry, history, the Gaelic Revival, St. Francis. His interest was not in a few spheres; he had a largeness, not indeed comparable to a Michael Angelo's, but in his own day quite remarkable.

In the main these few notes might well characterize the prose writings of Johnson, this largeness of vision, the poise and perceptiveness of his judgment, and the overwhelming prominence of his critical mind.

Johnson is a sweet figure. Fragile, boyish-appearing even in maturity, sensitive, remote, he is quite unusual and beautiful. Small and slight, he was also delicate, even physically, was much removed from his fellows, forced by an inability for more vigorous things to country walks. Aloofness grew in this way natural to his character, and pronounced throughout his life, made his last years those of an utter recluse.

Into the byways about Winchester, he was sent from the too active company of the school, and as a certain aloofness resulted, so perhaps came his love for nature, for long rambles in Cornwall and Wales in later years, roads that flowered with his poetry.

Beautiful in that physical weakness, with such a sensitiveness and love of the open torn and developed from it, Johnson did not make his whole character of it. There is none of the hot house delicacy predominating him, only it tempers and sweetens a great strength. There is the gravity of the open places and the gentleness of solitude that gives a strong, and otherwise possibly harsh, judgment the moderation of profundity, the touch of gentleness.

Paradoxically enough these characteristics are much due to immediate contact with Winchester and later with Oxford. Separation from some of the occupations of the life at Winchester, gave solitude and a love of nature, the separation from the hurly-burly side of the life; but it was immediate contact with that life's other side that added to his spiritual nature. The memoried air of the place, atmosphere of scholarships, drew him with a great love to better things. Winchester, Oxford and the English byways, make, perhaps, the greatest influences on his character, make him the artist of simplicity, of nature, of reflection.

At Winchester he had been six years, years of considerable and purposeful development; he was then up to New College, Oxford, and a continuation of his earlier tendencies. It was in this period that he entered the Church and that his tendencies came to definition in a literary career. Shortly after in 1892, came his first publication of verse and the completion of his criticism, "The Art of Thomas Hardy." The latter's appearance in 1894 brought him immediate prominence and favor, a favor increased the next year by a volume "Poems."

He was now living in the center and soul of two great literary movements. A revolt against the materialism of the Victorian era developed the aesthetic renaissance under Wilde and Pater. Johnson was sympathetic, as was natural, as far as a revival of spiritual things went, but there was varying interpretation of the spiritual life, and that of Johnson was not that of Wilde nor that of Pater. The latter views of "art for art's sake," did not know, at least did not recognize, the philosophic truths about such things that were the basis of Johnson's thought.

There was the other renaissance of Celtic lore, led by Douglas Hyde and Yeats. To this, drawn by some uncertain kinship of thought, Johnson went with heart and soul. But for all good-will he remained to the last no part of it, only an outlander trying admittance, an Englishman attempting to reproduce the Irish poetry.

There were only a few years to this brilliant career; it ended with 1901, when, sick and tired, Johnson ceased to write, and went off from notice for a year. Recovered and returned, it was only for a day; an accident, a fracture of the skull, four days of unconsciousness, and he was done with life, on the fourth of October, 1902.

EDWARD D. REYNOLDS, A.B., '16

Before the Storm

AN outward calm lay on the sea,
A stillness filled the sandy shore;
The dark-red sun now warningly
Sinks low and soon is seen no more.
The waters wait in calm suspense
The winds that come from Northland, whence
Aeolus checks the blust'ring cloud
That stirs the waves with clashings loud,
And all the sea doth wait.

JOSEPH F. KERWIN, A.B., '16

To a Bashful Nephew



HAVE often thought to write you on a matter very pertinent to your social and business success, and above all to your very peace and joy in your daily intercourse with men. I speak of your bashfulness. Yet I have always hesitated, thinking, "to speak of it to him, if he is already strongly conscious of it, will only trouble him, and might even intensify his bashfulness;" or again, "I may be guilty of a false judgment, assigning to bashfulness what is really due to a youthful awkwardness or a reticent disposition; and so in making known my opinions, I might only emphasize his predicament." But I have watched you and weighed matters and decided that in truth you are bashful, and far from improving, and are in need of some words of advice and encouragement. Now, if the observations here to be set down incidentally cause you some discomfort of mind, blame it not on a desire to hurt but to help on the part of your well-meaning but clumsy old uncle.

When you dropped in on me one evening last month with three of your school friends who were going to stay with you that night, I was agreeably surprised to see how really charming you are when you let yourself be natural. You played my tuneless old piano, and played it well; you sang, chatted, told your share of jokes and witticisms and acted an altogether good-fellow. And with what results? You made the evening a success, endeared yourself to your friends and me, and set some pet hopes rallying in my bosom. For I saw that you had not quite let your bashfulness overmaster you.

But the other evening at Ballard's reception my fond hopes succumbed. Frankly, you seemed lost. You held yourself in the background and never opened your mouth except for the most necessary speech. And you were not more embarrassed than was your fond uncle. For he was in sympathy with you, and in addition suffered from the thought that you were not doing yourself justice. Now, for your conduct on that evening, of what shall we accuse you? We lay against you, first of all a charge of ingratitude

to your host. He invites you into his home, expecting in return for his cheer, the pleasure of your company; and you were anything but a genial companion. Then we charge you with sullenness and pride and self-conceit. I know you protest your innocence and I allow it. Yet you must concede that your appearance—your standing aloof, your silence, your refusal to enter into the common spirit of the occasion, your failure to talk, smile or laugh heartily—seems to point to some such guilt.

You thought that by doing as you did you would be inconspicuous. Why, I dare say you were among the most conspicuous in the gathering. Why? Because you, and some other unfortunates like you, were obviously "among us but not of us." Yes, and it was too bad; otherwise, we were such a jolly crowd. I don't mean that we felt oppressed by your haughty demeanor—not that, for we all know you—but we were pitying you, you were so obviously miserable; we were forced to pity you, you were so unwittingly insistent on being conspicuous. You see what a treacherous mode of action you have adopted, when it makes you stand out boldly before the eyes of all—just the opposite of what you desired and calculated to do.

Bashfulness comes from thinking too much about one's self. You are suspicious of the goodwill of those about you, or of the opinion they have of you. You are afraid of making a mistake. I don't ask you to be a village cut-up when in company—though I have known bashful people just this side of despair to resort to such a disguise in order to feel at ease. But I ask you to forget yourself, pay more attention to others, do them little services, become one of the crowd, flatter us by being one of us. Please don't make us pity you, standing apart, when you could be so pleasant at so little expense and so much profit—just by being natural.

So, Bob, take heart and a new resolution. For you make a good appearance, have wit and learning, and when you are yourself have winning manners; think less of yourself, take yourself for granted, as others will if you give them half a chance, and you will feel as much at home anywhere as does

Your Loving Uncle.

JAMES P. MOLLOY, A.B., '16

The Poetry of G. K. Chesterton



HAT various people think about Chesterton is almost as interesting as what Chesterton thinks about various people. What Chesterton thinks about Chesterton is perhaps more interesting than either (I have never happened upon Mr. Chesterton's views upon himself in any of his works, though it would be not at all surprising if such views were published somewhere). What Chesterton thinks about people is interesting because the people themselves may be interesting, and Chesterton, subjectively, always is; and what people think about Chesterton is interesting because the topic is still Chesterton, objectively. Chesterton, subjectively, reviewing Chesterton, objectively, an introspective phoenix in analysis of his essential ashes, could not be but doubly interesting. Most people, at least humble people, and some not humble, admire Chesterton because he makes his readers think and laugh. Now to make people think is pardonable enough, respectable even, so long as you do not make them think differently from other writers who profess to make people think, so long as you stick to beaten paths and reverence current creeds and set up no new idols in the market-place and leave the old gods unmolested in their hoary, cobwebbed attics of antiquity. But to make them think differently, to show them even that there are different things to think about and different ways of thinking about the same things, is a sin against the craft that brands one as a Samaritan, a publican in the temple, a Gentile without Israel. To make people laugh, too, may be even within the bounds of an easy respectability. But to make people both laugh and think is beyond the pale altogether, vulgarian and infidel; to write things that make people laugh and leave them undecided whether they ought to think or not, or even whether they ought to weep is—anathema, conduct unnamable.

One staid Britisher lately took occasion to warn us against Chesterton. He said, in substance, that Chesterton was a charlatan; a mere upstart journalist, a creature of Fleet Street, who had come to America a few years ago on the high tide of the enthusiasm for the muckrake and the strenuous life, and somehow gained

entree to our salons as a recognized and stable British man of letters, a counterfeit lord of literature; that, in reality (i. e., in the opinion of himself, and other people who counted) G. K. C. was a nobody; and as such, we ought to make haste to disillusion ourselves, and cast out the impostor. Perhaps the Bostonese paid heed; but for the most part, the vogue of Chesterton is still with us. The booksellers still keep his volumes upon their shelves, and his publishers have dared to hazard a new work or two since then.

Quite recently, in *The Metropolitan*, Mr. George Bernard Shaw, who rather prides himself upon his own iconoclastic powers, and his ability to be foul and still respectable, conducted an illustrated reprisal against Chesterton. The article for the most part was Shavian derision and acid badinage; we did not read to the end, but it is safe to assume that the general conclusion was that Chesterton's real consequence will arise from his having written of G. B. S. Mr. Shaw in some respects claims equality of station with Chesterton; he is said to make people think and laugh simultaneously. He does; they think, mostly, of George Bernard Shaw; and they laugh at him. The situation with Chesterton is not quite the same; they think about whatever Chesterton is thinking about; they laugh with him, and at—sometimes themselves. Which is not the same thing at all. To dismiss G. B. S. from this article, it is rather safe to say that he has not seriously damaged G. K. C. to any extent.

Other people have also appeared in print with opinions about Chesterton. Horace Bridges forsook Ethical Culture (or is it Psychological Research?), long enough to give him a chapter in his volume, "Criticisms of Life," in contrasting company with Francis Thompson and Ellen Key, and other immortals. Mr. Bridges complains of the too persistent use of paradox and its dangers. He reduces two or three of the Chestertonian paradoxes *ad absurdum* and detects a false ring. Such detection speaks well for Mr. Bridge's acumen; he is like the boy who works all the problems in a text-book of algebra in the hope of finding some that have a wrong answer given in the key. Certainly he encountered a terrific task in sifting the Chestertonian paradoxes. The mistake he makes, however, is taking Chesterton too seriously, a thing which G. K. C. himself does not, and does not intend his reader, of all people, to do.

Until recently, though, nobody thought of Chesterton as a poet. We were all acquainted with the essayist, who jabbed with a bold pen important ribs that knew security well-stayed by public opinion, or tickled with an irreverent feather respectable double chins that the white ruff of convention hitherto kept conveniently undisclosed. And we knew the incomprehensible Chesterton the novelist, whose characters were without parallel in or out of print. Chesterton the poet, however, was an unknown quantity. It is true, we read some of his poems, chapter preludes in his novels; many readers thought that the poems were set in to elucidate the story; and others said that he wrote the novels to have the poems printed. But four years ago, *The Ballad of the White Horse* appeared; later came a volume of poems, entitled *The Wild Knight*; and last year, unmistakably, appeared *Poems*. And those who followed these surprising volumes said that G. K. C. was a better poet than he was anything else.

In his poetry, we find the essayist and the novelist; the sage and the satirist, the irrepressible jester and the impossible romancer; but we come across a somewhat different Chesterton, a new character that perhaps is most properly called seer and poet. Sometimes the characters are not very plainly kept, as they are in his prose; they intermingle and grow confused. And in all the poems there is diffused a wide wealth of words and images, phrases that glow with color and a vivid life, that strike upon the mind like flashes and limn strange, brilliant, exotic pictures, some of which are unforgettable.

I have come forth alive from the land of purple and poison
and glamour,
Where the charm is strong as the torture, being chosen
to change the mind;
Torture of wordless dance and wineless feast without
clamour,
Palace hidden in palace, garden with garden behind;
Women veiled in the sun, or bare as brass in the shadows,
And the endless, eyeless pattern, where each thing
seems an eye. . . .

This, from "The Crusader Returns from Captivity" is a Chesterton we never met before in the essay or novel.

But the old Chesterton crops out sometimes; we find him here, in "The Revolutionist; Or Lines to a Statesman," dedicated to the Right Honorable Walter Long, and subheaded by the quotation, "I was never standing by while a revolution was going on"—from that gentleman's speech.

When Death was on thy drums, Democracy,
 And with one rush of slaves the world was free,
 In that high dawn that Kings shall not forget,
 A void there was, and Walter was not yet.
 Though sacked Versailles, at Valmy in the fray,
 They did without him in some kind of way;
 Red Christendom all Walterless they cross,
 And in their fury hardly feel their loss
 Fades the Republic; faint as Roland's horn,
 Her trumpets taunt us with a sacred scorn
 Then silence fell; and Mr. Long was born.

And again we come upon him, crazily irresponsible, flippant and whimsically bizarre in various instances, a glorified humorist in the following "Ballade of Suicide":

The gallows in my garden, people say,
 Is new and neat and adequately tall.
 I tie the noose on in a knowing way
 As one that knots his necktie for a ball;
 But just as all the neighbors—on the wall—
 Are drawing a long breath to shout "Hurray!"
 The strangest whim has seized me After all
 I think I will not hang myself today.

To-morrow is the day I get my pay—
 My uncle's sword is hanging in the hall—
 I see a little cloud all pink and grey—
 Perhaps the rector's mother will *not* call—
 I fancy that I heard from Mr. Gall
 That mushrooms could be cooked another way—
 I never read the work of Juvenal—
 I think I will not hang myself to-day.

Many in this vein are frankly journalistic, with a style and touch of irony that recalls phases of Kipling. But they are not always light and trivial; many of them, dealing with social problems, government, morals, current topics, are severe and drastic

in scorn and denunciation, a mighty voice of protest from a spectator on the sidelines, watching with secret sight the puzzling game and strife of life and men and things.

Perhaps the most glorious, at least the most inspiring reincarnation in verse of a previously known Chesterton, is found in "The Ballad of the White Horse," where we meet the romancer again as balladist, a minstrel in print. "The Ballad of the White Horse" is really a series of ballads about Alfred, a collection of the traditional tales that have clustered about this greatest of Anglo-Saxon Kings. The author claims no historical credence for them; he says they are legends and nothing more, and in a characteristic preface he extols the legend, whose chief value it is

. . . to mix up the centuries while preserving the sentiment; to see all ages in a sort of splendid foreshortening. That is the use of tradition; it telescopes history.

The incidents treated in the first ballad is a supposed vision of Alfred. Defeated, his forces broken and scattered, his kingdom gone, Alfred lies in the deep grass, while the Danes are landing on his coast, and Our Lady appears to him, and tells him to fight on. The ruined King with a great joy in his heart hastens to obey. In the second ballad, he goes out among his onetime subjects, Saxon thane, and Roman, and Gael, and in the name of Our Lady enlists them and their men once more. In the next ballad, while roaming in the woods at twilight, he comes into the camp of the Danes, where they sit with their minstrels. And Alfred, taking his harp, sings them a song of Christianity, of the beauty of defeat, the worth of death and suffering and womanish virtue, the worthlessness of their lusting and ravage:

Our monks go robed in rain and snow
But the heart of flame therein,
But you go clothed in feasts and flames
When all is ice within;

It is a glorious song, and at its end

. . . the King, with harp on shoulder,
Stood up and ceased his song;
And the owls moaned from the mighty trees
And the Danes laughed loud and long.

Then comes the legend that every child knows, the story of the

burnt cakes: how on the morning of the muster of his men, at Egbert's Stone, the King stops at a wayside hut where a woman is baking; touched at his condition, she tells him that he may have a cake if he earn it by watching the batch while it bakes; and Alfred, his mind upon his troubles, lets the precious loaves burn, and the angry dame strikes him with a hot one just as his men come up and find him. The next three parts deal with battle against the Danes at Ethandune; the first with the death of Eldred, the Saxon; the second with the fall of Colan, the Gael, and the last with the triumph of Alfred and the regaining of his kingdom. There is a last ballad that is an epilogue.

There is a dedication of some length to the author's wife, in which he states his purpose of chronicling the almost forgotten traditions of England, the forgotten England whose records

Seem like tales a whole tribe feigns,
Too English to be true.

There are some wonderful passages of description throughout the whole piece, especially in the first ballad. In the description of the White Horse, the valley in Berkshire that is the scene of the legends, occur these two memorable stanzas:

And men rode out of the eastern lands,
Broad river and burning plain;
Trees that are Titian flowers to see,
And tiger skies, striped horribly,
With tints of tropic rain.

Where Ind's enamelled peaks arise
Around that inmost one,
Where ancient eagles at its brink,
Vast as archangels, gather and drink
The sacrament of the sun.

It seems safe to predict permanence for this ballad. Aside from its undeniable literary value, it would most certainly be a stimulant in any modern history class. An elementary student for whom poetry held no interest whatsoever, who knew nothing of meter or rhyme or poetic expression, would read it with a devouring interest equal to that of any current novel.

It is rather notable, too, in the ballad, that the words are almost without exception short and of Saxon origin, giving the whole work a thoroughly English atmosphere.

There are some ballads in the other books. "Lepanto" and "The Ballad of the Battle of Gibeon" are both strong, vigorous pieces, with a high lyric strain that grips the reader from the opening lines.

The poems of the new Chesterton, though, the Chesterton, as I said above, who is properly the poet or seer, are perhaps the most interesting. There is in so many of them a strain of high madness, a glorious insanity—the *insania* of the ancients—a mood of wrapt intensity and abstraction. The style, the diction reflects the mood; words are less vivid, less colored and vibrant, more subdued, and something stern and classic creeps into the form. Some of these other poems are reminiscent somehow of Mrs. Meynell. But whereas Mrs. Meynell's verses suggest pale whites, scents of heliotrope, and the locale of an English garden at morning, Chesterton recalls the dead white of old altars, lingering incense, and dusky vaults and the still gloom of Cathedral sanctuaries at dawn. Mrs. Meynell's are essentially feminine, permeated with a delicate femininity, but Chesterton of this new character is masculine, with a masculinity that is sacerdotal. To illustrate this quality out of any one poem is quite impossible; but a glimmer of it may be had from the prelude to "The Wild Knight," a fantastic little morality play, with elemental characters put forth in modern guise, the whole in an eery setting.

. . . I hear the crumbling creeds
 Like cliffs washed down by water, change, and pass;
 I hear a noise of words, age after age,
 A new cold wind that blows across the plains,
 And all the shrines stand empty; and to me
 All these are nothing; priests and schools may doubt
 Who never believed; but I have loved. . . .
 All! all! I know Him, for I love Him. Go!

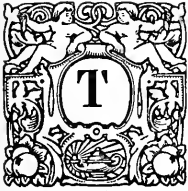
So, with wan grasses on my spear,
 I ride forever, seeking after God.
 My hair grows whiter than my thistle plume,
 And all my limbs are loose; but in my eyes
 The star of an unconquerable praise:
 For in my soul one hope for ever sings,
 That at the next white corner of a road
 My eyes may look on Him. . . .

This is one instance of the new Chesterton, the Chesterton that I have chosen to call the poet proper. Many of the poems in this vein are staid and cold, some obscure, and some, that he explains as juvenile, are immature. But if he perseveres in more poems of this character, we may expect great things; a note as distinct in modern poetry as Thompson left.

In conclusion, then—the poetry of Chesterton contains all that the prose of Chesterton contains, all and more. It has a better Chesterton in it, a timeless note that may make the “journalist” and controversialist a true superman, to use that jaded appellation, of his period of literature.

LEO E. MCGIVENA, A.B., '16

Polish Drama



O the cultured generality, in particular to the English speaking world, little is known of Poland's history and literature, although the progress of her civilization was akin to that of the Western countries. This lack of interest may be due to several causes: Western Europe seldom came in contact with Poland, since the chief centers of education, to which the Poles themselves traveled, were in Italy, France, England and Germany. The years immediately following the Golden Age of Poland's literature were years of almost complete inactivity as far as literature is concerned; finally the difference in the languages was not a slight preventive in bringing about the necessary acquaintance with the culture of Poland. It is in the last century, after the fatal dismemberment, that the literature of that country reached its height; but suppression by hostile powers prevented it from assuming such an extent as might have been desired. Still, the emigration and travels of literary men themselves, owing to unfavorable conditions in the mother-country, gave rise to a wider publicity of Polish literature in foreign countries. In very recent times there are indications of an awakening interest in the affairs of Poland; yet it is doubtful whether Polish literature will ever become very popular among Protestant nations, because it is imbued with Catholic ideals and principles.

The beginning of the Polish drama, however, as in all Europe, may be attributed to dialogues presented under the auspices of the religious orders. Some claim that scenic plays and school dialogues were unknown in Poland before the Jesuits, whom Cardinal Stanislaus Hozyusz, president of the Council of Trent, and at one time candidate for Pope and privy councillor to Pope Gregory XIII brought into Poland in the middle of the sixteenth century to check the spread of Protestantism. This cardinal founded for the Jesuits, in his own bishopric, their first institution in Poland—the college of Braunsberge. Other authorities state that as early as 1500 spectacles were presented by the Dominicans in Cracow, who left a dialogue representing the Passion of Christ. It is divided into one hundred

and eight scenes, presented during the interval of four days in a theatre built specially for this purpose, and was preceded by a year's preparation.

The only dramatic work of the sixteenth century worthy of mention as a piece of literary art is the "Dispatch of the Grecian Envoys" (1577), by John Kochanowski. Its sources are taken from the Iliad, and the unity of time, place and action is well observed, as in the Greek drama. This play marks the beginning of the Polish tragedy, which, however, was not continued for a long time. In spite of some mistakes, imitations and the hurry with which it was written, it gives evidence of the classic education then prevalent in Poland. Some of the Polish critics say of this play, that, by the fitness of its diction in representing the Grecian times and by the grandeur of its tone, the author surpassed Calderon and Shakespeare. Kochanowski was the greatest Polish poet before Mickiewicz, who appeared in the nineteenth century. Thus there was only one attempt at drama during the Golden Age of Polish literature, while in England Shakespeare was writing his immortal plays, in Italy literature was passing through a second epoch of glory, and in France it was constantly developing.

This early non-development of Polish drama, tragedy in particular, may be ascribed to three main reasons. Shakespeare needed terrifying ghosts, he had to present gruesome crime and conduct across the stage the dead smeared with blood, in order to excite his cold nation to pity and horror; in Poland it was enough to present the breaking of the matrimonial bonds between Barbara and King Sigismund to excite the audience to tears. This was not effeminacy, but an inborn mildness of Slavic character; for Slavic literature differed from the rest of the north in its mildness. This may explain why comedy was first to be acted, although tragedy was the first to be written. Again, the splendor of the court, the conventions of the diet, the pomp of the Polish lords and the constant participation of the people in public events, never had shown to the Polish people the need of this noble entertainment. Lastly, during the Golden Age of Polish literature, writing was devoted to other branches, especially to political and religious controversy.

In the seventeenth century all writing was done carelessly. Political and religious differences of the previous century were satisfactorily settled; both the nobility and the clergy were now satisfied

with the existing state of things. The former had a constitution which in their opinion was absolutely perfect; the latter succeeded in checking the wave of the Protestant Reformation and restoring almost completely the original unity of the Church, which was accomplished without the aid of civil wars that were caused in other countries. The easy contentment that followed, caused the decline of literature in the seventeenth century. In drama, there are some comedies containing figures, types, sometimes incidents taken from domestic life and drawn not without a certain distinctness, occasionally even humor and wit; as is evident, there was material for a real Polish comedy; but the untrained author could not form out of this material anything regular and original. Notable of this period, however, is Morsztyn's translation of Corneille's tragedy "Le Cid," which appeared in the last half of the seventeenth century and opened the way for the influence of the French on the Polish literature.

The next period (1697-1763) accomplished little for Polish literature. The native government had become corrupt and inefficient, and the political death of the Polish state was already foreshadowed. There were only a few dramatic writers and their work was of little importance.

With the election of the last king of Poland, Stanislaus Augustus Poniatowski, a general awakening ensued. Under him literature became more active, and is still active at present. The theatre too, begins to develop and in this respect Pontiakowski deserves praise. Before him there was no established public theatre, except temporarily at the court, or at the home of some noble. Shortly after his accession to the throne, he undertook to organize a theatre, and at his own expense built a playhouse in Warsaw. His patronage was not without results. Comedies of greater value began to appear in greater number, till, with the appearance of Zablocki, Polish comedy, entered upon the way of true progress. Foreign plays, translated and altered, made the Poles acquainted with the theatre abroad and influenced their playwrights. Actors were educated and, under the constant and skilful direction of Boguslawski, the theatre became good in view of the requirements and tastes of those times. Of tragedies, however, not one makes appearance during this period.

Politically, the reign of the last king was marked by a con-

tinued struggle between the new party, which sought reform, and the old, blinded by its attachment to the old ideals. Through the industry of the king and of the patriotic party, a new Constitution was formed, known as the Constitution of the Third of May, receiving its name from the day on which it was proclaimed (May third, 1791). But the Poles were not to enjoy the new rule very long; a second partition followed and a third after the fall of Kosciuszko.

The nation was stunned by the last partition and the first few years resulted in deep silence and inactivity. The writers gave vent in their compositions to the deep sorrow and affliction that tormented them. Close intimacy with France makes the influence of the latter on Polish literature quite noticeable. At first, the tragedians seek to create a distinctively Polish tragedy, but they write exactly like the French. The subject is taken from Polish history, the emotions and characters are heroic; yet all are general and stereotyped, all similar to one another. Still, this drama was needful because, strictly speaking, it was not to be found in Poland before.

We are now entering upon the most brilliant age (1822-1850) of Polish literature—"the age of Mickiewicz," the greatest poet of Poland. Together with two of his contemporaries, Slowacki and Krasinski, he forms the peerless trio of Poland's greatest poets. By many he is compared with Homer and Dante, the most famous of the epic poets. Of the other two, Slowacki is said to have had of all the Polish poets the greatest ability in dramatic composition. He is frequently called the Polish Shakespeare. His tragedies stand today at the head of Polish dramatic poetry; they are marked by a wealth of imagination, grace and richness of diction and style. Krasinski was not, perhaps, so fortunate in dramatic writing, yet his importance is not inconsiderable. His style possesses strength, dignity and majesty; in content, however, his drama is one of political and moral principles and questions.

There are two other dramatic writers of this period that are worthy of mention. Joseph Korzeniowski, a relative of Joseph Conrad, the prominent English novelist of today, wrote many tragedies and comedies during the beginning of his literary career, but later devoted himself to novels. Alexander Fredro, the Moliere of Poland, was the best writer of comedies in Poland. Although trained on Moliere's models, Fredro preserved a complete original-

ity and a distinct Polish character. The world and life of his comedies are Polish; their figures are essentially Polish, and could not have been created by a foreigner. Fredro had the power of creating living characters, true types of human nature; his action is always live and interesting, his diction is pure and perfect, the rhythm is easy and graceful, the dialogue is free and natural, the style is individual, energetic, brisk and brilliant. He enriched Polish literature with one new division, which before gave little or no signs of life, and placed it on a high level; he gave to the Poles a comedy strictly their own, artistically eminent, morally sound.

A characteristic note of the literature of the following period is an unusual tendency to drama. The condition of the stage of that period, extending to our own time, is excellent. The theatre flourishes and a great number of dramatic writers make their appearance.

Naturally, it was expected that in the near future there would come a powerful talent which would create a great Polish drama; this was almost felt in the air and all awaited with eagerness a Siekiewicz—playwright. It was thought for a while that this talent appeared in Stanislaus Wyspianski (who died in 1907), the most able poet since the peerless trio. His talent was unquestionably great and his dramas will live; but there are found in them allegories and symbols that are often abused and exaggerated. His fame, however, is established, and it is unfortunate that he died at the early age of thirty-eight.

Such is the condition of the Polish drama. During the last century, in spite of heavy adversities, Polish drama as well as all Polish literature, not only did not fall, but grew and flourished. Integrity and nobility of soul were the true qualities of Polish literature in all its periods. The law of God, duty towards our neighbor, duty to the mother-country and to society, were ever the themes of Polish literature in general. Lately some writing has been scandalous, morally erroneous and bad, but this is regarded only as an exception of short duration. It is sincerely hoped, now more than ever, that Polish literature may some day flourish unhampered and under more favorable conditions.

STANISLAUS G. RUDZIEWICZ, A.B., '16

A Victorious Essayist



ERE popularity the sole criterion of intellectual worth, the essays of Farrell would have little value; fortunately, however, popularity is a very unreliable standard for critical judgment. It is true that a really intellectual production will occasionally meet with general favor, but usually popularity is rather an indication of a lack of worth. The average reader of today reads voluminously and superficially. Whatever mental pabulum he absorbs must be taken in rapidly, with almost no consideration or reflection. The driving spirit of haste in this twentieth century affects not only our business affairs, but our entire lives, entering even our reading. The magazines, periodicals and newspapers in recognition of this fact have been adapted to the requirements of the times; their editorials and articles are written in a manner intended to appeal to the hasty reader. Deep, solid thought and careful perusal are out of the question, because the twentieth century reader has no time to read carefully or think much. Attractive, superficial presentation is demanded, and the writer, willingly or unwillingly, is forced to accommodate his style and matter accordingly. We should be asking far too much of the ordinary reader of the present to expect him to find pleasure in the scholarly writing of a Victorian recluse, to follow the ramblings of an "intellectual vagabond," who is wont to stray from the beaten paths that border the "dusty highway of thought" and to penetrate the hedgerows of convention for the green fields of cultured leisure beyond; or to expect him to accompany frequent digressions of a mind that refuses to be restricted to commonplace methods in the treatment of a subject or in the exposition of his personal views. It is little wonder that these essays have almost no popular appeal.

In these essays there is such a profuse manifestation of erudition and insight that the leisurely careful reader will find them altogether charming. Perhaps the most outstanding feature of Farrell is his truly remarkable acquaintance of man's character. He does not parade himself as an infallible judge of character, for he knows that "we cannot know except with more or less conjectural

probability a man's motives," yet, who shall say that he judges wrongly in the following:

You meet a man who dislikes work, who takes things easily, whom you would be inclined to call lazy; and yet, on occasion, you find him doing what he has to do with the restless energy of a steam engine. "Inconsistent," you say. Not so, but he is a miracle of indolence, and he is so indolent that when he has anything to do, it is necessary to his comfort to get done with it as quickly as possible in order that he may get back to the beatitude of having nothing to do.

Space and appropriateness forbid copious quotation. However, we think that the passage given, will illustrate well the author's insight into man's character. If we are unable, at first, to explain whence he has derived so keen and intimate a knowledge of human character, when we have gone through the entire set of essays the source of his knowledge no longer puzzles us. There is, to be sure, a degree of knowledge of man's character possible to a man by reason of his intercourse with his fellows, but that exhibited by Farrell can result only from an unusual insight.

Few writers have we met in the course of our reading, who manifest so wide and deep a knowledge of books, as Farrell. To be sure, he does not parade himself as a wonderfully well-read man (he is too learned for that). He does not tell us his favorite authors, for he realizes that they give too intimate an insight into one's character; but throughout the whole work we see references showing his knowledge of the world's greatest literary lights.

Pope, Addison, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Dante, Elia, Tennyson, Browning, to mention only a few, all share in his admiration. It is pleasant to observe that the good-natured Sir Roger De Coverly is especially agreeable to him; and yet, as he truly says, very few there are who could "pass a competitive examination" in the personal characteristics of Sir Roger. It is true that the passage of time may have diminished somewhat our interest in the affairs of that period, but the jovial, kindly picturesque old knight is as lovable as ever.

Farrell reminds us strongly of Addison. Not in style, for Addison's is very simple and much more graceful than Farrell's, but in

the tone and purpose of the essays. Politeness is one of the chief characteristics of Addison's essays. In Farrell's work it is also a prominent characteristic. You do not find him rudely condemning the opinions of others simply because they are at variance with his own. He is too much of a gentleman for that. Of course, when there is question of truth he is not slow to uphold it or condemn those who are in error. The seriousness of Farrell is much more marked than that of Addison. Instances are not wanting of the author's wit, but, strange to say, we can scarcely find a trace of humor.

The essays, too, are not without the didactic purpose. It is not the open didacticism, which is often very offensive, but that kind which is found in a literary man, who is at the same time solicitous about the salvation of souls. The advances of science, "the discoveries tending to shake man's faith in God, man's conceit in his knowledge, all this filled man's mind and conspired to turn mankind toward the purely material and away from God." The author would expose these evil tendencies, because of their effect on the spiritual welfare of man.

Man's conceit in his knowledge very naturally had an effect on the culture of the times. Knowledge, especially the knowledge of books, became the real criterion of culture. To profess ignorance with respect to anything at all was highly uncultured and not to have read the articles in the current magazines was unpardonable. In decrying this notion of culture the didactic purpose of Farrell's work is particularly evident. Culture which consists in mere knowledge of books is not culture; for him "morality is the real wand of culture."

If we are impressed by the keen knowledge of human nature contained in these essays, we are not less impressed by the man's love of nature. It is a love which he has carried with him from childhood, a love that the trials of life have not cooled. His recollections of his boyhood show even at that early period of life how dearly he loved the trees, the flowers, the company of birds in their native haunts and the beauty of the landscape. The passage of years served only to increase this love. To him it is the greatest of pleasure to ramble, in the springtime, through the woods and meadows to hear the murmuring brook, the twitter of the birds and drink in the delights of nature in her most glorious period.

But he does not merely see the beauty of nature; he sees in all these wonderful manifestations, the glory and bounty of God. We do not find him condemning openly the man who is too deeply engrossed in the affairs of the world to give much of his time to the appreciation of the beauty in nature. Rather, he is inclined to pity him. "The man who has no music in his soul" Farrell finds very exasperating and not particularly delightful company.

Farrell is essentially a Victorian, but in some respects he is apart from his age. In a period of such tremendous material development, of oscillating standards of life and literature, of morality even, when religion and culture were endangered time and time again by the assault of yandal creeds and strange fallacies, Farrell is a decided influence for good. But he is not a figure on the broad highway of Victorian notables; he is a quiet householder, dwelling in a literary byway, rather than a boulevardier in the popular view. And to such as like quiet gardens and shadowed paths, serene thinking and quiet reflection, Farrell will always be welcome, a notable, though never a brilliant figure.

DANIEL F. CUNNINGHAM, A.B., '16



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IT IS frequently said that a large city is the most auspicious place to bury one's self alive. Until recently this expression had become almost axiomatic within the ranks of the Alumni Association.

Students while in the classroom have common interests and a single thought, but after their graduation their interests become so diversified that their association, even casual, ceases. It is then

Loyola

Alumni

Association

that there must be some force, some active element connected with the Alma Mater to hold the friends of yesterday. An alumni association is supposed to be that medium. You hear much of the activities of the alumni associations of various institutions. You

are particularly impressed with their activities and seek the why and wherefor of their success. You will find that they have an active

organization; that they are always doing things, and that their members are constantly called to participate in their social and educational undertakings. Many of them are not hampered by a location of a large city like Chicago.

That Loyola Alumni Association has the material for a splendid organization cannot be denied. On the lists will be found names of six hundred active members, men prominent in professional, religious and civic life. The erroneous idea that only graduates of the various departments of the University are eligible to membership in the Association is responsible for many former students not joining. Loyola never forsakes her students, nor relinquishes her claim to them, once they have registered and have come within her jurisdiction. Hence all former students are eligible members of the Association.

The executive committee is now well organized. It will be increased at its next meeting by the addition of a member from each class who will act as captain in rounding up his classmates for all future affairs. Too much credit cannot be given this committee for the work which it has already done. Its first year's program was a success. The musicale of December fifth deserved the favorable comments of all members present, as it was a function of exceptional merit. As the Association is always interested in its own, the appointment of Reverend John B. Furay, S. J., as President of Loyola University was seized upon as a fitting occasion to extend to Father Furay a public reception under the auspices of the Alumni. March fourth was the date of the annual election of officers. It was an informal meeting interspersed with efforts by the home talent of the Association, and a special moving-picture show. The annual banquet of May sixteenth was the finale of the year's program and it, like the preceding functions, was voted a success.

It has been suggested at the committee-meeting that a program for the ensuing year be perfected, comprising two public functions and two for the members only. This program will be both social and educational and worthy of the dignity of our Alma Mater.

It is the fond hope of the executive committee that at the end of next year's program the members of the Association will know one another and once again renew the happy friendships of college days.

PAYTON J. TUOHY, A.B., '05

President, Loyola Alumni Association

AS AN editor, I dodged the Editorial column as consistently as the average citizen dodges jury duty. As an alumnus, I am invited to contribute to the Alumni-Senior Number of all things in the world—an editorial. Time always has its revenge.

The tradition of the old *Collegian* has developed into the dignified make-up and increased bulk of that *Atlantic Monthly* of college journals, LOYOLA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE. We of **The Alumnus and Literature** *The Collegian* have been proud as we watched its growth. The tradition of its writers has been ever much the same—lightness of touch, brightness of matter, Chicago breeze combined with literary good-breeding. The editors have not been afraid to smile, sometimes to laugh; and though, like all college men, they have burned occasional midnight incense to Poe, gore had never long supplanted glee; nor murder, mirth. And of that too we are glad.

But where go the editors once the diploma has been deciphered, and the editorial quill passed on to other hands? Their figures, of a sudden, cease to stand out against the clear light of the literary horizon. The lightness and brightness, the breeze and good-breeding, which they had cultivated through college days, are laid aside with "the facile pen" and the tinkling typewriter. They seem suddenly to lose their enthusiasm to see their names in print. Their careers as writers are bound up within the narrow compass of a college course. Why?

Literature, I believe, can be either a vocation or an avocation. As a vocation, it is open to a few, a rare and priceless few, who unlike poets, are not only born but paid. As an avocation, it should last with every college editor long after he has mounted the judiciary bench, performed his master operation, or welded his chain of banks into a circle of gold and steel. Literature in any form is the recreation of a cultured gentleman. Producing literature is the highest intellectual joy an educated man can know.

I take it for granted that the man who could, if he dared, sign himself with an A. B., and who has learned the thrill of production on the staff of his college paper, has too much good sense to squander all his time and eyesight on the cinema and the current magazines. I take it for granted, too, that he does not purposely allow his intellectual life to be cluttered with moss-grown ruins of literary structures reared during college days. I am speaking of the man who

strives to keep abreast with the thought of his time, to cling to the best literature of the past, to skim the cream of the present; not of the man whose "A. B., 1—" means "Abandoned Books, in that fatal year."

To such a man, the writing done in his college years should be but a brief preface to the work of his maturity. During those years, perhaps, he has developed his instinct for poetry; but his personal experience, his emotional nature have not been sufficiently adult to give lasting value to his thought. Why lay aside his perfected form when thought is reaching its highest level, and experience has just begun to vivify his instinctive surmises with the intensity of reality? For years at college, he practises his critical faculties, sometimes wrongly, yet ever drawing nearer to an appreciation of literary values. But before his power of discernment has attained its full development, he steps down from his editorial chair. Why, when time has just begun to season his sense of literary truth and beauty, should he let the tremendous tide of contemporaneous literature sweep by, unnoted and unappraised? The man who at college has worked hard at fiction is hampered by ignorance of life and by lack of character discernment. His style may be fresh and telling; but his knowledge is indefinite and his grasp on life insecure. A fuller manhood brings the very qualities the fiction of his salad-days lacked—a sure knowledge of men and things, the power of adjudging character. Blessed the man who has upon his desk a half-written novel! Though it never pass from typewriting to print, it is a child to be loved, a dream to be spun through blissful hours, life of his life, and soul of his soul.

And now that Catholic literature is growing in power and volume, the alumnus can feel very sure of his ground. His whole college training has fitted him for a very definite work. Literature is gradually falling into two schools, the school that is non-Christian, and the school that is Catholic in thought and principle. Between the two, there is no question of choice for the Catholic college man. His religion is not going to be a drag, but a positive asset in his literary career. The man who makes an emphatic impression in the literary world today is the man with a propaganda. It may be Socialism, like Wells; or the new morality, like Shaw; or Catholicity, like Chesterton. But there is room for an army of Chestertons.

The work of his idle moments will not lie in his desk until the ink fades and the paper grows yellow. Catholic editors are clamoring for his work. Catholic publishers are scanning the horizon with high-power binoculars for young Catholics who have education, and literary enthusiasm, and a mastery of style. Non-Catholic publishers no longer shy at the thought of publishing Catholic books—because it is worth their while. Harry Harlands are not born every day; but today a Harry Harland enters this world sure of his daily bread—and his daily cake if he likes cake. Joyce Kilmers and T. A. Dalys are at present rare; but if Catholic college men were to continue their writing after their college days, their clan would be the most powerful in America. In England, educated Catholics command in every branch of literature. It remains for the Catholic college man to do the same in our own land.

Don't, college man, allow your pen and your wits to dry! Don't clamp the cover on your typewriter once you join the Alumni Association! Make writing your hobby, your recreation. It is the surest way of keeping your brain alive and healthy. And the Church of today, not less than the Church of tomorrow, holds out appealing arms to the sons she has reared with more than a mother's care.

DANIEL A. LORD, S.J., A.B., '09

IT IS seven years since the last Senior Issue of the old *Collegian* made its appearance at St. Ignatius College. Making the last issue of the year a Senior number did not persevere, however, and aside from a special Law number, issued in May for two years, there have been no special numbers of LOYOLA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE. So the present staff begs to present this special number, devoted to the Senior class of the College of Arts and Sciences, and to the Alumni.

Senior We hope that this special issue will be kept in
Arts-Alumni succeeding years. It is a last chance for the gradu-
Number ate to appear in print, to give evidence of the ability
that has been developed in him after his eight years
at College. And the special number also takes the place of a year
book, and will in time become a valued reminder, not only to men
in the class, but to the whole school as well, of fellows who had

their day and passed, who played a part here at St. Ignatius and then gave place to others, and left as their only memorial other than their accomplishments this special number.

The Alumni, too, deserve an especial notice once in a while. Loyola's Alumni are one of her proudest and worthiest features, yet they are not exempt from her reticence. And a little participation by the Alumni in some of the affairs of the various schools would bring them much closer to the student-body.

The Alumni representation in this issue is limited to two articles: one by Mr. Daniel Lord, S.J., A.B., '09, and the other by Mr. Payton J. Tuohy, A.B., '05. Mr. Lord was one of the ablest editors the old *Collegian* had, and was widely known for his versatility and success in all scholastic activities. He is at present in the School of Divinity of St. Louis University. His frequent contributions to *America*, *Catholic World*, and *Queen's Work*, are gaining for him the literary reputation he enjoyed at College. Of Mr. Tuohy little needs to be said. He is perhaps better known to the student-bodies of the University than any other Alumnus, Alumni members of the Faculty alone excepted. For five years he taught at St. Ignatius, previous to his taking up the practice of law. And of late years he has been a prominent member of the Law Faculty and the "patron saint" of every Freshman Law class. As President of the Alumni, he has been responsible for the new progressive policy of social activity, and has successfully directed the brilliant Musicale, the Public Reception, and the "best" banquet the Alumni ever had. Loyola and Mr. Tuohy are inseparable in mention.

On account of the brief time in which it was necessary to prepare this issue for press, other Alumni contributions could not be secured, but in future Alumni numbers we hope to have a general participation by more of the "old boys."

The Staff The Editor takes this occasion to thank the members of the Staff for their untiring support of the past year. We believe that the MAGAZINE has had a year of unusual success. In both appearance and content we believe that it well equals the volumes of any other year, and that it has been a representative student publication Loyola has every reason to be proud of.

To the Business Managers, Mr. Eugene Zahringer, '18, and Mr.

Walter Harks, '18, too much credit cannot be given for their work in the thankless and inglorious routine connected with the advertising and circulation. The Department Editors, too, merit special praise. Separated as they are from the MAGAZINE in the other schools of the University, they have done praiseworthy work in recording the activities of the graduate schools.

Announcement should have been made in the last number of the appointment of Mr. Cyril Corbett, A.B., '18, to the Staff. Through an oversight his name was omitted in the list of Editors. Mr. Corbett qualified for an editorship by submitting within the term two major pieces.

LEO E. MCGIVENA, A.B., '16

Alumni

THE attention of the Alumni is called to the Alumni Contributions in this issue, one by Mr. Daniel A. Lord, S.J., A.B., '09, and the other by Mr. Payton J. Tuohy, A.B., '05. They are to be found in the Editorial Columns.

On the night of the sixteenth of May, some one hundred and thirty of the Alumni congregated in the lobby of the great ball-Banquet room at the LaSalle for the annual Banquet of the Association.

At seven the members took their places, and a blessing was asked by Reverend John B. Furay, S.J., the President of the University. While the dinner was in progress, Messrs. Gleason, Loftus and Gleason, of the Law School, entertained the assembly with several of their own original comic specialties, and Mr. Joseph Bigane, Commercial, '13, gave two vocal solos.

The formal speaking of the evening was opened by the Toastmaster and President of the Association, Mr. Payton J. Tuohy, A.B., '05, who gave a brief address of welcome and reviewed the work of the Alumni for the past year.

He then introduced Mr. Leo E. McGivena, A.B., '16, who represented the graduating class of the Arts department. Mr. McGivena spoke upon the advantage of closer, personal connection between the Alumni and the student-body, and asked the coöperation of the Alumni in securing the proper publicity for the University.

He was followed by Mr. Aloysius F. Gorman, Senator for the Eleventh District, Illinois, who represented the Law school. Mr. Gorman took as his subject, "Loyola Law School," and in a brief speech, notable for its simplicity, directness and sincerity, voiced his appreciation of the School.

I am proud to be of the class of 1916. It has never been my privilege to be associated with a group of men in whom the spirit of fraternity was more pronounced or the bond of good-fellowship more evident. In my three years' connection with this class I have never heard an unkind word spoken, an act performed that was not in harmony with the true fraternal spirit; and the spirit of the class of 1916 is the spirit that pervades the Law School.

He also expressed the thanks of his class to the whole Law Faculty, to Mr. Arnold D. McMahon, the Dean, in particular.

Dr. Edward L. Moorhead, M.D., representing the medical branches of the University, was the next speaker. His subject was "Recent Advances in Medical Education." Dr. Moorhead, after some deprecation of his ability as a public speaker, gave a very instructive talk upon the gradual changes for the better in medical education. He showed how, from the two-year course of the proprietary medical school in this country, the course of train-

ing for the physician has been broadened and made inclusive of the new sciences that have played such an important part in the treatment of human ills; he depicted the constant standardization of requirements and methods that has resulted in the five-year course of the modern medical school. In closing, Dr. Moorhead dwelt upon the necessity of thorough preparatory education:

What should be your attitude, as educated men, in this matter? You know from your own experience that the education you received in college made you broader, fuller, and more competent to take up your future work in one of the professions or in the world of business. My own advice to the young man of today who thinks of taking up the study of medicine is to complete first your college course. Learn to think, to reason for yourself! Build well first the foundation, that the superstructure may be able to rise higher and higher, and your work will be well done!

Next in order was the Honorable Leo J. Doyle, elected very recently a Judge of the Municipal Court. Judge Doyle's speech would be worth publishing in full—if we had it. But two calls by telephone, one conference with his Honor's bailiff and another with his clerk (to say nothing of a personal visit to Maxwell Street Court, to find his Honor pro temp. adjourned) did not bring forth the desired copy, so his Honor will have to take our version of it, and blame himself alone if we credit him with saying what he did not say and neglect to credit him with what we should. Judge Doyle said that he had been asked to speak upon "The Advantages of a Classical Education," but that he had been so busy as to be unable to give the subject much preparation, and had taken his matter from real life. The first advantage that occurred to him, he said, was that the man with classical education was not compelled to go on strike, get arrested, and be fined in his court by himself. That was a very obvious advantage. And the second was that the man with the classical education was spared the necessity of buying the new edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, that represented four thousand one hundred and sixty dollars of education as procured by the average student at Yale. His Honor quoted a third advantage—it has escaped us—told a funny anecdote about the gentleman concerned with an "uplift" movement who asked a general audience what further kind of reform was needed, and was told by the gallery "chloroform!" and then got down to his subject in earnest. Ask some Alumnus who was there what he said; it was worth hearing.

The most prominent speaker of the evening, however, was the Honorable Frederick A. Smith, Chief Justice of the Circuit Court. Judge Smith made "The Duty of Citizenship" his subject. His earnest, quiet delivery, and sincere, straightforward manner of speaking made memorable his speech. He called attention to the condition of our Government, its waste, its inefficiency, its poor and incompetent officials, and laid the blame upon the citizen who was willing to let the politicians run the country. The judiciary, he said, was a typical example of the disastrous inattention of this country's citizenship;

the election of judges rarely called forth more than fifty per cent of the vote of the community because those offices had no patronage connected with them.

No one can say how long the institutions of this country will last under such conditions. If the right ideas of good citizenship prevail, if the duty of each and every American citizen can be made clear to him and the true principles of citizenship put into practice, you can find no better government on earth! But this present condition—Congress meeting session after session, it matters not what party is in power, and the national issues, the matters that concern vitally the existence and continuance of the United States as a nation made second to the Pork Bill, the whole system of our executive and legislative government steeped in graft, rotten with corruption, concerned with private or personal or sectional "interests"—no one can say when the end will come, when disaster shall overtake us! This state of affairs is the result—because no man does his public duty. To be honest, to be moral, to be industrious, to be successful in business, to be honorable and respected—all this is not enough, all this does not make a man a good citizen! You are young men, all of you, young in your promise of accomplishment and I caution you not to neglect your public duty.

The jury system is an example. A labor case comes up, a case which is going to influence public opinion strongly one way or another. Citizens are summoned, and deliberately, consciously, knowingly, one after another, swear themselves out of doing their duty. They are cowards! afraid to do their public duty! America need never fear the spirit of her citizens in any emergency, in case of war, in case of any positive, tangible peril. We can find men by the millions who are not afraid to take a gun and fight for the country. But our citizens are afraid to act on an ordinary occasion, to fulfill the ordinary duties of citizenship!

The time was fast approaching, Judge Smith said in conclusion, when good citizenship was the only thing that would save the country, and he exhorted all of his hearers personally to attend to their individual duties of citizenship, and to exert their influences in making others aware of their negligence in this most important part of representative government.

The applause that followed Judge Smith's earnest and impressive warning and appeal was loud and prolonged. The seriousness of such statements, coming from a man of the speaker's long experience and familiarity with the affairs of Government, emphasized the necessity of every citizen's close interest in civic matters—a lesson that Loyola's Alumni, though not unaware of hitherto, will not forget.

The last speaker of the evening was Father Furay. He informed the Alumni of the prosperous condition of all the Departments of the University and told them of the College in particular. The College, he said, had been unable to accommodate more than fifty students last fall because it did not have room for them; and it was safe to say, judging from the increase in

the school's registration in the past ten years, that within another decade St. Ignatius would be teaching from eight hundred to one thousand students annually. He closed with an invitation to the "old boys" to come and visit the school, and assure themselves that in spite of the unfavorable changes in the locality, its activity and spirit were as great and as high as ever.

Mr. Tuohy, then, in the name of the Alumni, thanked all the speakers, and called for nine "rahs" for the speakers' table. About four and a half of the "rahs" actually came; most of the Alumni were rather out of form at "rahing," but their good intention and attempt were given full value. So long as an Alumnus keeps his membership in the Association, subscribes for the MAGAZINE, and thinks about the old place once in a while, his inability to yell may be readily overlooked. Afterwards, there were numerous informal class gatherings with the usual noise and laughter.

There is no need to dilate about the *success* of the Banquet. It just was—that's all!

Milwaukee, Wis., 7:29PM—16.

PAYTON J. TUOHY,
Care of Loyola University Alumni Ass'n Banquet,
Hotel LaSalle.

Greetings to the greatest class of all—nineteen-sixteen.
Jos. X. GUBBINS, Ex-16.

The above is a telegram that Joseph X. Gubbins, the modest violet and shy rhododendron of his class, sent to his former classmates, the present graduating class of the Arts Department, the night of their reception into the Alumni Association, at the Alumni Banquet. "Gubbie" was too busy selling salt to appear.

LEO E. MCGIVENA, A.B., '16

Gleaned at the Banquet

- '88 Nicholas R. Finn has practised law in Chicago since 1890. He was a member of the City Council from 1900 to 1910.
- ex-'94 T. Frank Quilty is a civil engineer, engaged chiefly in building bridges and railroads.

ex-'95
Chief Justice
Richard E. Burke

It is with deep sorrow that we chronicle the death of Judge Richard E. Burke, which occurred on Saturday, June tenth. Judge Burke was one of our most distinguished alumni and a public man of sterling worth and integrity. Respecting his victory in the recent judicial elections the *Chicago Tribune* says:

Judge Burke was unable to take any part in the recent campaign, but the voters paid him the high compliment of giving him more votes than any other judge on the ticket.

And, in reviewing his career, the same daily says:

He served in the legislature from 1903 to 1907, where he had a

reputation as a fearless fighter. At his own expense he conducted and won the campaign against the unconstitutional appropriation of \$153,000 for the Illinois and Michigan canal, and led the attack which drove the speaker from the chair, and stopped gag rule tactics when the general assembly attempted to kill the Mueller bill.

He was first elected to the Superior bench in November, 1910, and had heard many important criminal cases.

The MAGAZINE extends to the bereaved family its sincerest condolences.

R. I. P.

'96 John R. McCabe was City Clerk of Chicago during Mayor Busse's administration.

J. W. Davis is head of the J. W. Davis Advertising Agency.

Rev. George McCarthy is pastor at Harvey, Ill.

Stephen J. Minitier is a broker in the Railway Exchange Building, and has made a reputation as a star golfer.

Robert E. Lee is practicing law.

'97 Groesbeck Walsh is practising medicine in Birmingham, Alabama.

Joseph Byrnes died at his home early in April.

George W. Lyon is a member of the law firm of Flynn and Lyon.

'98 Al Berghoff is back in the States after an extended stay in Russia as special representative of the Rumely Products Company, La Porte, Indiana. He visited the Russian war-front.

ex-'00 Aloysius F. Gorman is state senator from the eleventh district.

ex-'02 Very Reverend Monsignor Charles A. O'Hern was recently appointed Vice-Rector of the American College at Rome.

'05 Richard A. Ward is secretary to George Donnersburgen, president of the Empire Car Company.

'06 John K. Murphy is Assistant State's Attorney and one of Mr. Hoyne's ablest assistants.

Thomas D. Nash, after a term in the City Council, is now a Ward Committeeman.

Daniel Meeney, M.D., is Assistant Professor of Anatomy, Chicago University.

'08 Edmund M. Sinnott is attorney for the Sanitary District of Chicago.

J. E. Martin is with the Tractor Engineering Department of the Hyatt Roller Bearing Co.

'09 Considering the fact that the course at St. Ignatius is essentially of a literary character, too few alumni devote themselves to the literary and educational line of endeavor. The splendid possibilities in this field are well illustrated by the remarkable success achieved in a short time by Mr. Thomas Q. Beesley. After his post-graduate work in Princeton he taught English for a year in the Sisters' College of the Catholic University, and conducted the same course in two successive summer schools in Dubuque. A

year ago the faculty of Princeton voted Mr. Beesley a fellowship, and since then he has been specializing in English literature. He hopes to finish there in June with the degree of Ph.D. He has already accepted the professorship of English literature in the Catholic University.

Charles H. Klitsche is a chemist with The Frederick Post Company.

James L. Foley, M.D., is on the staff of the Municipal Tuberculosis Sanitarium.

James Quinn is at present Assistant State's Attorney, and Professor of Bailment in the Law Department.

'11 Frederick L. Schmitt, M.D., is practising in Austin.

Two members of this class, Joseph O. Karabasz and James P. Tormey, will be ordained on June seventeenth, by the Most Reverend Archbishop Mundelein of Chicago.

ex-'11 B. Edwards Hussey, M.D., has started the practice of medicine in Austin.

Leo Lilly holds a responsible position with the Vaughan Seed Co.

'12 Ability to see an opportunity, courage to grasp it and judgment in execution are a winning combination in the battle of life. Such a combination is possessed in a rare degree by Mr. J. Fred Reeve, class of 1912. He has just entered a most promising legal career at the age of 23 as the law partner of Mr. Charles Trainor. But Fred forestalled the traditional starvation period of the young lawyer some two years ago by getting prominently into the moving picture game. He first procured the right to display the *Spoilers* in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Encouraged by this success he got the same rights for *The Christian*, *The Avenging* and *The Escape* in several eastern and southern states. It was due especially to Mr. Reeve's activity and influence that the people of Chicago had an opportunity to see *The Birth of a Nation*. At present he is the attorney in Chicago for the author of that film, Mr. D. W. Griffith, and has just made trips to New York and Los Angeles to procure testimony which is to be used in litigation involving the rights of some of the largest film producers in the country. On May ninth of this year William O'Brien was married.

'13 Louis D. Moorhead is research physiologist in the University of Chicago and Rush Medical College.

ex-'13 Nicholas A. Saigh is with Alvord and Burdick, consulting engineers.

ex-'14 Charles A. Gardiner is now practicing law for himself.

Al. J. Baschnagel is in the banking business in Riverside, Iowa.

Alumni in In recent years no students of St. Ignatius College have
Jeanne d'Arc been brought so frequently and so prominently before the
Club public as the members of the Jeanne d'Arc Club. It was
altogether a new departure for college boys to appear on
the lecture platform, and still more unexpected that they
should achieve such success and win so much applause and admiration as

have come to the members of this Club. During the past six years nearly five hundred lectures have been delivered before several hundred thousand people. The splendid presentation of Catholic ideals by young collegians not only delighted the auditors but aroused a keen interest in the promising lecturers.

As this is the Alumni issue of the *LOYOLA MAGAZINE*, many of its readers will be pleased to know more about the careers of the members of the Club who are numbered among the Alumni. Most of these have just barely entered upon their careers, but in every case the beginning is such as to insure the realization of the hopes entertained in their regard.

The Club's initial lecture was *Jeanne d'Arc*, and the lecturers were Messrs. William Higgins, Philip Carlin and Fred Reeve. At the end of his college course Mr. Higgins ceased to be a knight of Jeanne d'Arc, but joined the ranks of the soldiers of Christ. He is just finishing his course of theology in Dunwoodie Seminary, and after ordination to the priesthood will fight the battles of the Lord in New York. With his excellent gifts of mind and heart and his oratorical powers, we predict that he will be a power for good in the great metropolis.

Mr. Carlin departed from the beaten path by entering the educational field as a favored friend and protégé of Mr. Tobin, superintendent of schools for Cook County. He advanced rapidly and soon became principal of the schools at Riverside. This year he has been filling the same position at Lemont. The schools of Chicago need such men as Mr. Carlin, and ere long we hope to see him a leader in educational circles here.

Mr. Reeve's connection with the work of the Jeanne d'Arc Club continued longer than the others, as he became a student in the law department of Loyola University. The fame and influence so rapidly acquired by the Club were due in large measure to the exceptional oratorical ability of Mr. Reeve as displayed in the lectures on Jeanne d'Arc and Lourdes. As soon as Mr. Reeve passed the state bar examination he became a law partner of Mr. Charles Trainor, with every prospect of a brilliant legal career. Experience in the Club had imbued him with a keen interest in wholesome public entertainment, and prompted him to become the promoter of some of the best films in the country. A more detailed account of Mr. Reeve's activities in this line will be found elsewhere in these pages. He has an engagement to deliver the address to the graduates of Campion College in June.

When the director of the Club had to look for a recruit to fill a vacancy, Mr. Aaron Colnon was chosen from among all the students of the College, and his excellent work on the *Jeanne d'Arc* and *Lourdes* lectures showed the wisdom of the choice. After finishing at St. Ignatius he entered Northwestern University law school, and was immediately chosen as one of the debating team for the triangular debate with Wisconsin and Michigan. Later it was decided that as a law student he was not eligible, but the incident showed his ability. At present Mr. Colnon is a student in the Law School of Loyola, and the junior member of the institution known as the John Colnon Loan Company.

Before graduating from St. Ignatius Mr. William Dooley won one of

the Knight of Columbus scholarships at the Catholic University, but resigned it to take up the study of law in Loyola and to enter the same office with his friend and classmate mentioned above. Mr. Dooley has made good and has a bright future. He is an active member of the Stayms Club and has contributed much to the remarkable success of that organization.

Mr. John Burke accepted the scholarship in Washington and spent a pleasant and profitable year in the Catholic University. At present he is a very successful teacher in St. Stanislaus College and a law student in Loyola. Mr. Burke has been active in the dramatic circles of the Gaelic League.

Beyond a doubt the Club's most popular lecture has been *The Little Flower*. This popularity has been due in large measure to the elegant manner of presentation of Messrs. Lambert Hayes and Robert Garland. These polished gentlemen carried the name and fame of the Club far beyond the confines of Chicago and widened the circle of its influence throughout the middle West. At present Mr. Garland is a teacher of rare success in his Alma Mater and a law student in Loyola law school. Mr. Hayes is likewise a law student and a teacher in St. Stanislaus College.

It has been the hope and aim of the directors of the Club to develop Catholic laymen whose ability and influence on the lecture platform would make them worthy representatives and exponents of the doctrines and rights of the Church and a power for good in the nation. Thus far Mr. James Fitzgerald is the nearest approach to the realization of this hope. As a lecturer, writer and professor, Mr. Fitzgerald has already achieved a degree of success and popularity that seldom comes to so young a man. The first year after graduation he filled a professorship in the Newman School at Hackensack, New Jersey, and was offered flattering inducements to continue there. But he preferred Chicago and the Chicago boys whom he had known at St. Ignatius, and the following year he taught here with marked success. At present he is lecturing on English and Political Economy in the Loyola School of Sociology. Last summer Mr. Fitzgerald conducted a summer school for the Franciscan Sisters at Clinton, Iowa, and has been engaged for the same work this vacation.

Shrapnel

THE hour grows late, well past midnight. The gentle rain (Ah, what can compare with the Chicago rain in June!) is trying hard to break my window; gentle Arctic zephyrs intrude under the sash and freshen the atmosphere of my room; the steam has most inconsiderately retreated down to the warm boiler room; and I am left alone, dear reader, absolutely alone, to perpetrate *Shrapnel*. I have left it to the last, the very last, the bitter end, as it were. The young night has been spent in getting off the Exchanges, the College Chronicle, the Alumni notes, and now—I have edited all the copy for the Senior issue; I have exhausted all I ever knew into an essay on Chesterton; I have extracted an essay out of Jim Maher, hitherto never before in all his exciting career coaxed into print; I have read "A Letter to a Bashful Nephew"; I have slightly changed the course of Polish Drama; I have looked into Hilaire Belloc; I have operated extensively on "A Victorian Essayist" and saved his life for publication; I have tried to understand Lionel Johnson before thrusting him on a credulous world; and, yes I have (whisper it), I have even seen Bud Kerwin Before the Storm. And now this saddest, gladdest, maddest task of all—*shrapnel*.

It has been just one year since, in collaboration with Jerome Jacobsen, ex-'17, at present in the Jesuit Novitiate at Florissant, Missouri, I "got out" this column. This year, I entrusted it to the tender mercies of James Thomas Mangan, '17. What one will do in rashness! And now for the last time I am permitted to conduct this cacophonous column of chuckles and sighs. Well, so be it! And if on the night of the fateful twenty-first you see my pale form collapse beneath the weight of dignity and a sheepskin, you will know the cause!

G. K. C. and J. T. M.

James Thomas Mangan, erstwhile editor of *Shrapnel*, and Gilbert K. Chesterton, noted English publicist, have some things in common. One is in appearance; both of them look like fatheads. G. K. C., however, just *looks* like a fathead. In this respect he differs from J. T. M. Both of them have a sense of humor; Chesterton's is *rare*; Mangan's is *rank*. In this instance the likeness is alliterative; its only difference is two consonants, instead of a consonant and vowel. But who shall split such hairs in tallying fame? G. K. C. some of the time is crazily bizarre; J. T. M. is craz--y most of the time. Paradox has been of much value in making G. K. C. popular; paregoric would perhaps perform the same office for J. T. M. Certainly he needs something—J. T. M., I mean.

We do not think that this comparison will hurt either of them; G. K. C. can stand it; J. T. M. can stand anything, judging from what he produces.

THE MEAT OF MASTER MINDS

By Edward Dore Reynolds, A.B., '16

(The author was much incensed by an article appearing in the issue of America of May twenty-seventh, in which college men were accused of too little intellectuality in their conversation. This little play is a solemn refutation of the charge. It is entirely representative of things as they are, a facing of facts. The dialogue is an actual reproduction of the famous and oft-repeated conversations of the author's classmates.)

Cast—The Senior Class.

Snork.....	Mr. Daniel Cunningham
Fitz.....	Mr. John Fitzgerald
Bud.....	Mr. Joseph Kerwin
Lars.....	Mr. James Larkin
Big-Ma.....	Mr. James Maher
Leo Edwards.....	Mr. Leo McGivena
Jimmolloy.....	Mr. James Molloy
The Senator from Lemont.....	Mr. Clarence Murphy
Jawn.....	Mr. John Peterson
The Count.....	Mr. Stanislaus Rudziewicz
Joshortall.....	Mr. Joseph Shortall
Ernie.....	Mr. Ernest Thiele
The Wit.....	Mr. Peter Witmanski

Scene: Senior Class Room.

Time: Noon Hour.

Big-Ma—Say! You oughta been with me last night!

Bud—Oh Karo! You tell 'em, Ma.

Lars—Yeh. I know her. She's the niece of—

The Count—How's Bockmann's, Ma?

Leo Edwards—Yeah, I had the same. It was soda. Yes it was. (*Becomes lyrical with soda.*) “Adown the half-lit halls of pale gray dawn—”

Jawn—Oh Leonard (*meaning Edwards*), how lovely! (*He trills “lovely” on E and F.*)

Leo E. (*leaping on Jawn*)—Oh, Wow-w-w-w!

Jawn—Kind friend? What did you say?

(*Leo E. sputters, and Fitz enters at 12:24 with books neatly tied up.*)

Fitz—Well, I guess I'll go home now.

Senator—Oh, Fitz, got any chewin'?

Fitz—Oh, I got one thesis done in the last three months. Only twenty-three more to do in the next week.

Senator—Haven't cha got any, Fitz? Well, I guess I'll start a bank next year in Lemont.

Ernie—Say, what is a species, anyhow. This guy says—Is it—?

Bud—Well, you see, Ernst, old top, it was like this. There were three of us in the boat and the bottom fell out—

Jimmolloy—I've got a new scheme for a spring suspension—

Senator—Gas is up to twenty-two cents at Tedens and Dystrups down in Lem—

Big-Ma—Say, Bud! Where's that tire rim you sold me?

Bud—Tungkano, teuxomai, tetuk!

Snork (*laying down the sporting sheet*)—Tha's li'l old pastiming (*basketball*), kid. I sure can hit that old pill. Whaddayasay?

Ernie—Yes! Today is Tuesday, so I'll walk home from 2:17 to 3:24.

Bud—Why not walk from Twelfth to Sixty-third Street while you're at it, Ernst, old kid?

Lars—No, I can't go to th' Sox today, Snork. I gotta go downtown an' buy a pie—

The Wit—An' when Jawn saw the cow in the dark he yelled—

Ernie—That reminds me. Do we hafta wear a dress suit?

Joshortall—Gway, you fellows, or I'll never finish this speech for the debate.

Snork—Ain't cha got that done yet? Looks like curtains f'r you, kid . . . ?

(*It is.*)

This, dear reader, will be about all. If you are looking for comedy, read the Law Notes and the Exchanges.

Julian, the compositor, and first critic of our verse, makes brevity the criterion of literary worth. Onelets are his joy; he dotes on couplets; quartets he professes a favor for; but anything more than twelve lines (hand set) is punk. So if length has anything to do with it, this ought to be good. If we think of anything else after this goes to linotype, we'll make Julian set it up by hand.

Anyway, it's too doggone late and cold—and we've got to run out to the mail-box with this—to write more. And the only thing we can think of at this hour of the night is an Ode to Julian. But our abilities with regards to odes at this hour A. M. is limited to dreaming about them.

To make a good last line, we are going to take the farewell poem from "Passim," in the June number of the *Collegian* for 1909. It was written by Mr. Daniel A. Lord, S.J., A.B., '09, who has returned to us in this issue as an Alumni contributor. It expresses our feelings on this occasion as nothing else could.

GOOD-BYE, OLD FRIENDS, GOOD-BYE.

We'd like to sing a parting song
 In which each line is new,
 But somehow that seems almost wrong,
 It doesn't ring quite true;
 The same old thought must fill our minds
 Which partings ever bring,
 So should we seek another kind,
 Through vanity to sing?

Refrain

Good-night, old comrades, just good-night,
Let no one say good-bye;
Good-night, old comrades, just good-night,
God speed us all, we cry.
We know that from us some are drawn;
The morrow finds a number gone;
Yet let us play we'll meet at dawn.
Good-night, old friends, good-night.

Before us lie the paths of life,
A thousand winding ways;
To some it means a road of strife;
God guide their troubled days.
But comrades all, may friendship's hand
Sustain each weary soul,
Until we meet, a loyal band,
Around the final Goal.

Refrain

Good-night, old comrades, just good-night,
We will not say good-bye;
Good-night, old comrades, just good-night,
Though parting may be nigh.
Let's say that none shall be withdrawn;
The years will find no comrades gone;
Let's swear that we shall meet at dawn;
Good-night, old friends, good-night.
We swear that we shall meet at Dawn—
Good-night, old friends, good-night.

LEO E. MCGIVENA, A.B., '16

Exchanges

TO all Ex-men—for the last time—Greetings!—and then Farewell. No matter how small a part one has played in all the broad field of College Magazinedom, it is impossible to drop out without some feeling of regret, some passing sadness at the thought that once and for all in this little literary world of ours we are done. But it is something to have played what little part we have, something to Magazine-dom, something to our college, and a great deal to ourselves. The man who has written for his magazine, if he reviews his progress from those first days of “prep” ambition, when the first acceptance was a rubric mark in the year’s work, and later the sense of accomplishment that came with the staff appointment, down towards the end of the course when “getting out the Mag.” grew to be a very burdensome item of the scholastic routine, must acknowledge with no little satisfaction that his work has not been without avail in his own case. As a development of a kind of personal expression, and a broadening intellectual experience, nothing in the college can compare with the magazine, unless, perhaps, we include the debating society. It is an effective activity, a constructive experience, that enriches him with a positive, definite, valuable ability; an ability that sets a premium upon his education in general, that opens avenues of use and influence to him that the student who has not had the experience must lack. It is all very much worth while.

It is scarcely in good taste, nor in the spirit of parting, to make a complaint in this last issue of ours, yet we feel called upon to protest against the practice of those college journals which exchange only once in a while; and when they send their numbers, send them late at that. Such procedure is not living up to the Exchange Spirit. If an editor receives your publication at the opening of the year, he supposes that you intend to exchange throughout all the year, not only some of the time—when you have unsold numbers left over, or an excess run. These desultory exchanges are of little value to anybody, since one issue is a very meagre ground for judging a publication. And they violate the good faith of the Ex-man who sends his exchanges out regularly. The Exchange list of LOYOLA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE ranks with its subscribers’ and advertisers’ list, and no copies are offered for sale until these have gone into the mail sacks. It is extremely annoying, not to say unjust, to get one or two copies of a journal which is getting every issue of your publication. If you, Ex-man, don’t care to exchange, or don’t think our MAGAZINE worth a regular exchange from you, write and tell us so, or at least stop sending copies altogether. It would only be the courteous thing. And another thing—to its regular exchanges, who do not receive the copy mailed—for it is *always* mailed—the MAGAZINE will upon notification send another copy if one is available. In fact, we have

been requested several times this year in notes from other Ex-men to forward missing copies. And we have always done so, because we believed such interest was worth a second, and even a third, copy.

The Schoolman Though a little premature in its appearance, the last issue of the *St. Jerome Schoolman* is, in our opinion, the best. There is in the June number a series of papers upon modern Catholic poets that is unusually good. Fathers Faber and Tabb, and Dr. Charles O'Malley are the subjects; the last is of especial interest to Chicagoans, as Dr. O'Malley was editor of *The New World* for some years. The writer of the article upon Dr. O'Malley's poems deserves especial credit, we feel, as his work must have cost him considerable research, since O'Malley's poems have never been published in book form—though they well deserve to be, judging from the quotations in the article. Two other excellent articles are "Shakspeare And The Elements" and "The Educational Advantage of the Classics." The stories, especially "An Adventure In Insurance," show some improvement over previous stories published in *The Schoolman*. Of the verse, "April" is probably the best. The departments are well written, full, and interesting even to an outsider. In all, it is a very creditable number, a fit ending of the year's work.

The Academia The spring number of *The Academia* is quite interesting, both to the eye in the excellent artwork of its coverpage, and then with respect to its contents. "The Origin Of The Shakespearean Drama" is quite timely, a different phase of the comment the Tercentenary has called forth. "What Caused It?" is a charming, if somewhat improbable story. The poetry is successful without being pretentious, and full in thought without being difficult. The number is also generous with interesting school chatter; altogether, a very good production.

Gonzaga The June *Gonzaga* makes one believe in the pushing, forward spirit of the West. Its articles are up to the minute. There is a review of Richard Harding Davis that is among the first of the post-mortem notices; and the national issue of preparedness finds expression in a poem, "Columbia Awake." This is easily the best verse of the issue, possessing power and swing. If the "thees" and "thys" were omitted, the formality they occasion would be well avoided. The boosting of the West seems to be the theme of the other *Gonzaga* poets, and they do it rather well. The book review department is worthy of emulation and would anywhere encourage the reading of worth-while new books.

The Collegian *The Collegian*, of St. Mary's College, Oakland, California, opens with an allegory, a morality play, in one act, "The Masters Of Kings," by *The Collegian's* own O. Henry, Francis X. Delaney. It is a strong, vigorous piece of work. It has a notable prologue in verse by Will Scarlet, a swinging chant of the god or devil of War, with a driving passion that is well managed and power-

ful, quite different from the majority of fussy effusions produced upon similar themes. The article "Some Theories Of Hamlet" is refreshing after reviewing myriads of Shakespearean analyses. Instead of asking "is Hamlet mad?" the author asks "Are the scribes mad?" It is a polite little hint that too much valuable labor and too little discrimination are expended by critics in analysing Shakespearean words for interpretations, subtle insinuations, and varied psychology that the Bard himself never dreamed of. "Three Of Shakespeare's Women" is also a very good article upon a lesser treated phase of Shakespeareana.

We have read much pious verse in college magazines, and we thought the majority of it uniformly bad; but "When Jesus Died" is a surprising exception. The verse craftsmanship is unobtrusively perfect, and the deep sincerity of the mood makes it doubly charming. The author of "A Modern Samuel Pepys" should have done at least four more pages; the result would have justified the effort if July Fourth, Thanksgiving Day, etc., had been included. The breezy encomium to St. Mary's star athlete is also very good reading; the writer is as much of "An Iconoclast" as his subject.

The spring number is ambitious with a hundred pages, of dignified appearance, some half-dozen stories, and a number of articles. The stories are vigorous, if not always compelling, and pleasingly varied in mood and subject and style. There is one regrettable feature in the number, some ten pages headed and footed "Ye Scribe." It is mostly drivel, not only undignified and out of place in a university publication, but contains singularly little humor. One of the best features of *The Minerval* is the very complete survey of university events and happenings, a complete chronicle that should make it very interesting to Alumni and friends.

LEO E. MCGIVENA, A. B., '16

EDWARD D. REYNOLDS, A. B., '16

University Chronicle

ARTS AND SCIENCES

The Senior Sodality On May the eighth, the Senior Sodality did public honor to the Mother of God for the last time this year. Father Magevney, having praised and thanked the members for their good work, especially in the matter of excellent attendance, delivered a beautiful talk in which he emphasized the necessity of having a lofty ideal and a suitable model in the person of Our Lady.

The Sodality has undoubtedly made a success of this year, for which especial thanks are due to the Reverend Director, whose apt instructions and charming example will not be soon forgotten. The May altar was beautifully adorned with fresh blossoms; and votive poems, written by the students, were daily placed at the feet of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception.

Loyola Oratorical Association The Loyola Oratorical Association adjourned its last meeting of the year on Wednesday, April tenth. Its last action was a special vote of thanks to Father Magevney, who, as moderator of the society, has conducted it through a most successful year. The members have deeply appreciated his work for them.

This year the literary evening was changed to an oratorical evening, at which three orations were delivered, followed by short extempore speeches from the house; and, while the literary program was missed, the society approved of the change and will continue it next year. Besides the annual oratorical contest, the Naghten Prize debate, and the Champion debate, two other public performances were given, and all were well attended and successfully managed. This year's was the second annual debate with Champion College, and resulting in a decision for St. Ignatius, evened the score with one victory apiece. Next year the Association will again debate the team from Champion, and under its present direction will continue the good record of the past year.

College Library The Library has been well patronized during the scholastic year. The number of books drawn will total an average of twenty books for each student. Twelve thousand books have been drawn in all. Non-fiction books have gained in popularity.

The most popular non-fiction book was Fr. William Kane's *For Greater Things*. The students of Fr. Kane's Alma Mater appreciate his popular life

of the youthful Stanislaus as is evidenced by the fact that the book has been drawn nearly one hundred times since November.

Donations from the student-body have been more numerous than in the last few years.

About eight hundred new books were added to the Library during the year, comprising many valuable works secured from eastern booksellers.

The number of magazines subscribed for is steadily increasing; at present thirty-seven are received regularly.

The Reference Room has been the scene of greater activity during the past year than ever before. Many students have availed themselves of the privilege of consulting works of reference after class sessions in the afternoon. The Reading Room has been taxed to its capacity nearly every day.

The thanks of the student-body is due especially to the fidelity of the student assistants of Fourth Year High, Robert Keenan, Joseph O'Brien and Anthony Klawikowski.

The last public event of the year, the debate for the Naghten Medal, was held on the night of May twenty-fourth, in the College Hall. The subject chosen for the medal debate this year was "Resolved: That the Philippine Islands should be given their independence within four years." The Affirmative side consisted of Sinon J. Walsh, A. B., '18, Eugene T. McEnery, A. B., '19, and Edward A. Colnon, A. B., '18. The Negative was represented by Joseph P. Shortall, '16, James F. Hanrahan, A. B., '17, and Ignatius P. Walsh, A. B., '17. Mr. Ernest Thiele, A. B., '16, was the Chairman.

The debate was very closely contested. The Affirmative, after a historical review of the whole issue, based their claim for Filipino independence on the fitness of the Filipino for it, the abstract justice of the issue, and the economic loss entailed in the holding of the islands by the United States. The Negative opposed these arguments with various opinions from authorities on the fitness of the native population to govern themselves, the future economic prizes to be gained, and the imminence of Japanese seizure and the consequent military disadvantage, if the islands were made independent. After a long discussion, the judges awarded the decision to the Negative and the Medal to Mr. Walsh—the second he had won within a week. Mr. Colnon was the best on his side, giving a brilliant, forceful set speech, and a very clever, pointed rebuttal.

Elocution Contest On Wednesday evening, May seventeenth, the annual Contest for the Elocution Medal was held in the College Hall. The speakers and their subjects were as follows:

PROGRAMME

MUSIC—Yellow Jonquils.....	Johanning
	College Orchestra
John Pollard.....	<i>The Wages of Sin</i>
Robert Poynton.....	<i>Signing of the Declaration</i>
Walter Quigley.....	<i>The Burgomaster's Death</i>
SONG—"Mavis"	Craxton
	Eugene McEnery
William Hanrahan.....	<i>The Chariot Race</i>
Edward Colnon.....	<i>Parrhasius</i>
James Griffin.....	<i>The Unknown Rider</i>
J. Dunlap McDevitt.....	<i>Toussaint L'Overture</i>
SONG—A Perfect Day.....	Bond
	Joseph Kerwin
John McCauley.....	<i>The Power of Conscience</i>
Eugene McEnery.....	<i>The Honor of the Woods</i>
Ignatius Walsh.....	<i>The Stowaway</i>
MUSIC—Golden Dream.....	Stevens
	College Orchestra

DECISION OF THE JUDGES

MARCH—The Alarm.....	Morse
	College Orchestra

JUDGES

Rev. Harold S. Trainor, D.D.
 George W. Lyon, Jr., A.M., LL.B.
 Robert E. Lee, A.B., LL.B.

After much debate, the Medal was awarded to Ignatius P. Walsh, A. B., '17. John Pollard, A. B., '18, and Walter T. Quigley, A. B., '17, were awarded second and third places respectively.

St. Ignatius College was awarded sixth and seventh places in the Intercollegiate English Contest for the **Intercollegiate English Places** David K. Bremner Prizes, the general subject being "The Expediency of a Catholic Daily Press." The essays that won the places were by Leo E. McGivena, A. B., '16, and Ernest W. Thiele, A. B., '16. Although the students of the College were a little disappointed in not repeating last year's feat in securing first place, the brace of places was consoling.

On Wednesday, May thirty-first, a general school Picnic, of both **Picnic** High-school and College Classes, was held at Dellwood Park. The Picnic was organized by Mr. James Walsh, S. J., and the day given as a free day for all classes by Reverend Father Rector. About three hundred students attended.

An unusually "lovely" time was "had by all." After a forenoon spent in getting there, tennis, sight-seeing, and copious lunching, races were held in the athletic field and a five-inning ball game played by the Varsity and Academy teams. "Bud" Kerwin, Joseph Shortall, and "Diggie" Cunningham ran away with the College relay and the three-dollar prize attached to it for Senior Class, thus keeping up the w.k. Senior rep. for speed. The College won the baseball game with ease. Every man on the winning team was presented with a new league ball. The Academics had their own races.

The College Car homeward bound was a memorable event. "Gene" McEnery, Walter Quigley, and a number of ex-Glee Clubbers regaled their companions and the passing countryside with frequent vocal numbers accompanied by Mc's ukalele. "Chames" Thomas Mangan, the prominent Junior literateur, became infected with the spirit of the occasion and opened his trap in song for the first time since the trip home from Prairie du Chien with the football team last fall a year ago. Alone and unassisted, he sang to silence and defeat the whole Freshman Class, assisted by "Toots" Weisenburger. Mr. Mangan's classmates have made an open wager upon his ability to outsing and outyell any living voice or any combination of living voices, irrational, animal, or vegetable not excepted. While Chimmie sang, the vibration of the rails, the air-brakes, the car bell and warning signal all were drowned out in that one single, epic volume of Manganese sound. The valiant Freshmen conglomerated after a while though, and with concerted teeth-and-two-finger whistling, outnoised the Junior warbler. The racket was well worth the subsequent headaches. With a little fertilizer, vocally applied, Mr. Mangan could out-Victrola Caruso and John MacCormack in duet.

Anyway, everybody agreed it was a great Picnic, and voted thanks to Mr. Walsh for organizing it, and to Fr. Rector for the free day.

The following Saturday, "Preparedness Day" for Chicago, was also a holiday. The Juniors and Seniors tried out their own preparedness program on some twenty-odd theses in Ethics, for the Examination on Monday, June fifth. No casualties were reported.

The Senior Classes of the Arts, Law, and Sociology
Commencement Departments will be graduated on the night of Wednesday, the twenty-first, at the Blackstone theatre. The Medical and Pharmicall Commencement was held separately. An account of it will be found under the Medical Notes.

Classes of the College are to be dismissed on the seventeenth.

The Wyspianski Polish Literary Circle completed the eighth year of its existence. It was organized in the fall of 1908 for the purpose of acquainting its members with the history and literature of Poland and of giving them facility in speaking and writing the Polish

language. The variety of programs—which include debates, original essays, orations, declamations, also lectures on prominent men in Polish literature—show that the past years were successful. We learn, that some of the alumni and former members of this society, are intending to take a more active and personal interest in its affairs with the opening of the next session; with this in view, the society is looking forward to a brilliant future. The library, founded in 1910, received many new and splendid additions since that time, which proved of considerable help to the members; the coming year is to witness another increase by several volumes and it will not be at all surprising, if in the near future there will be found in the students' library a section of Polish books under the supervision of the Circle.

Brundage Medal Awarded

Mr. Daniel Cunningham, A. B., '16, was awarded the Brundage Silver Medal for combined proficiency in studies and athletics.

Athletics

With the approach of spring, the curtain fell on one of the most successful basketball seasons in the history of S. I. C. In all, fourteen games were played and of these, ten resulted in victories. The team met and defeated not only the best College teams but also some of the strongest independent teams in Illinois and adjoining states. Champion College, Lane College, University of Chicago, St. Joseph, St. Bede, St. Jarlaths, Armour Institute, Whiting Owls Champions of Indiana, First Regiment and Hamlin Maroons fell before the superior team-play of S. I. C. On February twenty-second the team entered the Central States Amateur Athletic Union Tourney which was held in the gymnasium of the Illinois Athletic Club in Chicago. After defeating two of the fastest teams in the tournament, the team entered the finals engaging the I. A. C. five, former national champions and runners up in this year's national championship tourney. Worn out by the hard combat of the preceding evening, the squad played far below form and, after a game struggle against the superior weight and experience of the strong Clubmen, went down to defeat. The members of the team were awarded silver medals emblematic of second place in the tourney.

The success of the team was, in the main, due to the efficient coaching system of Mr. P. S. Moore. Mr. Moore has the reputation of being one of the best football, basketball and baseball coaches in this part of the country. Under his direction, splendid team work—an element so essential in the success of any five—was developed. Speed and accurate passing are the chief characteristics of Mr. Moore's system, and the success enjoyed by the team proves their efficacy. Mr. Moore deserves the thanks of the student-body for placing S. I. C. among the leading teams in these parts.

The regular five lined up as follows: Holton, *left forward*; Cunningham, *right forward*; McNulty, *center*; Captain Zahringer, *right guard*; Egan and Minahan, *left guard*. McAuley proved to be a valuable reserve man.

Ed. Holton at forward was a wonder both on offense and defense. His

ability in breaking up the team-play of the opposition, and his accurate speedy passing on offense were of incalculable value to the team. If necessary, Ed could also play a strong game at the center position. His most remarkable mark was that of holding the crack Whiting, Owl center, to two baskets.

"Sailor" McNulty regular pivot man was able, owing to his great height, to outjump every opposing center he faced. Mac was bothered by an injury to his nose most of the season. This rendered breathing difficult and caused him to undergo an operation. Team-play was interfered with by "Sailor's" absence. He was a clever dribbler and a good basket tosser, as his performance against St. Joseph's College five testifies. Fifteen ringers was his total on that occasion.

Capt. Zahringer at right guard was a terror to opposing forwards and a dangerous basket shooter at long range or close up. Fast, alert and always in the game Gene kept the rest of the team on the jump all the time. His best game was against the I. A. C., where he showed his versatility by stepping into McNulty's shoes at center and making seven baskets.

Egan at the other guard position was a tower of strength on defense. Time and again he broke up the enemy's offense and brought the ball down the floor. His speed enabled him to follow the ball well and cover his man closely. His most meritorious performance was against the University of Chicago.

Minahan, alternating with Egan at left guard was another strong defensive man. He dribbled well and covered his man closely at all times. When needed he could drop the ball into the netted hoop from the middle of the floor. Played well against Champion and Whiting Owls.

McAuley either at guard or center was capable of putting up a strong game. He played the floor well and his ability to shoot baskets was of great value to the team. McNulty's height gave him the call over McAuley for the pivot post, and the sensational work of Egan and Zahringer made it difficult for Mac to break into the game very often.

Joe Kerwin of Senior Class was the manager of the team. It was due to his untiring efforts that such a strong schedule was arranged.

On February tenth the team journeyed up to Wisconsin to tackle the fast Champion College five. Earlier in the season Champion proved an easy victim, but at that time the squad was in perfect shape. With McNulty out of the line-up and Capt. Zahringer on the sick list it was evident that Champion would not be quite so easy this time. And so the event proved. The game started at eight o'clock in the evening and in the presence of four hundred howling Champion rooters. Champion was the first to score, McKenzie dropping the ball into the basket from the middle of the floor. Champion ran the count up to nine before S. I. C. scored. S. I. C. finally pulled together and after a clever bit of team-work, caged a basket. Five free throws followed making the score nine to seven in Champion's favor. Thus the first half ended. Five minutes of the second half elapsed before a

point was made. Champion then caged another, but S. I. C. quickly made two, taking the lead only to be tied a moment later. The noise at this stage was deafening. It died down, however, when S. I. C. hit the ring twice, making the score read Champion 13, S. I. C. 17. Champion came back gamely, McGarthy making a lucky basket. Two free throws by S. I. C. were followed by a Champion basket and free throw. With one minute left to play Champion made two baskets and the game ended with the score reading: Champion 22,

S. I. C. 19.

Champion, 22.

S. I. C., 19.

McKenzie	Right Forward	Cunningham
Ratchen	Left Forward	Holton
McGarthy	Center	Zahringer
Zachman	Left Guard	Egan
Russ	Right Guard	Minahan

Baskets—Holton, Cunningham (5), McKenzie (2), Ratchen (3), McGarthy (3). Free throws—Zachman (6), Cunningham (7).

On February eleventh, the night following the Champion game, the team traveled to Whiting, Indiana, to tackle the Whiting Owls, champions of Indiana. After the fierce contest of the preceding evening the team was not in the best of shape. However, at the outset the team ran up ten points, displaying speed and team work that completely baffled the home five. In the second half the furious pace began to tell on S. I. C. and the Owls began to creep up rather close. A final burst of speed in the closing minutes of the game put S. I. C. in the lead. The whistle found S. I. C. on top with a four point margin.

S. I. C., 34.

Whiting Owls, 30.

Cunningham	Right Forward	Gevertz
Zahringer	Left Forward	E. Bartuska
Holton	Center	Vater
Egan	Right Guard	Exton
Minahan	Left Guard	J. Bartuska

Baskets—Zahringer (2), Cunningham (12), Holton, Gevertz (2), E. Bartuska (6), Vater (2), Exton, J. Bartuska (3). Free throws—Gevertz (2), Cunningham (4). Referee, Doty.

On February twenty-second the team met the St. Jarlath five in the preliminary round of the Central A. A. U. Championship Tourney. After a poor start, S. I. C. pulled together and began to score at will, completely outclassing our opponents. McNulty, Holton and Egan were the bright lights.

S. I. C., 54.

St. Jarlaths, 20.

Cunningham	Right Forward	Lyman
Holton	Left Forward	Ashenden

McNulty Center Winters
 Zahringer Right Guard Chadwick
 Egan Left Guard Loftus
 Baskets—McNulty (8), Cunningham (8), Holton (4), Zahringer (3),
 Egan, Winters (4), Lyman, Ashenden, Loftus (2). Free throws—Lyman
 (4), Cunningham (6).

On the following evening the squad entered the semi-finals, meeting the speedy Hamlin Maroons. As in the game against St. Jarlaths, the team had to be satisfied with the small end of the score during most of the first half. In the second half clever shooting by Holton gave us a comfortable lead which we held till the whistle blew. Hamlin made two rapid fire baskets in the last minute, but fell short of a tie by four points. Zahringer guarded well.

S. I. C., 23.

Hamlin Maroons, 19.

Cunningham Right Forward Moeller
 Holton Left Forward Spiess
 McNulty Center Russell
 Zahringer Right Guard Orr
 Egan Left Guard Lane

Baskets—Holton (3), McNulty (4), Cunningham (3), Russell (3), Lane, Orr, Spiess. Free throws—Moeller (7), Cunningham (3).

By defeating Hamlin, the team earned the right to enter the finals, engaging the Illinois Athletic Club, former national champions and present Central A. A. U. title holders. The hard game of the evening before seemed to have taken the steam out of our machine, and the Clubmen gave us a sound trouncing. As a consequence we had to be satisfied with Silver Medals. The Gold Medals were gathered in by the winners. This game ended the basketball season.

S. I. C., 10.

I. A. C., 45.

Cunningham Right Forward Frieling
 Holton Left Forward A. Pressler
 McNulty Center Feeny
 Zahringer Right Guard Cochrane
 Egan Left Guard W. Presser, Williams

Baskets—Cunningham (2), Holton, McNulty, Feeny (8), A. Pressler (4), W. Pressler (2), Williams (1), Cochrane (2), Frieling (3). Free throws—Feeny (5), Cunningham (2).

Immediately after the close of the basketball season, Coach Moore issued a call for battery candidates for the baseball team. Quite a number responded, and the limbering up process began in the gym. Of last year's staff Kerwin and McAuley remained, and there was room only for one more hurler. Competition for the vacant position was keen. Griffin of last year's squad and Goldwaithe were the most likely looking backstoppers.

As soon as weather conditions permitted, the team went outdoors to begin practice in earnest and to strive for regular berths. After looking over the thirty candidates Coach Moore decided that the following players would uphold the honor of S. I. C. for the season of 1916: Kerwin, Griffin, McEnery, McAuley, Cunningham, Cribben, Egan, Dorretti, Newbert, McKinney.

The team as a whole appears as strong, if not stronger than the one of last season. Griffin, catcher last season, is holding down the job again this season. "Doggie" has a fair whip and handles the pitchers cleverly. He is a powerful left handed hitter.

Hayes at first base fills a big hole. At this station S. I. C. has been weak for the last two years. Frank picks the ball out of the dirt in real big league style. He hits well from the left side of the platter.

Dorretti at second is a sure fielder. He is fast and puts the ball on the runner well. Pete is also a good batter.

Cribben at third is filling nicely the spot left vacant by Pechous. "Max" has a great arm and fields a ball cleanly. He takes a healthy poke at the pellet and his hits are usually good for extra bases.

Cunningham at short completes the infield. McEnery, Kerwin and Egan take care of the outer gardens. McEnery in left is a fast, brilliant fielder and a good thrower. Gene is a dangerous man at the bat especially in the pinches. He is a hard line hitter.

Kerwin in center is another fast spectacular fielder, coming in or going back after hard drives with equal speed. Joe is a good base runner, and at bat takes a clean, powerful cut at the ball. A sore arm has prevented him from taking his regular turn in the box.

Egan holds down the remaining outer berth. He grabs hard drives with ease and gets the ball back fast on long drives. He slams the pellet hard and is a speedy man on the sacks.

McAuley is the dean of the pitching staff. Kerwin's lame arm making it necessary for Mac to pitch most of the games. He has a good spit ball and curve with plenty speed. This combination is hard to beat. At least Northwestern University tossers found it so. Four hits were all they could gather.

McKinney, a left hander, is another promising twirler. He has speed and a good hook and in his early season performances he has shown considerable class.

Father Flynn, Director of Athletics, has decided to play most of the games away from home this year and Mgr. McAuley has arranged his schedule accordingly.

The first regular game of the season was played on April fifteenth, when the Father Setters K. of C. team paid us a visit. The day was very cold and none of the pitchers put much on the ball. After seven innings of free hitting, the game ended with S. I. C. the victor by one run. The final score was: S. I. C. 8, Setters 7.

s. i. c.	AB	R	H	P	A	E	SETTERS	AB	R	H	P	A	E		
Cunningham, s. s.	3	1	2	1	2	0	Hanks, l. f.	3	1	1	3	1	0		
Griffin, c.	4	2	0	4	0	1	L. Egan, s. s.	4	3	4	1	3	1		
McEnergy, c. f.	3	2	1	2	0	0	Tonkey, r. f.	4	0	0	3	0	0		
McAuley, p.	4	1	2	0	2	0	Lavin, c. f.	3	2	0	0	0	0		
Hayes	4	0	1	8	1	0	Kluth, c.	4	0	0	5	1	1		
Cribben	4	1	2	1	3	1	Callan, p.	4	1	1	0	1	0		
Dorretti	4	1	2	1	1	0	Tansey, 2b.	4	0	0	2	3	1		
G. Egan, r. f.	4	1	2	2	0	0	Linklater, 3b.	4	0	1	2	2	1		
Newbert, l. f.	3	0	0	0	1	0	Owen, 1b.	2	0	0	3	1	0		
Minahan, l. f.	1	0	0	1	0	0	Quan, 1b.	2	0	2	2	0	0		
Total	34	8	12	21	10	2	Total	34	7	9	21	12	4		
St. Ignatius									1	3	0	1	2	1	0—8
Fr. Setters									0	0	3	0	2	2	0—7

Summary—Two-base hits: L. Egan, Darretti, McAuley, Hayes. Struck out: By McAuley, 3; by Callan, 3. Bases on balls: Off McAuley, 3; off Callan, 7. Umpire, Grady.

The Continental and Commercial National Bank team was the next victims. On April seventeenth Dockendorf tried out his speed and curves and the bankers had difficulty in hitting consistently when hits meant runs. Our sluggers hit Snyder at will, collecting thirteen hard slams in seven innings. Cold weather made fielding rather difficult yet only one error was chalked up against S. I. C. Hayes played a fine game at the first sack and Cribben stung the pill hard. Score:

s. i. c.	AB	R	H	P	A	E	C. & C. BANK	AB	R	H	P	A	E		
Cunningham, s. s.	2	1	2	2	2	0	Walsh, l. f.	4	1	1	1	1	0		
Griffin, c.	4	1	2	5	1	0	Cotus, s. s.	2	0	0	1	2	2		
Darretti, 2b.	3	1	0	2	1	0	Hielman, c. f.	3	1	1	4	0	0		
McAuley, c. f.	3	0	2	1	0	0	Schmidt, 3b.	4	0	1	2	3	1		
Hayes, 1b.	4	1	2	6	1	0	Sigel, 1b.	3	0	2	5	0	0		
Cribben, 3b.	3	1	2	1	2	0	Flynn, 2b.	3	0	0	0	0	0		
Newbert, l. f.	3	0	1	4	0	0	Knowlken, r. f.	3	0	1	1	2	0		
Goldwithe, r. f.	3	1	1	0	0	0	Malstrom, c.	4	0	1	4	1	0		
Dockendorf, p.	4	0	1	0	2	0	Snyder	4	0	1	0	2	0		
Totals	29	6	13	21	9	0	Totals	30	2	8	18	11	3		
S. I. C.									2	0	2	0	2	0	x—6
Bank									1	0	0	1	0	0	0—2

Summary—Two-base hit: Cribben. Struck out: By Dockendorf, 4; by Snyder, 2. Bases on balls: Off Snyder, 3; off Dockendorf, 5.

Not content with the defeat handed them a week before, the bankers returned on April twenty-second with a stronger team and a determination to wipe out their previous defeat. They played a much better game than on the other occasion, but the result was practically the same. The S. I. C.

sluggers again found Snyder easy, driving ten wallops into safe territory. McEnery hit hard. The bankers hit well but fast fielding spoiled their chances for victory. Score:

S. I. C.						C. & C. BANK							
AB	R	H	P	A	E	AB	R	H	P	A	E		
Cunningham, s. s.	4	1	2	2	4	1	Walsh, l. f.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Griffin, c.	4	0	1	7	1	0	Butts, s. s.	3	1	2	1	3	1
McEnery, c. f.	4	1	2	1	0	0	Heilman, c. f.	4	0	1	2	0	0
McAuley, p.	4	1	1	0	2	0	Schmidt, 3b.	3	1	1	10	3	2
Hayes, 1 b.	2	1	1	12	1	1	Ahern, 1 b.	4	0	0	1	2	0
Newbert, l. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0	Segin, r. f.	3	1	0	3	0	0
Cribben, 3b.	4	1	2	2	1	0	Cotus, 2b.	4	0	0	4	2	1
Dorretti, 2b.	4	1	0	2	1	0	Demskey	4	0	1	0	1	0
Egan, r. f.	3	0	1	0	0	0	Snyder	2	0	0	1	0	0
— — — — —						— — — — —							
Totals	33	6	10	27	10	2	Totals	31	3	5	27	11	4

S. I. C.	2	0	1	0	1	2	0	0	0	—	6	
Bank	1	0	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	0	—	3

Summary—Struck out: By McAuley, 6; by Snyder, 5. Bases on balls: Off McAuley, 4; off Snyder, 5.

On April twenty-ninth the team traveled up to Evanston to engage the Northwestern University team, one of the strongest teams in the "Big 9." "Wee" Willie McGill trotted out Hirn, a right hander, and the said Mr. Hirn was immediately given a warm reception, so warm in fact that, after the first inning he sought the cooling showers. Cunningham singled to left, and Griffin sacrificed. Kerwin went out short to first, but McAuley crashed a hard single to left, bringing in the first run. McEnery banged a single to right sending McAuley to third. He scored a moment later when Hirn threw wild to first to nip McEnery. Dorretti planted one in left, McEnery scoring the third run. Cribben fanned, ending the rally. A walk, an error, a double by Cribben and a timely single by Egan gave us three more in the sixth. McAuley was in great form, allowing only four hits, two of them being infield rollers. Northwestern threatened in the sixth, when errors combined with a few hits gave them three runs, but Kerwin's great catch in left center stopped the rally. Score:

S. I. C.						NORTHWESTERN							
AB	R	H	P	A	E	AB	R	H	P	A	E		
Cunningham, s. s.	3	1	1	4	1	1	Elingwood, l. f.	4	0	0	3	0	0
Griffin, c.	3	0	0	9	0	0	Driscoll, s. s.	4	1	0	0	3	1
Kerwin, c. f.	4	1	1	1	0	0	Alexander, 3b.	3	0	0	0	1	0
McAuley, p.	3	1	1	0	0	0	Quigley, 1b.	4	0	1	13	0	0
McEnery	4	0	1	0	0	0	Hornbeck, r. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Dorretti, 2 b.	3	0	1	1	2	1	Peters, l. f.	4	0	1	0	0	0
Hays, 1 b.	4	1	1	4	0	0	Foley, 2b.	4	1	1	2	2	0
Cribben, 3b.	4	1	1	0	1	1	Arries, c.	3	1	0	3	0	0
Egan, r. f.	3	1	1	3	0	0	Hirn, p.	0	0	0	0	0	1
— — — — —						— — — — —							
Total	32	6	8	27	4	3	Total	33	4	4	21	10	2

Northwestern	0 0 0 0 1 3 0—4
S. I. C.	3 0 0 0 0 3 0—6

Summary—Errors: Driscoll, Hirn, Dorretti, Cunningham, Cribben. Two-base hits: Cribben. Double play: Driscoll to Foley to Quigley. Bases on balls: Off Hirn, 1; off McCurdy, 3; off McAuley, 1. Struck out: By Hirn, 1; by McCurdy, 1; by McAuley, 7. Umpire, Bunn, Illinois.

LAW

This is not an article expounding the glorious achievements of Loyola Law College; it cannot even be styled an essay (an attempt) to present to the numerous friends of the institution we have come to love so well, the rapid and truly wonderful advance "Our School" has made. For it has advanced not only in number of students and professors but, what is infinitely more important, in the quality of the men who are every year graduated in the Law, fully prepared to cope with the difficult problems of the legal profession. This is simply a collection of notes—or perhaps, more properly it is a disorderly arrangement of the impressions of one who is proud to be enrolled among the students of Loyola.

The year 1910 witnessed the graduation of the first law class of the University. At that time but a mere handful of men were given their certificates of "Preparedness." That they *were* fully "prepared" is shown by the accomplishments of these sons of Loyola. We find them eminently successful practitioners, highly respected in their chosen profession, men to whom the aspersions of Shakespeare could not be applied:

Men such as choose Law practice for mere gain.

Since then the graduating classes have gradually increased until this year thirty-two splendid, serious-minded, studious young men will receive their coveted and well-deserved LL. B.

And to the Faculty of "Our Law School" too much credit cannot be given. Their number, it is true, is not awe-inspiring; but their quality is of the finest. Self-sacrificing men, learned in the law, and a credit to their profession, they spend evening after evening drilling, training, preparing, coaching, and all for a love of the work, the good they accomplish and the glory they bring the University. They are indeed deserving of high praise; and if it be any satisfaction to them to know that their efforts are appreciated, I, who am in a position to know, since I am one of the number who benefit by their labors, can safely assure them that their efforts are appreciated by every student of the College.

This year two valuable additions were made to the teaching force in the persons of Augustine J. Bowe, and James J. Gautham, both "old St. Ignatius Boys." It is, to me at least, a pleasing and consoling observation to note that about three-fourths of the Faculty of the Law College consists of these same old reliables: "Old St. Ignatius Boys." One likes to sit and dream of later years when he, too, perhaps may be successful and may be pointed out as one of the "Old Guard."

And this brings me to the subject of the last annual Alumni banquet, held May sixteenth at the La Salle Hotel. With regard to this affair I merely wish to speak of the remarkable delegation of Law students that attended. A stranger, knowing only our Law School boys, might have thought it a law school banquet. What a powerful organization our Alumni would be if the students of the other departments would only recognize their duties as do our own boys! It is true that we of the Law School are particularly fortunate in having for the President of the Alumni Association one of our most popular and proficient professors, Mr. Payton J. Tuohy. Then again there is Fr. Mullens. My pen, realizing its inefficiency, refuses even an attempt to record the splendid work Fr. Mullens has done at the evening law school. And perhaps even the attempt would be useless; for I am afraid my only readers are the students of "Our School;" and whatever I might say would be stale news to them. And parenthetically, let me state that if I thought this "rambling" of mine would fall under the eyes of any but law students, I probably would not sit here so solemnly dashing off this stuff. Since I know that my readers are law students, I know, too, that they realize that one cannot find time to write fine phrases and learn the rule against perpetuities too.

The annual banquet of the Law Department of the University, given by the Freshman and Junior Classes in honor of the graduating class and the Faculty, is scheduled for the tenth of June and will be held at the Great Northern Hotel. This is the big "turn-out" of the year. The natural good-fellowship of the boys, and feeling of satisfaction resultant from the successful completion of a year replete with scholastic troubles have in the past insured an evening of unstinted pleasure and hilarity such as few are privileged to experience. And there is every indication that the coming event will equal if not surpass the preceding. Besides Lambert K. Hayes and Michael R. Kilgallon, presidents of Freshman and Senior years respectively, we have been fortunate in securing the following well-known Alumni as speakers for the occasion:

Mathew A. Morrison.....	'10
Lawrence Walsh	'11
Raymond A. Cavanagh.....	'12
Francis McGovern	'13
John J. Gorman.....	'14
William Bowe	'15

Suffice it to say that after the affair we can with truth assert the old familiar "and a good time was had by all."

June! The month of roses, brides and *Exams*. While the lesser lights cannot but envy the Seniors the successful completion of their studies, still we are, at times, inclined to pity them. For the dreaded final examinations of the "formidable" Prof. McMahan, is still before them; and the worried look and drawn, haggard faces tell only too plainly the strain they are under. And perhaps, if one looks more closely, he can read in their troubled expression the regret that they had not been more faithful to their studies in the past. Take warning then, ye erring Juniors: throw off your coats,

roll up your sleeves and pitch in. And then there is the Bar Ex.—the Nemesis of the slothful student. But we are confident that the class of '16 will maintain the high standard of Loyola both in the test of qualification and later in the practice of law. For we know that, with Daniel Webster, they, too, devoutly proclaim:

The Law—It has honored us;
May we honor It.

ROBERT J. GARLAND, LL.B., '17

MEDICINE

On May the twenty-ninth, the annual commencement exercises, were held at the Illinois theatre. About one hundred and forty Seniors, composing the largest graduating class in the history of the institution, appeared on the stage to receive their diplomas.

On May twenty-seventh the annual banquet was tendered the Senior Class, by the Alumni and Faculty of the Medical School. This, the largest and most auspicious social event of the year, was held in the grand ball-room of the Hotel La Salle.

Senior Class The last regular meeting of the Senior Class was held on May twenty-second. After the cheering had subsided and a few boisterous members had been subdued, the minutes were read and the chairmen of the different committees made their reports. The remaining funds in the treasury were disposed of. The president rapped on his desk and declared a motion to adjourn was in order. This was moved and seconded and the class organization of 1916 was declared disbanded forever.

At the recent competitive examinations for internships at the Cook County Hospital, Harvey T. Little, one of our members, covered himself with glory by acquiring a place. Dr. Little is the first interne to go to Cook County since 1911.

On the evening of May sixth, several members of the class were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Alfred de Roulet at an informal reception given at their home. After an evening spent in dancing, "Duke" O'Neill, presiding at the piano, favored us with a few vocal selections. The party broke up on the stroke of twelve, everybody reporting a very happy and pleasant evening.

We might mention here that the national pastime has been sadly neglected at the medical school since the final exams started. However, we can look back on a victorious season, having never suffered a defeat.

We were somewhat surprised to see an item in a daily paper setting forth the fact that the Engineers defeated us 4 to 3. If our memory serves us correctly the real score was something like 12 to 4 in our favor. At that, the game was such a fizzle that everybody left in the sixth inning.

The final examinations have come and gone, and a general feeling of happiness prevails. But their passing has left a strain of sadness, for it

marks the close of our college career. Even in the anticipation of the joy due to the possession of a sheepskin, and the title of Doctor of Medicine, we cannot but feel the sorrow of parting and a tender regret that our school life is over.

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts.

WILLIAM J. PICKETT, M.D., '16

The Medical Alumni Banquet

On Saturday evening, May twenty-seventh the Alumni Association of Loyola Medical College held its annual banquet at the Hotel La Salle. The class of Nineteen Sixteen were among those present. The speeches of the evening by Fr. Furay, Dr. Herzog, Dr. Robertson, Dr. O'Neill and Dr. Graves were interesting and instructive.

After the speeches were over, the younger couples took advantage of the dancing space and indulged in terpsichorean diversifications.

The officers of the Alumni Association are the following: *President*, Hugo E. Detz, '96; *Secretary*, W. F. Von Zlinski, '08; *First Vice-President*, John E. Simpson, '01; *Second Vice-President*, Carl Mitchell, '08; *Treasurer*, Eleanor E. Fish, '10.

Medical Commencement

On Monday afternoon, May twenty-ninth, the Medical Department held its 48th Annual Commencement at the Illinois Theatre. The theatre was filled to its capacity with relatives and friends of the graduates. The class of '16, numbering one hundred and fifty was the largest class in the history of the school.

The exercises were opened with the valedictory address delivered by Alexander W. Burke. Dr. E. M. Reading then delivered a discourse on Education in general, bringing in the History of Medicine with the wonderful advancements in that science during the last fifty years. He also spoke on the value of belonging to the Alumni Association and on the subject of requirements. Dr. Reading was well applauded for his eloquence.

Dr. Albert De Roulet then read the names of Seniors, who were to receive diplomas, and Father Furay, Rector of the University, conferred the degree of Doctor of Medicine.

Dr. J. Secord, representing the Central State Pharmacy School, read the names of the students eligible to receive degrees. Mr. H. S. Lescher, Ph. G., received the degree of Master in Pharmacy.

There is in connection with the University two training schools for nurses, the St. Bernard's Hospital and the Jefferson Park Hospital. The ten graduates from the former were read by Dr. J. Hurley, and those of the latter by Dr. A. De Roulet. Each in turn received her diploma from the Reverend Rector who later conferred the degree of Graduate Nurse.

Father Furay then made a few remarks to the graduates on the subject of Ideals. He cautioned them to keep their ideals high, "not too high but just out of your reach, for when you reach your ideal then you cease to progress."

The Dean, Dr. Maximilian Herzog, then spoke to the graduates on the subject of their life's work. He cautioned them not to be discouraged too easily, for the occasions of discouragement would be many; that the Creed of the physician should be the same for Jew, Gentile and Christian; that the physician's work is for the betterment of all mankind and to the glory of the school that sends him forth.

ALOYSIUS A. WOJCZYNSKI, '17

PRE-MEDICINE

The year has at last drawn to a close, and as we stand and look back over the work of the last eight months we feel that our time has not been wasted. We are now better prepared to take up the technical studies of our chosen profession.

About ten members of the class are going to stay for summer work leading to the B. S. degree. The summer course is to be conducted by Prof. Morgan and Prof. Kelly.

If none falls by the wayside we shall enter the Medical Department next fall, thirty in all, the first class to receive the pre-medic course now conducted in the University building at Loyola Avenue and Sheridan Road. Besides, we hear that we are to be reinforced by ten or twelve more men who are coming from other schools.

Our last laboratory work in Biology proved very interesting. Each one had a live pigeon, in which he studied heart action and blood circulation. Afterwards, the pigeons were put to death in as painless a manner as possible, and the internal organs studied thoroughly.

Physics laboratory has proved the time-absorbing element in this year's work; yet on May twenty-first every one, even the stragglers, had completed the forty required experiments.

The last two weeks of school were pretty warm for study, but the University environment—the lake, the trees and the green grass, things of which Loyola is justly proud—kept down touches of spring fever that threatened now and then.

J. O. EATON, M.D., '20

PHARMACY

After a stretch of two years we feel that we have finally reached our **Senior Class** goal. We have worked hard, and the time has not seemed long in passing. Most of the Senior pharmics are from Chicago, and intend to operate here after graduation. Mr. Rexford, however, is from the southern part of the state, and Mr. Alvarez from Porto Rico. These two, we understand, are to open drug stores in their respective towns.

The graduation banquet turned out to be a great success. Several professors were present, and spoke with praise of the class. Mr. Gronau, of the Junior class, gave a very interesting toast to the graduates.

We feel that our last two years have been profitably spent and that we are now better men for having been at Loyola.

GEORGE T. NEUZIL, Ph.G., '16

ENGINEERING

As the scholastic year is drawing to a close our thoughts naturally turn toward the coming vacation. Most of the Freshmen are **Freshman Class** industrious and expect to spend the vacation at some profitable engagement, although at least one or two of the boys expect to go with the engineers of Marquette University for two weeks on a surveying trip to Buelah, Wisconsin, before they begin to work.

Of those who will not make the trip several have already picked their jobs for the summer. H. J. ("Howie, the kangaroo") Ure will be employed by the Ure Dairy Company to estimate the amount of energy required to transport one quart of milk from an ordinary wagon to the third floor rear; that is, he will arise from his slumbers at about twelve-thirty in the morning in order to wake up all of the people in Rogers Park while he distributes the lactic fluid.

"Lil Choe," Kussmaul will be engaged by the American Tobacco Co. His chief duty will be to find the greatest number of cigarettes that a man can smoke in any given time.

Clarence ("Old Man") Pffifner will work the city of Dubuque. His official title will be Surveyor; his principal labor, hauling his salary, commission, tips, graft, etc., from the city treasury to his private bank.

Our year of work is done,
Our season of play (?) begun;
To, our teachers our successes are due,
Our failures we ourselves must rue.

A. L. KECH, B.S., '19

SOCIOLOGY

At the annual National Conference of Charities and Corrections held this year the week of May tenth to seventeenth at Indianapolis and presided over by its President, Father F. H. Gavisk, Loyola School of Sociology was well represented by a considerable delegation headed by Father Siedenbug. Miss Rose McHugh, who conducts the course in Family Rehabilitation, also attended.

On May twenty-sixth the extension course in Celtic History given by Miss Kate Meade was concluded. Miss Margaret Madden also brought her popular course in The History of Education to a close on that day.

The classes in the Sociology Course proper concluded the first week in June with the holding of final examinations in all classes.

This most successful year in the school's life will be celebrated at the annual banquet to be held June seventeenth at Loyola Academy, Rogers Park.

AGNES B. CLOHESY

ACADEMIES

This is the last lap; by the eighteenth of June all "Exams" **St. Ignatius** will be over and then—"So-long, books."

A very laudable custom was introduced by Mr. Gross, S.J., during the month of May. The boys of the Fourth Year Classes wrote verses to Our Lady, and every day Mr. Gross placed two of them on Mary's shrine in the chapel.

The baseball team was handicapped by a late start, but is slowly rounding into shape. To date they have won four and lost two games. On April twenty-seventh we were dated to play Morgan Park, but through a misunderstanding the game was called off. Coach Moore then got several schools on the phone, and finally arranged a game with Wendell Phillips. We went out there and were beaten 5 to 4. McKenny started and had some hard luck. The boys fought an uphill battle and scored four runs in the last inning. On May eighth the boys administered a second defeat to St. Phillip's by the score of 9 to 4. Dockendorf pitched good ball and was never in danger. St. Ignatius nicked Shea for seventeen hits, "Pete" Doretti getting four. On Thursday, May eleventh, we went out to the North Side just to get beaten by Loyola, 11 to 5. It was the same old story—one bad inning and the game was lost. Ennis pitched a good game for Loyola. He was hit pretty freely but tightened considerably in the pinches. Marquette Academy came down from Milwaukee Saturday, May twenty-ninth, and took a good, healthy beating, 11 to 5. The team hit like a bunch of big leaguers, getting seventeen hits in seven innings. Mehren, in his first start, had the visitors standing on their heads, and had only one bad inning, the last.

During the last quarter group pictures were taken of each class in the College and Academy. It is to be hoped that these pictures will be taken from year to year, as they are a good way of remembering "the old gang."

The elocution contest for Third and Fourth Year students was held on Wednesday evening, May tenth. The gold medal was awarded to Matthew Dockendorf in Fourth Year and Vincent Sheridan in the Third Year. The contest for First and Second Years was held May twenty-first on Sunday afternoon. Thomas J. McKenna was awarded first in the First Year, and James A. Jennings in Second Year.

It is with sorrow that we chronicle the death of one of our fellow-students, Aloysius Zamiara. He died in St. Louis on May tenth, and was buried in Chicago on the twelfth. Both the classes of Fourth Year were

present at the funeral services which were held in the church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. To his family we extend our earnest sympathy and prayers for the repose of his soul.

FRANK W. HAYES, Academy, '16

Our operatic production, "The Candidate," will go down in the **Loyola** annals of Loyola Academy as the most finished amateur production staged by a body of academic students in this age of the musical comedy. From time out of mind it has been the custom of men of scholarly attainments to adhere strictly to the musical drama, with here and there a touch of comedy. But last year, contrary to precedent, we passed from the sublime to the ludicrous by staging an up-to-the-minute musical comedy that brought us much laudatory comment. Many were the nods of approbation, many were the just criticisms we received. We were told that "Flai Hai" had set up a standard at Loyola that could not be equaled. As the months rolled on our worthy scribe again took pen in hand and composed "The Candidate." Result: "The Candidate" eclipsed "Flai Hai." At the present time the echoes of praise are still ringing in our ears. Day after day gentle lake breezes are wafting laudatory comments Loyola-ward. "The Candidate" was the quintessence of success. Men of business, professional men, men of religion, theatrical men, pronounced it as being on a par with the best of our professional musical comedies. The Academy Auditorium on the evenings of May fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth was packed to its utmost capacity. It is estimated that fully 3,500 people saw the five performances of "The Candidate." Nineteen hundred saw the evening performances alone.

Did space permit I would discuss at great length the magnificence and splendor of the stage setting, the sundry decorations of the auditorium; but I must conclude with a brief review of the principal characters whose good fortune it was (happily only for a space of five days) to be numbered among the shades. Edmund Loftus, as "Brian Boru," acted his part superbly. He is a comedian of no mean merit and throughout the entire performance provoked many a hearty laugh from an admiring audience. Queen Elizabeth's characteristics were admirably portrayed by John Kelly. George McDonough, as the world-renowned "Julius Caesar," was another of the shining lights. As we pass on with our review we see Charles Moran as "Scribbler" entertaining his listeners with song and story, Quin Ryan as "Swattum," an enterprising young engineer. Then we behold Jack Oberle, Theodore Gengler, Joseph Cummings, Raymond Hardy and Paul Coleman, who interpreted the characteristics of P. T. Barnum, Lucius, Napoleon, Beau Brummel and Dante in a most novel manner. Joseph Hassmer as Theodore Roosevelt, "The Candidate," and James Martin as Shylock had their audience convulsed with laughter. Lancaster Witzleiben and Hewitt Leahy, as Mr. and Mrs. Bernon Tastle, exhibited the latest dances.

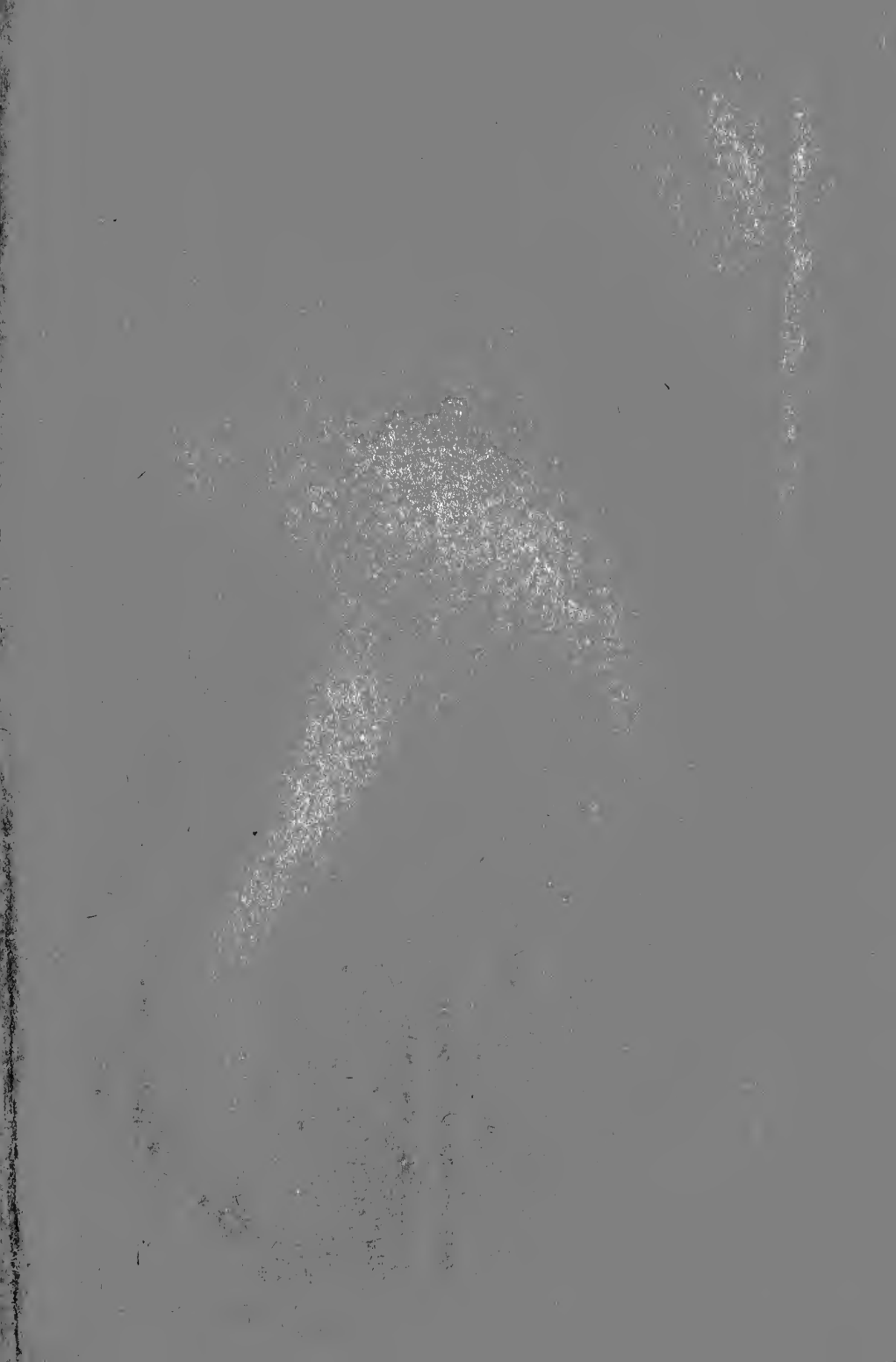
The book and lyrics of "The Candidate" were written by Prof. Thomas A.

Kelly, S.J., whose "Flai Hai" of last year was such a splendid success. The entire production was staged by Prof. John F. Clarke.

With the passing of "The Candidate" we observe that the school year is drawing to a close, a year of remarkable achievement for the student-body in general. We have built up a reputation, established a standard in every branch of student activity, inculcated a school spirit of which every Loyolian is proud, and acquainted the people of this great municipality with Loyola Academy. With these few remarks do I pass from Loyola Academy, a high school where harmony, progressiveness and good-fellowship reign supreme.

JAMES J. O'NEILL, Academy, '16

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NON
CIRCULATING

